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THE ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW

Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh.
From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, in the collection of the
Right Hon. the Marquess of Londonderry, K. G.

From the original engraving by



THE
ANGLO-SAXON
REVIEW

A QUARTERLY MISCELLANY

EDITED BY

LADY RANDOLPH SPENCER CHURCHILL

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ON THE BINDING OF THIS VOLUME BY CYRIL DAVENPORT, F.S.A.



AMUEL MEARNE was one of the three greatest bookbinders England has yet produced, and his work, at its best, may be considered the most highly decorative of any of them.

The other two greatest English bookbinders were Thomas Berthelet, who flourished in the sixteenth century and was Royal bookbinder to the early Tudor kings, and Roger Payne, who towards the end of the eighteenth century contributed largely to the revival of fine binding, which is not without effect at the present day. Other Englishmen have from time to time done excellent and original work, but the three names I have mentioned are those of the masters whose examples have most strongly and extensively influenced the work which has been done after them.

The decoration of bookbindings with gold stamped work is to a very large extent imitative, and it seems to be very difficult to design a binding to be finished in this manner which has no likeness to some previous work. I do not know of any new 'school' of decoration in gold stamped work on leather in England which has been invented since Samuel Mearne's happy inspiration of the 'cottage' style.

Thomas Berthelet began by borrowing his designs closely from the beautiful early Italian work of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, soon, however, moulding the ideas so originated into new and admirable forms elaborated by his own artistic taste. He always painted the edges of his finer books either with legends in gold letters, or heraldic designs in colour.

Samuel Mearne owed little or nothing to Thomas Berthelet, but he was probably largely inspired by the work of the great French binder Le Gascon, especially in his more highly decorated work of a late period, from about 1670 onwards, when he used dotted stamps freely, often enclosed in compartments very like those used by the French master on his larger bindings. A very fine example of this work belongs to the Earl of Warwick, a copy of 'The Whole Duty of Man,' published in London in 1673; it was figured and described by me in Vol. III. of 'Bibliographica.' This volume, bound in very dark green or black morocco, is richly covered all over with small dotted gold stamped work in compartments.

Samuel Mearne, as a young man, very probably bound the very charming little English books of the early seventeenth century in dark green or black morocco with mosaic work of coloured leathers and small gold tooling. These books generally have very similar stamps upon them to those undoubtedly used by Mearne at

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a later date, after he became Royal bookbinder, and although the great majority of his royal bindings are in red morocco some of them are in the same dark leather as the little books, and have, moreover, mosaics of the same colours and style. It is rather curious that comparatively large stamps—rose, tulip, acorn and others, are used on the small books, but on the larger bindings the effect is produced by massing together numbers of very small stamps.

John Day, who bound for Queen Elizabeth, was the only English binder who used inlays of differently coloured leathers before Mearne. Day inlaid white leather only, on brown calf, but Mearne used white, yellow, and red mosaics, always on very dark morocco. This fashion of coloured inlays, known as 'mosaics,' has ever since been considerably followed in English work, and in many instances it is used with quite charming effect. The French binders Padeloup, Derome and Le Monnier freely used the same device for coloured bindings, but I believe the English books will well bear comparison even with the work of these masters.

Samuel Mearne, with Roger Morton and Thomas Rycroft, was especially recommended by Charles II., on May 27, 1668, for admission to the privileges of membership of the Stationers Company. Charles appears to have made this recommendation because of the failure of the Company to repress unlicensed printing, and in the hope of strengthening their authority by the incorporation into their number of some of his own servants. Several convictions were presently obtained, so Mearne and his colleagues were probably active in their new work.

In June 1660, the office of bookbinder to Charles II. was given to Samuel Mearne 'duering his life, with ye yearely fee of six li,' and in official documents dating between 1663 and 1683 there are numerous references to bindings made by him for the King, to be placed either in the Royal Library at St. James's, or in one or other of the Royal chapels.

It is among the books bound for his Royal Master that Mearne's finest work is to be found. The greater number of these books are bound in rich red morocco, '*Rubro corrio Turci*,' as he describes it in several of the very interesting accounts of his which have been published among the state papers of the time. The red books are usually simply treated as to their sides, rectangles outlined in gold with monograms, or small fleurons, at the outer corners are the commonest, the backs are nearly always ornamentally treated with the royal monogram in the panels and sometimes rich gold tracery as well. Now and then a particularly valued work is found elaborately decorated, indeed, I think it may be fairly said that among Mearne's finer volumes, whether Royal or not, may be found the most splendid examples of gold tooled work on leather ever

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produced in this country. It is by no means uncommon in English country libraries to find specimens of Mearne's work, the Royal ones may easily be recognised by the invariable existence of the Royal cypher—two C's interlaced under a crown and between two sprays of palm—somewhere upon them, most probably in the panels of the back. The finer volumes are always worked out on the basis of what is known as the 'Cottage' design. Here Mearne, while retaining his favourite simple rectangle, alters its character by breaking the straight lines at the top and bottom into the angular form of a cottage roof, or gable, with projecting eaves. This variation, once begun, underwent innumerable changes and developments; indeed, the main lines are sometimes so broken up with curves and angles that the original forms are difficult to recognise; this great modification is, however, only found in later work, and was probably an innovation introduced by Charles Mearne who worked with his father and succeeded him as Royal binder in 1683. As a rule, Charles Mearne followed his father's lead very accurately and for a long time used the same stamp and design. Samuel Mearne never used mosaics on his red bindings, but only on those bound in very dark leather. When the cottage design is found marked in black on red leather, this colour is not an inlay but a stain.

Le Gascon was the first great binder to use dotted instead of continuous lines for his book stamps, he also clustered small curves and dots in bunches, producing a very rich effect, like a network of sparkling gold lace. Mearne exemplified this idea and further introduced among the dots several very delicately cut stamps of flower forms, among them being also a characteristic design of a pine-apple, which was largely used for a very long time afterwards.

No binder has shown himself so skilful as Mearne in the use of clusters of small stamps, and fine examples of his art in this respect may be seen admirably copied on the binding of this number of the *ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW*.¹ It shows particularly well in the clusters on the roof slopes as well as in the drops from the eaves, which are something like a swarm of bees.

The binding is in rich red morocco tooled in gold with black stained fillet lines; in the centre is a large stamp of the Royal monogram, two C's interlaced under a Royal Crown, half enclosed by two palm branches, a stamp which was used in different sizes by Samuel Mearne on all his royal bindings. The monogram is enclosed in a narrow black border of rectangular form, each corner being broken inwards in a quarter circle or near it. This border is further charmingly edged with lace-like gold tooling, arranged so as to make the whole diamond shaped. Above and below the diamond is a

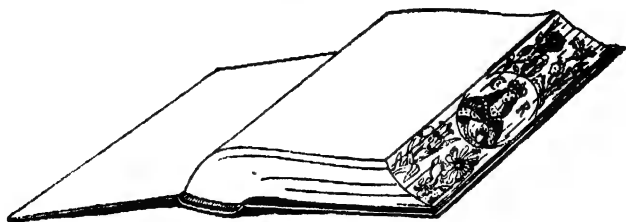
¹ Taken from a Book of Common Prayer, printed in London in 1669, bound for King Charles II., by Samuel Mearne, and given to the British Museum with the rest of the old Royal Library by King George II., in 1759.

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branching ornament of leafy sprays, springing from a four times repeated stamp, of boat form, which was afterwards used by Roger Payne. Then comes a rectangular panel in outline, the inner corners and centres of which are enriched with close masses of small gold tooling.

The outer straight boundary lines of the panel are amplified above and below into the characteristic angular gable or 'cottage roof' form, broad, stained black, and with projecting eaves, from each of which depends a rich cluster of intricate gold tooled work. About the centre of each side the fillet is curved outwards into a series of segments of circles of different sizes, and all along, on the black, is a delicate running pattern impressed in gold. The spaces between the outer lines of the rectangle and the inner lines of the black fillet are filled with a fish scale pattern, which I believe was first used on the backs of some of the bindings made for Jean Grolier. In each of the central ornamental hollows at the top, bottom, and each outer side of the black fillet is a small crowned Royal cypher of the usual pattern, and glittering masses of gold tooled work rest on the slopes of each of the 'roofs.' The whole is enclosed in a narrow edge of six straight lines richly bordered with rows of vandyked clusters of ornamental gold tooling.

Samuel Mearne used a novel form of decoration for the edges of the leaves of several of the finer books bound by him. The edge in all these cases is apparently simply gilded, but if placed in a proper position a painted design starts into view. To show to full



advantage, a book bearing one of these curious paintings should be laid flat on the lower board and opened in such a way that all the leaves rest on that board, the back being also pressed flat, as my drawing shows; the gilding of the edges now disappears entirely, and, if not worn, the painting appears in original brilliancy. The fashion of making these paintings on the edges of leaves was originated by Samuel Mearne, and for some time after his death it was continued for fine volumes. About a hundred years afterwards it was revived in a more delicate form by James Edwards of Halifax, another great English binder, whose best work was done only in vellum, and lesser workmen of the same period followed Edwards' example, but only to a small extent.

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In detail, it will be noted that several of the curves and small circles shown on the present binding are dotted, resembling the work done a little earlier by Le Gascon, and among the small stamps used in the mass work will be seen the small pine-apple stamp, well known as one of Mearne's invention, which is, moreover, found constantly in English bindings for a long time after his decease.

Le Gascon's masses of small gold tooled work do not contain small flowers like those used by Samuel Mearne, they are only filled in with dots, cunningly impressed a little unevenly so as to catch the light, and I imagine the Englishman's idea is a finer one, being, however, in all probability only an amplification of the French master's original style. At the same time it should be admitted that dotted work of the same kind, but not so delicate or plentiful, was done in England, at Little Gidding, before Mearne's time, and it is within the bounds of possibility that he took his inspiration from that source, but the probability points to Le Gascon.

With regard to the backs of the *ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW*, which are necessarily kept different in character to the sides because of the lettering, it has been decided that a more ornamental treatment should now be given to the remaining panels, hitherto left blank. The beautiful panel stamp chosen to fill these spaces is one invented and cut by Roger Payne, late in the eighteenth century, and is certainly one of the finest he used. The lines on the bands are also his. Roger Payne was never a Royal binder, but he fills an important place in the history of English bookbinding because he came at a time when the art was at a very low ebb, and by the truth and beauty of his work did much to revive and strengthen it. The backs of his book are always excellent both in lettering and ornamentation, the delicacy of his gold tooling and the beauty of the small stamps forming an ideal panel decoration. Payne is said to have cut his stamps himself, in iron. His gilding is most brilliant and clear, and the sides of his books are always treated with much reserve, great importance being evidently attached to the due exemplification of the beautiful leathers he always used. He reserved his richest decorative work for the insides of the boards of his bindings, known as 'doublures,' in which position it is well protected from the injurious effects of light and wear.

Payne copied several of Mearne's stamps and modified others, but he never used the cottage design; he paid especial attention to borders and the ornamentation of panel lines and corner pieces.

ROBERT STEWART, VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH. BY THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY

His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, ' This was a man ! '



It is not possible to have one's home in a man's house, to sign his name, to live amongst his pictures, to write where his miniature lies before one on the table, without feeling an intense curiosity arise in one's mind to discover what manner of man he was, who once possessed all these objects, and whose spirit animates them still. And when that man was one of England's most celebrated statesmen and has left an indelible mark upon her annals, the curiosity takes still greater proportions. In the following pages I plead for a reconsideration of the claims and character of Robert Stewart, who was second Marquis of Londonderry, but who is better known by the title of Viscount Castlereagh, which he bore till within a year of his death. He has suffered from two misfortunes, the detractions of men of genius in his own age and the neglect of posterity. His name was loaded with obloquy by the poets and publicists who opposed him, and the services which he rendered to his country were promptly misunderstood and forgotten by her politicians. I shall endeavour, however, with the aid of documents hitherto unpublished, to prove that the obloquy was in no way deserved, but was the outcome of circumstances and party prejudice, and that the oblivion is an act of deep national injustice.

I

To those who are affected by coincidences, it is a curious fact that Castlereagh should have been born on June 18, the very day on which, forty-five years later, mainly in consequence of his policy, the power of Napoleon was finally crushed. He was the eldest son of Robert Stewart, whose family had been settled in Ireland for over a hundred and fifty years, and his mother was Sarah Frances, daughter of the Marquis of Hertford. Robert Stewart had the reputation of being an extremely able man. He was Member of Parliament for Londonderry in the Irish House of Commons, but he lived nearly all his life at Mount Stewart among his tenants ; he is mentioned in Arthur Young's 'Tour,' 1776, as planning and beautifying the place.

The first Lord Londonderry survived till 1821, and had the gratification of witnessing his son's political and administrative successes. In 1814 he wrote as follows to Lady Castlereagh :

I offer you my most sincere and hearty congratulations, on your early and safe return to London, after the very singular and interesting excursion in which you

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have been engaged on the Continent, the wonderful change and revolution which you are witness to in France. It must have afforded a scene equally novel and curious, and the volatile deportment, so peculiarly characteristic of the Nation, must have added not a little to the singularity of the awful crisis which had brought such mighty sovereigns, into the same Metropolis, to arrange and settle the peace of Europe. But what above all must have been gratifying to you, was to see that your D^r Husband, was lately to succeed in fulfilling the difficult and momentous duties entrusted to him, which have been so unquestionably verified on his return both by the gracious Reception and Honors conferred upon him, by y^e Prince Regent as well as the unbounded National Applause, and general expressions of Gratitude poured out by his countrymen. . . . I can well imagine how much you share and partake in my Parental Delirium, which sometimes so works on my imagination, I can scarce refrain from saying, Is all this really true ?

His picture hangs on the walls of Mount Stewart, and from him Lord Castlereagh evidently inherited the incisive, clearly cut features, firm chin and 'grand air.' But he must also have inherited that superiority of mind and force of character which commanded success in the career he had chosen. These qualities were also possessed by Robert Stewart's second son, Charles Stewart, who rose to the highest distinction in the profession of arms. From his mother, Lady Sarah Seymour, who is described as a clever and a highly gifted woman, Castlereagh probably inherited his political proclivities, since members of her own family and her mother's, the Graftons, had shown a bent that way. Lord Castlereagh was born and bred an Irishman, and educated in Ireland till his eighteenth year, a fact which once nearly prevented him from receiving office, as the following extract from a letter of Lord Camden will show :

November 4.

I understand Lord Cornwallis feels as he ought to do towards you. Mr. Pitt is disposed as much as possible to your appointment, though I believe there are others who entertain strong prejudices against the appointment of an Irishman to be Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant ; yet your merits will, I doubt not, overcome these objections.

His home was on the shores of Strangford Lough, one of the most beautiful indentations of the Irish coast, bordered on the south-west by the beautiful Mourne Mountains. It is studded with islands, alive with myriads of sea birds and haunted by the liquid whistle of the curlew. Mount Stewart itself is a large demesne consisting of low hills, crowned with woods of beech, Scotch and silver fir. The house lies with

Only a strip of sea-scented beach

between it and the water, yet buried in a grove of dark green ilex trees, which show the shining silvery sheen of their under-leaves when ruffled by the slightest breeze. Mount Stewart was never finished in Lord Castlereagh's lifetime, as the money which had been saved by his father and grandfather for that purpose was spent on his election for county Down in 1790. A gallery of family pictures was also sacrificed to the same object. Lord

VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH

Castlereagh's favourite pastime was sailing on 'blown seas' amidst the 'storming showers' of the lough; in fact, in 1776, he nearly lost his life through the capsizing of his open boat. Possibly the life in cabins¹ on the seashore, while the house was building, and the dedication of every hour that he could spare to his beloved amusement fostered that calm, cool contempt of personal danger which characterised him in after life. The present generation seems unable to realise the great part Castlereagh played on the political stage from 1797 till his death, when he was hardly past the prime of life in 1822. During these years he was almost continuously in office, and he always held the most onerous and important posts in the Cabinet.

Briefly, to sum up his constitutional achievement: as Chief Secretary of the Lord Lieutenant he carried the Legislative Union between England and Ireland; as President of the Indian Board of Control he increased the Indian Army Establishment and supported Lord Wellesley in the settlement of the Carnatic; he was Minister for War from 1805 to 1809, during the Peninsular War, and, while occupying that position, he appointed Sir Arthur Wellesley Commander in the Peninsula.

His friendship with Lord Wellesley is mentioned by Sir Jonah Barrington:

One evening in 1793, the Speaker introduced me to Mr. Wellesley and Mr. Stewart, two young members, who having remained in the House, he had insisted on coming with him to dinner. . . . At the period to which I allude I feel confident nobody could have predicted that one of those young gentlemen would become the most celebrated of his era and the other one of the most mischievous statesmen and unfortunate ministers that has ever appeared in modern Europe. However it is observable that to the personal intimacy and reciprocal friendship of these two individuals they mutually owed the extent of their respective elevation and celebrity; Sir Arthur Wellesley would never have had the chief command in Spain but for the Ministerial manœuvring and aid of Lord Castlereagh, and Lord Castlereagh never could have stood his ground as a Minister but for Lord Wellington's successes.

He advised, and indeed insisted on, the prosecution of the war in Portugal, after Corunna and the failure of the Walcheren Expedition; he was finally Foreign Secretary in 1812; and led the House of Commons continuously for ten years, during which time he took part in the Congresses of Chatillon, Paris and Vienna.

Lord Castlereagh was returned for Down, his own county, in 1790. This is a distinction which has been enjoyed by members of his family both in the English and Irish House of Commons. When he first entered Parliament he habitually voted with the Opposition, but when he saw the disturbed state of Ireland he left

¹ My apartment is a snug cabin upon the shore of a vast arm of the sea, and commanding a very fine and extensive prospect.—*Lord Camden to the Duke of Grafton.*

MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY

the Opposition and voted for the repression of disorder. During this time he joined and became second in command of the Londonderry Militia. It was at this time that the first of the portraits which are reproduced to illustrate this memoir was painted. The picture is by the hand of Sir Thomas Lawrence ; it renders the eagerness and impetuosity of youth, with a certain haughty carriage of the head. In the same year Castlereagh married Lady Emily Hobart, daughter of Lord Buckinghamshire. Very little is known of her, except that she was one of the most beautiful women of her time, and that she was keenly interested in Lord Castlereagh's career. She is described in one of the contemporary memoirs of the time 'as palpitating with excitement for her husband's fate' during the Debate on the Union in the Irish Parliament. She accompanied him on his foreign missions to Paris and Vienna. In the former capital the French remarked on the 'bourgeois' habit Lord and Lady Castlereagh had of walking arm-in-arm alone and unattended in the early mornings. There is a family tradition that at Vienna she wore the *honi soit qui mal y pense* of the Garter as a head dress. That she was a dearly-loved wife and Lord Castlereagh's inseparable companion will be seen from the extracts which I am enabled to give from a collection of his unpublished letters. The whole correspondence breathes the passionate affection Lord Castlereagh had for his wife ; many of them come under Madame de Coigny's definition of the typical love letter she told the Duc de Lauzun she would like to receive from him every day—*Je vous aime et je me porte bien*. Some even at this distance of time, are of too intimate a nature for publication. They show the son's deep admiration for his father, a real affection for his family, and the restless energy of his nature. They prove him to have been ceaselessly active, whether at home or abroad. The opening letter throws an interesting light on the sensitiveness of his nature and the strength of his feelings. It is undated, but evidently, by the signature, belongs to the early period of their married life.

MY DEAREST WIFE,—I did not take leave of you because I part with you even for a day with too much regret to exhibit it to others and as I shall arrive too late for the mail at Dundalk, I send you my blessing from Drogheda, our old residence, and entreat you once more to take care of yourself for my sake. The horses are ready and the Lord Lieutenant waits.

Ever your most faithful husband,
R. S.

Most of these notes are written in a playful tone. Lady Emily plainly felt for her husband that jealousy of his affection which comes from fancying that every one else must entertain the same feeling for the beloved object as the enamoured one herself does. The following letter exemplifies this trait :

VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH

MY DEAREST D^R EMILY,—O *you of little faith* ! so you suspected me of failing in giving you regular assurances of my affection, and you never recollected that when a traveller is on the road, every day's journey makes two days difference in the letter which is to return—but I forgive you, since I am not within reach, and almost love you better for being unreasonable enough to expect the natural order of things to be changed for your gratification.

In a letter from Chatillon, Lord Castlereagh writes, evidently in answer to some upbraidings :

It is very dull here, and there is not a single Princess !

The next extract is inspired by the unsettled state of the north of Ireland in 1795-6.

DEAREST EMILY,—I hear that there is considerable revolution in Newtown and most of the principal people are disposed to take the oath of allegiance. My father has put it to them in a way which made the question plain and intelligent and left them no answer but rebellion or cowardice.

Many of the letters owe their existence to the fact that he was quartered at Mallow and Cork with his Militia Regiment.

We are ordered to Cork and shall probably move towards Bandon to make room for other troops. . . . We are all quite well and recruited by a day's rest. Remember you are a soldier's wife and must have no care now you are allowed fourpence a day in my absence.

CORK.

I am just arrived to find the wind has saved us the trouble of driving the French away. There is not a ship left in Bantry Bay ; it is said some have foundered and that others have been taken, but all that I can collect in the confusion of Gen. Stewart's orderly room—all his aide de camps being complete fools—is that they are gone, and that there is a prospect that they may fall into the hands of the English fleet.

A letter has brought the intelligence that the enemy's ships have sailed for the Channel. They seem a crippled fleet and uncertain of their purpose. . . . In the meantime our men have had two days' rest. They are quartered half in the Church, the scene in the Church the night they came in was truly ludicrous. It had so odd an effect to see all the pews filled with red coats, eating bread and cheese and a large quantity heaped on the Communion table. When the men first turned in, they had not a dry stitch on, the bread and cheese and straw had not appeared, there was but a single candle in the whole Church. When lodged in the pews your friend the Huntsman suddenly appeared in the pulpit with his bugle horn and made the Church ring with his music. The ridicule of it made the soldiers forget their wet clothes and cold Church. . . . We are full 500 strong. If you can send us the flannel waistcoats it will be of great use.

The following letter, though belonging to a later period, I feel must be quoted here, as it evidently shows Lord Castlereagh's character and his always intense affection for his wife :

I cannot go to bed without telling you, dearest Emily, that I am really emancipated, I do it in the full confidence that you will read it with a sensation not less animated and satisfactory than that with which it is written. I don't know what *you* feel, but I am quite determined, unless you differ, never to pass from one country to another, *even for a day*, without you. You know how little I am given to professions, but I have really of late felt y^e deprivation with an acuteness which is only known to those who are separated from what they most love. But I find

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I am in danger of committing the intolerable barbarism of writing a love letter to my wife. I shall therefore for the sake of my character in the Post Office, trust all experience at this moment in the consideration of my return to that imagination which is best acquainted with me. God bless you.

DUNSTABLE, 8th October.

II

The first speech Lord Castlereagh made in the Irish House of Commons was in defence of Ireland's trade in spite of the East India Company, and in 1797, during Lord Camden's Viceroyalty, he acted as Chief Secretary during Mr. Pelham's illness. In 1799 his appointment was ratified, Lord Cornwallis being then Lord-Lieutenant. During this period he was given the Freedom of the City of Dublin, a fact which must have escaped the memory of a certain late Chief Secretary when he boasted that he himself was the first on whom such an honour had been confirmed.

An account of the Rebellion raised by the United Irishmen, encouraged by the hope of help from the French, will be seen in the following extracts. The whole of Ireland was torn and racked with rebellion; even the now loyal north was seething, the principles of the American and French Revolutions having caused great unrest, and the whole question was embittered by the religious difficulty.

The rebellion broke out in May 1798, and the Government then published a proclamation of Martial Law. They proceeded from May 1798 to May 1799 exercising Martial Law wherever rebellion existed, without any express enactment for that purpose, on the principle that they were authorised by the King's prerogative, provided they did not transgress the necessity of the case. Nothing could have induced them to alter the strict constitutional system, but that they felt they must deny to a great part of the country the advantages of the civil law unless it was incorporated with the martial law. The two systems could not co-exist; for how could the martial law be executed if it was liable to be thwarted by the civil law? Though it was put down in the field, the spirit of Jacobinism infused itself into the country, which it afflicted in a manner still more distressing, because not liable to be in the same manner attacked by the King's forces. Rebellion is not less rebellion because it is less open; because it aims at thwarting the administration of civil justice in the courts of law not combating the soldiers in open warfare.

The whole disturbances of Ireland are directed, first against the persons and property of the well affected, and secondly, against the courts of justice.

Lord Castlereagh put forth all his energy and the firmness of his character to crush the rebellion. Writing to General Lake on June 22, 1798, he says:

I consider the rebels as now in your power, and I feel assured that your treatment of them will be such as shall make them sensitive of their crimes, as well as of the authority of government. It would be unwise and contrary, I know, to your feelings, to drive the wretched people, who are mere instruments in the hands of the more wicked, to despair. The leaders are just objects of punishment.—*Castlereagh Correspondence* i. 223-4.

He early saw that nothing less was intended than the dismemberment of the Empire. He strongly held the view with which some politicians of our own day affect to be in disagreement—that it is as

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impossible for an Irish Jacobin to be loyal as it is to expect a cornstalk to grow on a thistle.¹ He also believed that there was in Ireland an irreconcilable minority disloyal to the core ; the pro-Boer resolutions which were passed in the Irish County Council during the late negotiations and present war may lead us to suspect that this contention is still true. Realising the danger to England of a hostile Government in Ireland on her flank, Castlereagh devoted himself to the arduous task of carrying the Legislative Union between England and Ireland.² His policy was amply vindicated when the question was brought before this country in 1795 ; and, curiously enough, his own constituents, who at the time opposed it, ninety-three years afterwards showed their staunch adherence to his policy and their steadfast intention to preserve the Union when they gave enthusiastic welcome to each of the two Ministers who had but lately occupied the offices of Chief Secretary and Foreign Minister, and who were visiting Ireland on a mission in defence of that policy.

Much of the unpopularity which Castlereagh has incurred on this question is due to the vindictive hostility of Nationalist Irishmen and also to the method which he is supposed to have used to facilitate the carrying out of the Union. It must be remembered that in doing away with the Irish Parliament he was not destroying a popular assembly elected by the people, but merely a small Protestant Parliament consisting of the Protestant nominees of the Protestant landowners in Ireland, whose enmity Castlereagh incurred by depriving them of the patronage belonging to such an assembly. As to the accusations of bribery and corruption which have been made against him, is it not still the habit to give peerages, ribands, and the like as rewards for services to the State ? As to the boroughs, it is clearly a question of vested interest, and should come under the head of compensation for disturbance. Even the United Irishmen, in their petition for the reform of Parliament, made no objection to this ; in fact, they proposed that, sooner than lose the measure of

¹ Castlereagh had in his possession a memoir signed by the State Prisoners, 1798, A. O'Connor, Thomas Emmett, W. J. McNain explaining how the Society of United Irishmen was formed to procure reform in Parliament, but they blame themselves that 'the discussion of political questions, both foreign and domestic, and the enactment of several unpopular laws, advances them even before they were aware of it, towards Republicanism and Revolution.' In the same memoir they excused themselves for inviting the French invasion in the following sentence : The people (under certain conditions) had a right to resist and were free to seek for allies wherever they were to be found. The English revolutionists of 1688 had called in the assistance of a foreign republic to overthrow their oppressors.—*Corresp.* i. 333.

² His views are summed up in the following sentences, written on November 28, 1798 : 'On the measure of strengthening our connection with Great Britain by a Legislative Union, which shall pledge the whole force and resources of the Empire to the security of every part, and make that support which we now receive as an act of favour, an act of duty on the part of England.'

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reform, the borough owners should be compensated. Lord Castlereagh never showed acrimony in debate, but was always courteous and kind to those opposed to him, and he seems to have had the great quality of gaining the respect when he could not gain the admiration of his political opponents. Grattan, who was his greatest opponent in the Irish House of Commons on the question of the Union, told his son :

If you get into the House of Commons, I must beg you not to attack Lord Castlereagh. The Union is past, the business between me and him is over, and it is for the interest of Ireland that Lord Castlereagh should be a Minister. I must beg you again not to attack him, unless he attacks you, and I make it my dying request.

Grattan is reported also to have said, 'Do not attack Lord Castlereagh, for he too loves Ireland.'

Lord Castlereagh was entirely in favour of Catholic emancipation, and he left office, with Mr. Pitt, on being unable to carry the Bill. After 1800 he laid before the Cabinet a memorandum on this subject, of which the following are the last few sentences. It was not made public till many years after his death :

It is obvious that the government of Ireland has difficulties incidental to it, which will require a much greater proportion of Ministerial attention than Scotland did subsequent to the Union. Scotland at that day was thinly inhabited, the people poor and industrious, and of habits so peculiarly regular that, with the exception of the two rebellions which sprang from a feeling of attachment to the exiled family, it may be said to have almost governed itself. Ireland, on the contrary, is highly populous ; acquires wealth more rapidly than civilisation ; it is inhabited by dissenters from the Establishment, split into factions, and those factions committed against each other, with all the rancour of past injuries as well as present distinctions. The law is imperfectly obeyed, and very ill administered by the magistrates, who are too frequently partisans rather than judges. In short, the tranquillity of the country is alone preserved, even in the degree in which it exists, by the perpetual intervention of the hand of government, exercising the most summary powers. Gradually to correct these evils, will require the persevering attention of a firm and impartial government. The Union has removed a great impediment to a better system ; but the Union will do little in itself unless it be followed up. In addition to the steady application of authority in support of the laws, I look to the measure which is the subject of the above observations, to an arrangement of tithes, and to a provision for the Catholic and Dissenting clergy, calculated in its regulations to bring them under the influence of the State, as essentially necessary to mitigate, if it cannot extinguish, faction, to place the Established Church on its most secure foundation, and to give the necessary authority as well as stability to the Government itself.

He also wrote an admirable memorandum on the tithe rent-charge, the collection of the latter always causing a great deal of friction.

It is sad to reflect how much sorrow and suffering might have been obviated for Ireland had these statesmanlike views been adopted a hundred years ago.

Lord Castlereagh's services at this time were so deeply appreciated by his colleagues that, to secure him a permanent position in the

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English House of Commons, the Government of the day made his father an Irish peer instead of an English one ; and it is mentioned in a letter from the Duke of Portland, then Prime Minister, that Lord Castlereagh's successors in the title could claim a British peerage whenever they wanted one. The precedent of making a member of the House of Commons an Irish peer, for a similar reason, has been followed in our day. Lord Castlereagh was appointed Minister for War in 1805, and resigned on the death of Pitt. The Tory party felt themselves unequal to forming an administration, and a new Government was created, composed entirely of Whigs, under the auspices of Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville. Of course, it immediately changed England's entire policy. The party system, which is excellently suited to home politics, and ensures a steady rate of progress from the fluctuating terms of office of the two political parties, is totally unfitted for administrative work which requires continuity of policy, such as foreign and colonial questions, the War Office, and the Admiralty. Few men can resist the temptation of snatching at party advantage, even when the interest of the country might suffer. And this oscillating movement of the State carriage¹ not only gives us the name of *perfidie Albion* on the Continent, but often causes our own Colonies to upbraid us for not keeping faith with them. The change of policy initiated by the Whigs at this time bore so heavily on the War Office that the Tories, on coming back to office in 1807, when Lord Castlereagh occupied the same post, found, among other items, that the transport arrangements, which cost £4000 a month, had been upset. Owing to this delay, the country was not enabled to make the necessary arrangements for a promised expedition to be sent from Great Britain in time to assist the allies. It arrived too late to be of any material service at that moment, and the Treaty of Tilsit was the result. Alexander I., the Russian Emperor, had been much irritated at the refusal of the British Government to assist him with a loan he was anxious to negotiate ; being unacquainted with the usages of a constitutional monarchy, he was not aware of the entire change of policy, both foreign and domestic, with which a change of ministry is generally attended, and he could not be induced to put any trust in assurances from this country. Too much praise cannot be lavished on Lord Castlereagh for insisting that Sir Arthur Wellesley should be appointed to the army in Portugal. He supported him through good and evil report and in the face of great difficulties.

It is impossible to overestimate the advantage it must have been to a young commander like Wellington, appointed over the heads of at least four senior officers, to know not only that he had the ear

¹ In this connection the incident represented by Hogarth in one of his *Election* pictures may possibly occur to my readers. Britannia's coach breaks down, while the coachman and footman are playing cards on the box.

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and friendship of the War Minister, but that the latter would give him his unflinching support both in the Cabinet and in Parliament.

Lord Castlereagh has been much blamed for the Walcheren expedition. It must, however, be remembered, in considering the question, that in April 1808 Lord Castlereagh laid before the Cabinet the plan of that enterprise. From the correspondence it can be seen that he wished it to start as soon as possible, but Cabinets are occasionally difficult to force into rapid action. Time and the psychological moment passed, and the expedition was not sent until the following July. It was not in the nature of things that another commander equal to Lord Wellington could be found, and Lord Chatham was selected,¹ who, in addition to being thoroughly inefficient, disobeyed Lord Castlereagh's express orders, which were to push forward and seize Antwerp while occupying Flushing. The main object of the enterprise was intended to cause a diversion of French force from the Peninsula. It may be of interest to recall what Napoleon thought about this expedition, which has been universally condemned, as in military affairs success is invariably the badge of merit. Napoleon wrote several letters showing the greatness of the apprehension at the blow which had been struck and the important result he thought would have attended it if it had been executed with the same ability with which it had been conceived. In one letter it is curious to note his distrust of volunteers and half-disciplined troops—a view apparently not held by those in authority in this country at present. He says :

Do not attempt to come to blows with the English. A man is not a soldier. Your National Guard, your conscripts organised in provisional demi-brigades, huddled pell-mell into Antwerp, for the most part without officers, with an artillery half formed, opposed to the bands of Moore, who have been engaged with the troops of our old army, will infallibly be beaten. . . . We must oppose to the English nothing but the fever which will soon devour them.

In 1830 the Duke of Wellington's opinion was expressed as follows :

He [the Duke of Wellington] then talked of the Walcheren expedition and said that though it was wretchedly conducted and altogether mismanaged, it was not ill planned, and that if they had gone straight to Antwerp (as Lord Castlereagh wished) it might have rendered very great service to the general cause and have put Bonaparte in great difficulties.—*Greville Memoirs*.

As this country has just now been considering the reconstruction, or rather augmentation of the British Army, it may be interesting to some readers to study the following scheme ; it is that proposed by Lord Castlereagh during the Peninsular War :

Nor was the condition of the army at the same period more encouraging, for although there were 203,000 men in the regular force, and nearly 80,000 in the

¹ Chiefly owing to Mr. Canning, who intended Chatham to be Prime Minister should anything happen to the Duke of Portland, so that he might pull the strings.

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militia, yet of this great force no less than 97,000 were on foreign service or returning from it ; and of the 106,000 at home, at least 25,000 required to be deducted for Ireland and the Channel Islands, leaving about 80,000 in Great Britain, of whom not more than one-half, or 40,000, could be considered as available for active service abroad. To this was added the alarming fact, that the troops of the regular army actually round their colours were nearly 40,000 *less* than had been voted by Parliament. This state of things—the natural result of general prosperity and well-being among the working-classes, which rendered recruiting for the line and militia difficult, with the small pay allowed to the soldiers, attracted the serious attention of Lord Castlereagh, upon whom, as Minister of War, the duty of providing a remedy for the difficulty mainly devolved, and he submitted several memorandums to the Cabinet on the subject. They formed the foundation of the military system of Great Britain during the remainder of the war, which furnished such a powerful body of recruits for the service of the Peninsular campaigns ; and they are of lasting interest and importance to the country whenever exposed to similar dangers.

The system of Lord Castlereagh, submitted to and adopted by the Cabinet, consisted of three parts : 1. A sedentary or *local militia* to be raised by ballot, consisting of at least 300,000 men, in proportion to the population of the different counties in Great Britain. 2. A regular militia of 80,000 men in Great Britain and 40,000 in Ireland, to be raised in the different counties, in proportion to their numbers ; the counties being bound to make up the allotted number by the ballot, or pay a fine for every man deficient ; or an equal force consisting of second battalions of troops of the line, officered by the regular officers, but not liable to be called on to serve beyond their own country. 3. A regular army, at least 220,000 strong, liable to be sent anywhere, to be kept up by ordinary recruiting and volunteering from the militia, and by an establishment for the reception of boys, to be educated for two or three years before they were admitted into the ranks. 4. Of volunteers of the best description, furnishing their own clothes, but not their arms, which were to be supplied by Government ; of these it was thought 100,000 might be raised. 5. Of trained men, to be taught the use of the firelock and ordinary drill, but not as yet organised in battalions, but intended to fill up vacancies in the local regular militia when they should occur ; these might be estimated at 400,000 men. In all, 1,380,000 of land and sea forces for the two islands. And to provide for the great deficiency of the regular army, he proposed that two-fifths of the regular militia for Great Britain and Ireland should be allowed to volunteer into the line, the deficiency to be supplied by the ballot in the several counties. This measure was calculated at 45,000 men ; and having been adopted by the Cabinet, it actually produced 41,786 trained and excellent soldiers for the regular army.—*Castlereagh Correspondence* viii. p. 110.

At the end of 1809 Lord Camden mentioned to Lord Castlereagh that there was a determination of the Cabinet to call upon him to resign. He did not know that his removal had been resolved on six months previously, but Mr. Percival showed Lord Castlereagh Lord Camden's private correspondence, and from that he learned that his removal had been consented to by His Majesty and his colleagues. The result was that Lord Castlereagh supposed his intended removal to be an intrigue of Mr. Canning's to facilitate his own advancement, and considered that he had been much ill used by being allowed to continue in office at so critical a juncture, and to have the responsibility of the War Office when his removal had been not only resolved on by the Cabinet but submitted to His Majesty and approved by him. So, in consequence, he called Canning out. The parties met and exchanged shots. Canning's

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did not take effect, but Lord Castlereagh inflicted a severe flesh wound on his adversary. Both parties resigned their seats in the Cabinet. Lord Wellesley succeeded Mr. Canning, and Lord Liverpool took office as Minister of War. After the duel, and his resignation, Lord Castlereagh explained at length to the King in a private letter his views on the matter, and from the royal answer it will be seen, as has before been affirmed, that Lord Castlereagh was solely responsible for sending Lord Wellington to the Peninsula:

Lord Castlereagh must remember that the King was not disposed to question the correctness of the representations made by the late Sir John Moore, which subsequent experience has so fully confirmed. And, although he was induced to yield to the advice of his confidential servants, he never could look with satisfaction to the prospect of another British army being commuted in Spain, under the possible recurrence of the same difficulties. It was this impression which prompted the King to acquiesce in the appointment of so young a Lieutenant-General as Lord Wellington, to the command of the troops in Portugal; as he hoped that this consideration would operate with others against any considerable augmentation of that army; though that augmentation has been gradually produced by events not then foreseen.

For the better understanding of Lord Castlereagh's private feelings I introduce at this point two hitherto unpublished letters to his father. Lord Castlereagh felt Lord Camden's behaviour to him the more deeply, as he was a relation or rather connection,¹ and it was owing to Lord Camden that Lord Castlereagh was made Chief Secretary for Ireland.

Private and Confidential.

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, September 21.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—It has been painful to me to leave you so long in suspense, after the intimation I gave you some days since. The outline of the case, which I then described to you as a most painful one, you will collect from the enclosed correspondence which led to a meeting this morning between Mr. Canning and myself. We each fired two pistols, my second shot took effect, but happily only passed through the fleshy part of his thigh. Mr. Canning's conduct was very proper on the ground.

You will feel deeply I am sure the cruel situation in which long but unsuspectingly I have been placed, sacrificed to a colleague, as it turns out, without even securing to the King's Government the support from him of which my dismissal from the War Department was intended to be the price, and after thus surrendering me, I was by the infatuation and folly of those who call'd themselves my friends, allow'd to remain in total ignorance of my situation, to plunge into even heavier responsibility after my death warrant was sign'd, and further I was to be kept in profound ignorance of this, until the moment should arrive, namely, the close of the expedition [Walcheren], when I was to be equally dismissed in the event of failure or success, unless Mr. Canning in his mercy should be disposed to spare his victim, being made absolute master of my fate.

I hope my publick and private character will survive the perils to which it has been exposed, but you may imagine what would have been the impression had I submitted to be so duped and practised upon, and how small a portion of the world would have believed that I was not *privy to my own disgrace*, it being more generally

¹ Lord Camden's sister, Lady Sarah Pratt, was Lord Castlereagh's stepmother.

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credible that a publick man should be guilty of a shabby act to keep himself in office than that his colleagues, his friends, his private connection, Lord Camden, should presume without any authority from him, *without even his knowledge*, to place him in a situation so full of danger and so full of dishonour. I must give them credit for good intentions, but I can only say in that case, preserve me from my friends, and I shall not fear my enemies.

I of course write to you without reserve, but I would not wish the communication to go beyond my mother and Lady Elizth for the present.

I am much hurried for the present farewell.

Ever dearest father your most affec^{te} son

C.

The misrepresentations referred to in Canning's answer, I believe I am fully acquainted with, they are not at all substantial and do not in my judgment alter the main facts of the case.

I have not in this hurried note adverted to a notion entertained by my friends in the Cabinet of making an arrangement to cover my fall by giving me another office,¹ to facilitate which Lord C. [Camden] was willing to resign his. I am sure you will feel that if I could have lent myself to such an idea, I should well have deserved all the mortification that has been prepared for me.

STANAMORE, October 3.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—I return Lord Camden's letter, which like every other part of his conduct in this business, is an attempt by colouring, and inaccurate representation, to extricate himself from the enterprise, in which he has involved himself. After the duel he came to my house in a state of great agitation and broke into my room in tears, condemning himself and stating his wretchedness. Under these circumstances, I gave him my hand and told him I must acquit him of any motives deliberately unkind to me, but that I never could forget the political inquiry he had exposed me to, and I stated to him in the strongest terms what I felt both of the determination taken to sacrifice me to Canning, and of the danger to which my character and honour had been exposed by the delusions practised upon me. In short, I wished to disclaim personal resentment, and nothing more. He thought unfeelingly after what I had said, which was so undeserved as not to be altogether free from harshness towards a person so distress'd, suddenly turned the conversation and said *Let us only now look forward*, and was proceeding to inform me, of what he and his colleagues had been doing. I stopt him short, and beg'd to decline the confidence. I had a letter from him two days since, proposing to come down here to dinner, I had no doubt with a view of sounding my opinions. I wrote back declining the visit at the present moment, wishing to know nothing or *to appear to know* nothing of their measures, and hoping that my motives would not be misunderstood. To this I received an answer seeming to acquiesce good humouredly.

You will know by the Papers as much as I do of the Political Changes in progress. The overture made to the Opposition has completely fail'd, and Percival has been authorised by the King to make a Gov^t at which he is now at work, but apparently without any new material. With respect to myself, I do not consider that I have anything to do with them, nor can I suppose myself to be consider'd *as the* supporter of a Gov^t from the individuals of which I have received so recent and so mark'd an injury. What may be *my line* must depend on my own view of publick duty. It is a cruel situation to be placed in that of complete separation from all Parties, but I must endeavour to maintain my own character and conduct and to execute the difficult task which has been assign'd me. I send you rather a detailed sketch of what has pass'd than the hurried letter written to you on the day of the meeting.

Your ever affec^{te} son

C.

In after years Lord Castlereagh offered the Embassy at Lisbon

¹ That of President of the Council.

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to Mr. Canning, and he accepted it; and in the Castlereagh correspondence there is a charming letter from Castlereagh after the Battle of Waterloo regretting that Mr. Canning's joy at the great victory should be saddened by a personal loss.

FOREIGN OFFICE, June 22, 1815.

MY DEAR SIR,—I regret that you should personally have any drawback to the triumphant news the packet will convey to you. The astonishing, even by himself the unexampled, exertions made by the Duke in this greatest of all his battles, necessarily led to an extraordinary exposure of his own person and consequently of his staff; to this is to be attributed the fall both of Lt.-Col. Canning and Sir G. Gordon.

III

When Lord Castlereagh resigned office in 1809 he had secured the independence of his country, had arrested the victories and had set in motion a train of events which finally produced the decline and fall of Napoleon. He had appointed a commander—the greatest we have had for many generations—and had established an army scheme. Lord Castlereagh's removal was generally approved by a large portion of people, who judged his administration of the War Office by the failure of the Walcheren Expedition and the retreat of Wellington after Talavera. It was not until years after his death that the vindication of Lord Castlereagh's memory was furnished by the correspondence and documents of which he left so large a number.

But these documents have never exercised their full force, and the hostile legend of his incapacity as a Minister still gains credence with the ordinary public. It is time to emphasise the fact that it was Lord Castlereagh who originated the system of 'La Grande Guerre' against France, striking out from the policy of small isolated expeditions pursued by Mr. Pitt, and the entire abandonment of continental alliance recommended by Mr. Fox and practised by Lord Grey. He also kept together the Great Coalition. There is a most interesting Memorandum suggested by Lord Castlereagh in the papers of the Prime Minister, the Duke of Portland, describing a plan to attack Spain (which the English Government then thought was too friendly to France) by sending an expedition to conquer her South American Colonies. This policy, years afterwards, was followed by Canning, who thus carried out the views of his predecessor in Office, though the conditions were then different.

In the year 1807 there is a correspondence between the Honourable Robert Dundas and Lord Castlereagh as to whether the East India Company or the King's troops from the Cape should take possession of the two Portuguese settlements, Mozambique and Delagoa Bay. Castlereagh inclining to the view that the Company should undertake it and garrison both with Hindoo troops; but that the places should be protected from the sea by English cruisers. What an

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amount of trouble would have been saved had these excellent intentions been carried out! In fact, he was in advance of his age, and undoubtedly there is nothing that excites such animosity as disturbing settled ideas.

Before I close the account of his War Office Administration, as this country is now at war, it may be of interest to give a few sentences from a speech in the House of Commons commenting on the losses at Talavera, which were,

The loss on that day has been much dwelt upon and none can lament the brave men who perished on that occasion more sincerely than I do. Sharing as I do to the very utmost that feeling, I must at the same time deprecate that careful searching into the details of loss which is calculated to unnerve the military energy of the country.

He might have added that it paralyses the General's action in the field. One cannot help wondering what would have been the fate of Lord Wellington and the final issue of the campaign against Napoleon if the war had been conducted under the microscopic conditions of the present day.

When Lord Castlereagh had resigned office, he still most loyally supported the Government, and implored the country not to be shaken by reverses, but to continue the Peninsular Campaign. During the debate on this question Mr. Whitbread congratulated Lord Wellington on being supported by such an able panegyrist. Castlereagh also took part in the Regency Debate and the Bullion Question, on which turned the abandonment or the prosecution of the Peninsular War, and whether the country should revert to cash payments or not. The last few words of his speech display the peculiar style of his oratory.

... Let it be recollected that I thoroughly admit a recurrence to cash payments, when circumstances will permit, to be essential to public credit. I rest my justification of the existing system upon the plea alone of an over-ruling necessity—a necessity not arising from an ordinary state of war, but arising out of the extraordinary and new principles on which the present contest has been conducted by the enemy. When the necessity ceases, I trust the system now in operation will cease with it; and I am sanguine in my belief that, with industry and commerce so flourishing, the return to our former habits, the drain of war being at an end, will not be a work of difficulty, and need not be a work of time. But, in the meantime, as it has been our policy in conducting the war to annoy the enemy abroad rather than await his attack on our own shores, so let us preserve that system of currency which enables us to confine his violence to the Continent, and to deny to him the power of interfering with, or shaping the most vital branch of a system under which we flourish as a nation, and through the fruits of which we are enabled to maintain the contest on behalf of the world as well as of ourselves.

It is remarkable that this view was opposed by the leading economists of the day, who were on the Bullion Committee, and by the whole of the Whig party. But the recommendation of the Bullion Committee was not carried into effect, and if ever a country was saved from bankruptcy by the efforts of individual men it was

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saved on this occasion by Mr. Vansittart, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and by Lord Castlereagh.

On Lord Wellesley's resignation of the foreign office, in the spring of 1812, Lord Castlereagh succeeded him; and after the murder of Mr. Percival, on May 11 of the same year, Lord Liverpool being instructed to form a new Administration, Lord Castlereagh retained his place and at the same time assumed the arduous post of Leader of the House of Commons. The Orders in Council with regard to neutrals were repealed at Mr. Brougham's instance, but before the news had crossed the Atlantic, war was already declared by the Americans with Great Britain.

In watching Castlereagh's career at the Foreign Office it will be observed that he soon obtained that ascendancy over his colleagues which a dominant and courageous spirit in a Cabinet never fails to acquire; and being determined that the war in the Peninsula should be prosecuted in the most vigorous manner, he poured reinforcements into the Peninsula and succeeded in furnishing Lord Wellington with 51,000 English troops in June 1812, of which 6546 were cavalry. This force was further strengthened by 20,000 troops sent out in the autumn.

It is not often given to a Minister in one department, as it was to Lord Castlereagh, to prepare the military force as Minister of War and then to be enabled to use it as Foreign Minister under the command of such a leader as Lord Wellington.

When he was in Opposition on March 4, 1811, Lord Castlereagh gave the following details of the measures he had adopted for the increase of the army during the time that he held the seals of the War Office:

It having fallen to my lot officially to propose all the onerous measures which have been adopted since the year 1805 for levying men, it is gratifying to find that these efforts have achieved the great object to which they were progressively directed; that the zeal and perseverance of the nation, in cheerfully submitting to these burdens, has been rewarded by the powerful army which it now possesses, unexampled in any former period of our history, and which has now left to Parliament only the easier task of upholding what by past labours had been created. What has been stated as the present state of the army by the noble Lord [Palmerston] is the best proof of this. It consists of 211,000 regulars, 24,000 artillery, and 80,000 militia, in all respects in as efficient a state as the line. Compare this with its state in 1805—viz., regulars, 155,000, militia, 90,000, artillery, 14,000—thus showing an increase, after supplying all the waste of war of 56,000 regulars, and a decrease of 10,000 militia.

There seems to be an opinion in the world in general that Europe rose like one man to throw off the yoke of Napoleon. As a matter of fact, this general rising would have proved nugatory had it not been for the strenuous efforts of a very few men. If Lord Castlereagh had not disregarded military promotion by seniority, and, appointing Lord Wellington to Portugal, had not supported him and urged the continuance of the Peninsular War when both schemes

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were met by a powerful opposition, the Russians could never have resisted the French invasion ; and but for enormous subsidies paid to Prussia, Austria and Russia, these countries could never have stood against the large forces commanded by Napoleon. Another factor at this juncture was Sir Charles Stewart. He was Lord Castlereagh's half-brother, and was absolutely in his confidence. Unluckily the bulk of the correspondence between the brothers, lasting over twenty-five years, has been lost, but two extracts from the following letters show the interest the statesman always took in his brother's career. Sir Charles Stewart was offered the post of Adjutant-General to the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula, and it was in discussing with Lord Castlereagh whether he should accept that position that these letters were written :

I certainly think that the course of your future military life must materially hinge on your present decision ; thinking so, I am bound to say so, but still the alternative is a question more or less of ambition. Honourable your station must be in any event, but if it is to be great, or as full of distinction as your own talents and the advantages of your station in life are calculated to make it, you must mark to all the world that your profession has no competitor in your eyes—*not even your wife.*

In another letter :

I have encountered the responsibility of encouraging you to make every other consideration subordinate to your fame as a soldier. Modesty is no proof of want of resource. Do not, however, detract from your own powers. I am confident of your energy and capacity. Resolve to rise, and you will succeed.

At this date (1814) Sir Charles was sent as special envoy to the headquarters of Bernadotte, who was in command of the Northern Army. He discovered his lukewarmness to the cause of the Allies, and he compelled the advance of the Northern Army so that it was brought into action at Leipsig—the decisive action that had caused the retreat of the French army. The Allies, however, did not press their advantage, though Lord Castlereagh urged them most strongly to do so ; they were inclined to treat with France. Napoleon wished to continue the war.

‘In this year,’ as Lord Castlereagh observed, ‘it is an astonishing effort for a nation to have 153,000 men under arms in your own dominions, sustaining an expenditure which this year reached £117,000,000.’ Early in 1815 it was thought as well that a plenipotentiary should be sent to the headquarters of the Allies. Lord Harrowby was chosen, but from a private letter in the Castlereagh correspondence it is shown that he himself suggested that Lord Castlereagh should go if he could be spared from leading the House of Commons. Lord Bolingbroke's mission to Paris was quoted as a precedent, though Great Britain was actually represented by Lord Cathcart, Sir Charles Stewart, and another. Lord Castlereagh's instructions from the Cabinet left him full powers, and enabled him

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to conclude treaties either for peace or war without consulting his Government, and being

Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading,

it proved a most fortunate appointment for England. Castlereagh arrived at the allied headquarters in January 1814, and the following account is taken from Thiers :

The British Cabinet determined upon sending the most eminent of its members, Lord Castlereagh, to attend the Ambulatory Congress of the Coalition, to moderate the passions, preserve unanimity, and carry out the views of England, and when they were secured, to vote in every other respect for reasonable measures, in opposition to extreme resolutions. To be wise for all the world except his own country was therefore his mission, and a very natural one. He was to explain the War Budget introduced by Count Pozzo di Borgo, and make use of the riches of England to make his views triumph, by throwing into the opposite balance not his sword but his gold. No man was better qualified to discharge such a mission than Lord Castlereagh. He was the elder brother of Sir Charles Stewart, accredited with Bernadotte, and one of the most active and energetic servants of England. Lord Castlereagh, descended from an ardent and impetuous Irish family, bore in his bosom that disposition, but tempered by superior reason. In mind, honest and penetrating, in character prudent and firm, capable at once of vigour and address, having in his manner the proud simplicity of the English, he was called to exercise, and did exercise, the greatest influence. He was in every particular furnished with unlimited powers. With his character and his instructions you might almost say that England itself had risen up and formed the camp of the Coalesced Sovereigns. Having set out from London in the end of December, he made a brief stay in Holland to give his counsels to the Prince of Orange and was not expected at Fribourg, the Allied Head Quarters, before the second half of January. No one before his arrival would take a line or give an answer. Every one was waiting to see him to endeavour to win him over to his side. Alexander sent him a message through Lord Cathcart that he wished to be the first to converse with him.

It would be impossible to follow in this brief essay the negotiations of the Council. From all accounts, Lord Castlereagh's calmness, decision and charm of manner won the confidence of all the negotiators. Thiers again gives a graphic picture of the part he played at Châtillon :

The bad humour of the new Swede [Bernadotte] who would willingly have become again a Frenchman to reign over France, had lately become visible on every occasion when he met with the least contradiction. He was not an object, indeed, of fear, but nevertheless any disturbance in the Coalition, when its forces were entirely occupied with Napoleon in front, might draw after it grave consequences, and they were seriously apprehended if Bernadotte were deprived of the most considerable part of his army. Alexander, like the rest, was restrained by this apprehension, and declared the thing impossible. Then Lord Castlereagh suddenly rose, *and, acting as a sort of Providence which disposed of all*, asked the Military Officers present if they really regarded the junction of the Corps of Winzingerode and Bulow as necessary. They having answered in the affirmative, he at once declared that *he took upon himself the whole responsibility of the proceeding*, and that he would remove all difficulties with the Prince Royal of Sweden. Upon this, all objections were hushed, and it was decided that Blucher should be reinforced by the entire Corps of Winzingerode and Bulow and then moved forward between the Seine and the Marne in the way which he might deem most conformable to the general interests.

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According to Lord Ripon, Lord Castlereagh's own words were, 'The plan must be adopted and orders immediately given.' He never had any fear of taking responsibility. His great object was to push the war, should it be necessary, and to keep the coalition together. This he succeeded in doing, though each country had its own axe to grind; and it was only through Lord Castlereagh's firmness and diplomacy, both here and in Paris and Vienna, that the coalition lasted long enough to complete Napoleon's overthrow. His great idea for France was 'the ancient race and the ancient territory,' though at Châtillon he was willing to treat with Napoleon and leave him in possession if he would give up Antwerp and let France subside between the boundaries she had occupied in 1790.

The Treaty of Châtillon was signed between Prussia, Austria and Russia, and Lord Castlereagh gave this account of it to his Government :

I send you my Treaty, which I hope you will approve. We four Ministers, when signing, *happened to be sitting at a whist table.* It was agreed *that never were the stakes so high at any former party.* My modesty would have prevented me from offering it; but as they chose to make us a military power, I was determined not to play a second fiddle. The fact is, that upon the face of the Treaty this year, *our engagement is equivalent to theirs united.* We give 150,000 men, and £5,000,000 equal to as many more total 300,000. They give 450,000 of which we, however, supply 150,000, leaving their own number 300,000. The fact, however, is that, sick, lame, and lazy, they pay a great number more. On the other hand, *we give to the value of 125,000 men beyond the 300,000.* What an extraordinary display of power! This, I trust, will put an end to any doubts as to the claim we have to an opinion on Continental matters.

Castlereagh arrived in Paris in April, and the preliminaries of peace were signed the next day. The Isle of Elba was assigned to Napoleon. The questions of the fate of Poland and Saxony were adjourned to the Congress to be held at Vienna. The allied sovereigns came to London, with one exception—that of the Emperor of Austria. In defending the Treaty of Paris, Lord Castlereagh said in the House of Commons :

All the imputations that we had engaged in the war or continued it for purposes of selfish ambition have been removed. The conduct of Great Britain has been vindicated : it has been proved that she entered into the war from nothing short of an over-ruling necessity; and that she was ready to relinquish everything of which for her own security she had been obliged to take possession, as soon as it had become manifest she could make that sacrifice without danger. If the country has for twenty years sustained the most severe burdens, and done so with a noble fortitude, it is at least gratifying for her to find that she has come out of the tremendous conflict in which she has been engaged with the acquisition of that security for which she contended, and with a reputation unstained by reproof. She bravely stood by the Powers of Europe in circumstances of unprecedented peril; feeling that it was her duty to enter the lists in defence of all those moral and political principles which were endangered, abstaining from too cautious and minute calculation of the chances of the conflicts, and leaving the result to Providence.

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At Vienna Lord Castlereagh again represented England. He had received the Garter a year before, and it is here that Talleyrand is said to have exclaimed, '*Ma foi ! c'est distingué !*' on seeing him in his ordinary dress-coat with only the Riband of the Garter, a contrast to the foreign envoys in full uniform and covered with orders and medals.

IV

During the Congress of Vienna one of those ebullitions of feeling which periodically convulse this country when questions of religion or humanity are concerned, suddenly arose. These paroxysms, though creditable to the warmth of our hearts, are hardly so to the coolness of our heads, and, in Lord Castlereagh's own words, 'in every small town and village, a meeting was held to advance the cause of the abolition of the slave trade, which, compared to the settlement of and adjustment of the equilibrium of Europe was at that moment a somewhat minor detail,' though Lord Castlereagh obtained important concessions from the Allies.

The discussions on the partition of Poland were continued, Lord Castlereagh declaring that it was a crime. He has been much blamed amid all these difficulties, for not standing out more persistently for the autonomy of Poland. These are Lord Castlereagh's views to Mr. Vansittart, Chancellor of the Exchequer :

The progress of our Revenue as contained in your interesting statement is highly satisfactory; but we shall have occasion for all our resources and you may rely on my desire to economise them as much as possible. The great question in my hands is the Dutch Loan, which connects itself, however, with our claim to retain Demarara, Berbice, and Essequibo.

If the Emperor of Russia shall persist in refusing to acknowledge his Treaties, or to treat in pursuance of them *à l'aimable*, I shall have no difficulty in stopping that demand, provided that I can secure the Low Countries against his arms and his intrigues. But if His Imperial Majesty shall change his tone and make a reasonable arrangement of frontier on the side of Poland, if he shall allow the other European arrangements to be equitably settled, including those of Holland, and alter his tariff besides, then, my dear Vansittart, I must come upon you for my pound of flesh—or, if I cannot stop his power upon the Vistula, and it breaks loose, and shall carry everything before it to the Meuse, I cannot answer for the consequences : I only beg you will believe I shall do my best to save your purse. The engagements with Holland shall be no obstacle to this, as I had rather give the Prince of Orange something more to defend and fortify the Low Countries than *assist the credit* of a Calmuck Prince to overturn Europe.

Lord Castlereagh was still indefatigable in keeping the Grand Alliance together, and in making preparations to fight the formidable enemy who had escaped from Elba. Happily, Napoleon was finally crushed at Waterloo, June 18, 1815.

After Vienna, Castlereagh, on April 15, had been recalled to take his place in the House of Commons, where the Government had fared badly without him ; and, on his return the whole House

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rose and cheered him to the echo. Talleyrand wrote to congratulate him on the speech he made in the House relating to the Congress :

J'ai lu avec un extrême plaisir vos belles discussions parlementaires : elles ont eu ici un grand succès. Vous nous avez rappelés nos affaires ; je sais à présent, et par vous, ce qu'il faut dire du congrès.

In 1816 he made a great effort to maintain the Income Tax. In the same year he defended the Army Estimates, imploring the country not to disband the Army, but keep up the Establishment.

Thus rapidly, and disconnectedly, I indicate a variety of actions, each of which deserves fuller consideration, and each of which is sufficient to prove that Castlereagh deserved well of England and of Europe.

We come, however, to 1816, and to the great reaction—the reaction which cost Lord Castlereagh his popularity. The war had continued for over twenty years, and a war must be paid for. While the struggle lasts everybody is willing to give, pay, and do, anything ; but after it is all over, to sit down in cold blood, while we calculate the cost and meet the bill, is a very different thing. In 1816 the harvests were bad, prices went down, and enormous reduction in the Government expenditure and very heavy taxation, strained the resources of the country. Castlereagh was very anxious that the Sinking Fund should be continued. He says :

The charges for the present year are calculated at about thirty millions sterling. The country, however, has good reason to hope that next year the expenditure will be diminished a third, reducing it, exclusive of the charges of the debt, to twenty millions. It is scarcely possible to effect any further reduction consistently with the national faith and security. . . . *Our debt will remain not increase, even during peace* ; and we shall inevitably be precipitated into all the dangers consequent on a short-sighted and illusory system of finance.

In all great crises the country invariably looks for a scapegoat, and who so easy to attack as the most powerful Minister ? In this case he was one who never courted the popularity or the approval of the many, but was content with the approbation of the few, and invariably carried out unflinchingly that which he had undertaken.

England having gathered herself together and made a stupendous effort to crush Napoleon's rule in Europe, a reaction set in, and whole armies, as Lord Castlereagh said, were sent out to assist the rebellion in the South American Republics against the power of Spain. In fact, we were giving way to that little habit we have of encouraging nations who are 'rightly struggling to be free,' though we sternly repress any such aspiration on the part of nations connected with ourselves.

Lord Castlereagh brought in the Foreign Enlistment Act, which was to prevent help being given legally against Powers with which we were friends.

In 1817 England was in a state of veiled rebellion, and the

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Government thought it necessary to remove the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. The Bill was fiercely assailed in both Houses of Parliament, and the following are the first few words of Lord Castlereagh's speech :

In the whole course of my life I have never had to perform a more painful duty than I am now called upon to discharge. It is peculiarly painful to find that after having passed through all the dangers and pressure of war, it has become necessary, notwithstanding the return of peace abroad, to require the adoption of proceedings that might insure the continuance of tranquillity at home. I had fondly hoped that after the dreadful record of the sufferings of mankind which the French Revolution had afforded—after the proofs which the annals of the last twenty-five years had presented, that those who engaged in such hazardous enterprises brought not only destruction on their own heads but ruin on their country. It would be impossible to find any individual so dead to all feeling of private and public duty as to attempt to lead others on to similar undertakings.

For bringing in the Six Acts, in 1819, a storm of obloquy fell on the Government, and particularly on Lord Castlereagh. He was attacked with all the rancour possible by Moore, Byron and Shelley, but, as a French writer most pertinently asks,

Fallait il laisser périr l'Angleterre pour plaire aux poètes ? Fallait il seconder les desseins des bruleurs de métiers et des voleurs des maisons ? Lord Castlereagh ne fit que son devoir d'homme d'état ; il sauva la société, et que veut on de plus ? au péril même de sa renommée ; immense sacrifice de ceux qui se vouent aux idées d'ordre au milieu du désordre.

Lord Castlereagh has been accused of resisting reform—the Reform Bill that was afterwards brought in by Lord John Russell. This is not the least true, as what the Chartists strove for was Universal Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, Annual Parliaments, Payment of Members, and the Division of Property.

No one can question that Lord Castlereagh did his duty as a true patriot when he brought in the Six Acts. For him, as for the Duke of Wellington, reform spelt rebellion. He had seen what Liberal ideas had led to : to rebellion in his beloved Ireland, to revolution and even to the upheaval of the foundations of society in France ; and when he saw England threatened by a like misfortune, culminating in Thistlewood's plot to murder the whole Cabinet at Lord Harrowby's at dinner, it was not wonderful that he should endeavour to crush the first signs of such incipient rebellion.

King George III. died in 1820, and was succeeded by the Prince Regent. The history of George IV.'s coronation and the troubles arising from his refusal to allow the Queen to participate in it are well known. Lord Castlereagh attended the ceremony, and a contemporary writer mentions that on entering the Abbey his great good looks and magnificent dress elicited an involuntary cheer from the crowd.

In 1821 Lord Castlereagh accompanied the King to Ireland on one of those visits of the Sovereign so passionately longed for and

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deeply appreciated by the loyal people in Ireland.¹ He received an enthusiastic welcome, such as has rarely been equalled on the other side of the Channel. Lord Talbot was then Lord Lieutenant. The following letter from Lord Castlereagh to his wife will show how he appreciated the behaviour of his country :

DUBLIN, August 1821.

MY DEAREST EM—A thousand thanks for your letter the lines were most beautiful and I have read them often over, where did you find them or were they your own ?

Never did Providence preside over any barren transaction more auspiciously than over this visit to Ireland. It has been without alloy—everything perfect. I have not seen a drunken man in the streets—I have not heard an unkind word drop from a single individual, and yet I have mixed unsparingly with the people and the effect is not less strong in the remote parts of Ireland where every village has been illuminated for the King's arrival. A gentleman met a poor Paddy from his part of Ireland in the Streets of Dublin and asked him what had brought him to Town ? 'Sure, your Honour, I came to see the King.' 'But what made you come above 100 miles on such an errand ?' 'Why, to be sure, it was a good walk, but I thought nothing of it, when I considered how much further His Majesty, long life to him, had to *come to see me !*'

V

But we approach the tragedy of this full and laborious life. Early in 1822, in a letter to his brother, Lord Castlereagh complains that the work of being Foreign Secretary and leading the House of Commons was too much for him, and that he would either have to give up one or the other. Only those who have held similar positions to those he held can appreciate what the work must have been, and he had occupied both posts ten years. He was an indefatigable worker. His official correspondence alone fills seventy large volumes, and every draft both at War Office and Foreign Office are in his own handwriting. The session had been extremely arduous, and the long tension had worn the high-strung self-contained sensitive spirit. There were again difficulties in the South of Europe, and he was appointed special envoy.

It is easy to understand that, after having had the entire control of England's foreign relations, he could not possibly allow delicate negotiations concerning them to be conducted by any one except himself. A terrible fear assailed him that he might not be able to proceed to Verona where the new Congress was to be held.

While in this neurotic condition he was seized with a bad attack of gout, and, fearing that he might not be able to throw it off sufficiently to proceed on his journey, he took an enormous quantity of lowering drugs in the endeavour to get the better of it. In these

¹ This was written before Her Majesty the Queen's recent visit to Ireland, and those who, like the writer, were fortunate enough to witness the display of enthusiasm and loyalty in that country can with absolute sincerity repeat Lord Castlereagh's words : 'It has been without alloy—everything perfect.'—T. L.

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days of improved medical treatment, those consulted would understand how to deal with a patient suffering from over-strain and nervous breakdown following such continuous work, but, alas ! Castlereagh's medical attendants did not realise how ill he was. The gallant spirit, that had never quailed for one second in all his political career, now gave way under the nervous strain, and after three days' illness Castlereagh took his own life. In his correspondence there are two affectionate letters from the King and one from Lord Liverpool, begging him to take care of himself and not to trouble himself with public affairs till he was restored.

Those from George IV. I now print for the first time ; they possess a pathetic interest :

DEAR LONDONDERRY,—I am so very uneasy at the state of feverishness, under which you were labouring when I saw you this morning, that I cannot rest, until you have written me word, that you have seen Dr. Bankshead before you return into the country. Or, if you cannot meet with him, pray send, I conjure of you, for my friend, Sir William Knighton.

Ever your aff^{te} Friend,

Augt. 9th, 1822.

G.R.

DEAR LORD LONDONDERRY,—A violent gale of wind, quite in our teeth obliged us to take shelter in this Bay ; under these circumstances I have the opportunity of enquiring for your health, and which I hope is satisfactorily amended, since we parted.

Let me entreat of you, not to hurry your Continental Journey, until you feel yourself quite equal to it. Remember of what importance your health is to the country, but above all things to me. I am tolerable, not very well.

Believe me, always Your sincere Friend,

BERWICK BAY,

Augt. 13th, 1822.

G.R.

MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY, K. G., ETC.

The second of these letters never reached him.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. And is it one whit more glorious for a man to die for his country on the field of battle than to consecrate his whole life and shatter his constitution in her service ?

VI

And now to sum up the character of the subject of the foregoing sketch. It has been deeply interesting to me at this distance of time to look through the memoirs, letters and histories of his contemporaries with the view of discovering whether the judgment which history has lightly passed on Lord Castlereagh was in any degree deserved. The warm sympathies of the writer, it is vain to deny, have been entirely gained by the unpopular Minister. This unpopularity of his was caused by his living in a time of transition. He was convinced that the Liberal ideas then percolating through society were calculated to upset the whole system of government, and he therefore conscientiously opposed them. But let us pass to his

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personal qualities. Friends and enemies unite in describing him as one of the most beautiful of human beings. Sir Jonah Barrington, alluding to the debate in the Irish House of Commons, the divisions of which carried the Union, speaks of Castlereagh's 'beautiful and impassive face.' He had the reputation of a most fascinating and persuasive manner, and, to use an expression current in his Irish home, he could 'whistle a bird off a tree.' The present generation, if they think of Lord Castlereagh at all, probably think of him as a cold, passionless, ambitious despot, rigidly opposed to the will of the people, and they entirely forget the great services he rendered to his country by carrying the Legislative Union between England and Ireland. They forget that it was his consummate statesmanship and inexorable purpose which prosecuted the Peninsular War, checked the power of Napoleon, and gave peace to England for forty years. They forget that he found arrayed against him a brilliant Opposition,

. . . headed by Brougham, and often by Canning, and numbering amongst its ranks Sir James McIntosh, Mr. Tierny, Mr. Horner, Mr. Ponsonby, Sir James Graham, Mr. Grattan, Sir Samuel Romilly, and many of the most powerful debaters whom England has ever seen assembled within the Chapel of St. Stephen. He must have had some eminent qualities as an orator, who, with very little assistance from his own side, was able to make head for such a time against such a phalanx. Nor is it difficult to discern, even through the dim light of Parliamentary Reports, how this came to pass. His speeches were full of information, ably argued, and contain the best summary of the views on which the Government of the time was founded that are perhaps anywhere to be met with.—*Alison*.

He was pursued, as was said before, by the rancour of the poets, the most brilliant and most virulent example of which is Shelley's arraignment in 'The Masque of Anarchy.' He was not inaccessible to satire, and Moore (it must be owned) held him up to ridicule in rather an amusing manner. People are prone in the case of two great men, whether opponents in party politics or rivals in the same Cabinet, to consider admiration for one equivalent to detraction from the merits of the other; we notice it in the cases of Pitt and Fox; of Gladstone and Disraeli; of Castlereagh and Canning. The latter's brilliancy has undoubtedly outdazzled the more solid qualities of his predecessor in office. It is interesting to quote the contemporary opinion of Croker, who was Canning's great friend:

I am sorry to be obliged to confess that all Canning's conduct gives a handle to this sort of imputation. His genius is a bright flame, but it is

Brilliant comme le feu que les villageois font

Pendant l'obscur nuit sur le sommet d'un mont.

It is liable to every gust of wind, and every change of weather; it flares, it flickers, and it blazes, now climbing the heavens, now stifled in its own smoke and of no use but to raise the wonder of distant spectators, and to warm the very narrow circle that immediately surrounds it. If he does not take care, the Canning bon-fire will soon burn itself out. Londonderry goes on as usual, and to continue my similes, like Mont Blanc, continues to gather all the sunshine upon his icy head. He is better than ever; that is, colder, steadier, more pococurante, and withal

From the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence in the collection of the
Right Hon^{ble} the Marquess of Londonderry A. 6

Robert Stewart Viscount Castlereagh

1792 (London: Lawrence)



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more amiable and respected. It is a splendid summit of bright and polished frost which, like the travellers in Switzerland, we all admire ; but no one can hope, and few would wish, to reach.

There seem to have been two Lord Castlereaghs, so different does he appear in the description given of him in his public capacity and in the character that he showed in his private life. In public he was undoubtedly the cool and passionless Castlereagh described by Coulaingcourt at Chatillon ; but in his private character he had an ardent, high-spirited, impetuous and affectionate nature. He had most high-bred and courtly manners, was most easy of access. Mr. Rush, the American Minister from 1817-25, says :

See him when you would he had always an ear for public affairs . . . he was not a man to speak hastily—always self-possessed, always firm and fearless, his judgment was the guide of his opinions, and his opinions the guide of his conduct, undaunted by opposition in Parliament or out of it.—Rush's 'Memoirs,' p. 120.

He seems never to have been led away or over-elated by success, or to have been unduly depressed by failure. He had that greatest of all political talents—a sense of the true proportion of events, and when he was the most powerful Minister in this country he considered all questions with reference to the Empire, and was not led away from his main object by allowing small matters to assume great proportion in the excitement of the moment. He had an extraordinarily even judgment, and once having decided the course he intended to pursue, he invariably carried it out. He viewed political questions from the standpoint of a great statesman, and not with the eyes of the Head of a Department. He was extremely far-seeing in his judgment, as when, at the end of the great war, he implored the country not to grudge the expense of keeping up the army. Had his advice been then followed the country might have been saved from the muddle which ensued, years later, during the Crimean War. In his private life Castlereagh was most tenacious of his friendships, and never forgot any one who had ever done him a service. In public opinion he has always been considered an autocratic ruler. It is certainly true that he did not wait for popular guidance, yet he fully appreciated that no Minister could lead this country successfully unless his policy was cordially supported by the people. In a letter to his brother he says :

I wish you distinctly to understand that, in proportion as events at Paris and here give to our general position a more serious character, our Allies may expect to see us more determinedly wedded to the position upon which alone we feel the smallest hopes of rallying the national sentiment, if necessary, to exertion. Pitt, in the early years of the late war, neglected the necessary caution in this respect. He was thereby weakened for the first ten years of the war by a decided schism of public opinion, whether the war was of necessity or brought on by bad management. In all the latter years of the war, profiting by experience, we never exposed ourselves to a question of this nature, and we were supported in the war under all its accumulated burdens, by the whole energy and power of the nation. This is our compass, and by this we must steer ; and our Allies on the Continent may be

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assured that they will deceive themselves if they suppose that we could for six months act with them unless the mind of the nation was in the cause. They must not, therefore, press us to place ourselves on any ground John Bull will not maintain; and as to Metternich's instructions, it is a mere protraction of etiquette if explained and limited in the only sense in which we could be parties to it.—*Letter from Lord Castlereagh to Lord Stewart, Feb. 24th, 1820.*

It is shown

. . . that Lord Castlereagh's whole policy when he became in a manner the Arbitrator of Europe, in 1814 and 1815, was a carrying out of the views of Mr. Pitt as developed in the formation of the European Confederacy in 1805; and it was at this time that these views were first fully impressed upon him. How seldom in this world is wisdom and patriotism thus privileged to leave its mantle to a successor!¹

And now they sleep side by side in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey!

Though so many allusions are made by contemporary writers to Lord Castlereagh's bad speaking, it is almost incredible that if he had been as inarticulate as is stated he should have been able to lead the House of Commons for ten years. His Letters and Memoranda, which are most voluminous, are explicit and terse, as is a despatch moving Sir Robert Wilson from command of the German-Spanish Army into that of Austria, which begins with the following words:

If Sir Robert Wilson has acquired the confidence of European Governments he has most certainly lost that of his own.

His speeches, as published in the Parliamentary Debates, are by no means brilliant essays, but they are couched in terse, forcible language, and they evidently produced upon his hearers the effect he intended. Here again he suffered from comparison with the more brilliant Canning. And he was even a phrase-maker, a quality which, when the phrases are apt though perhaps infelicitous, is liable to add to the number of a man's enemies; as when he said during a period of distress 'that he would sooner pay people to dig holes to fill them up than to give them money for nothing.' He invented the happy phrase, 'ignorant impatience of taxation.' He is, indeed, reported to have used long involved sentences and sometimes Irishisms, as when he implored the members of the House of Commons 'not to turn their backs upon themselves,' a sentence which, after all, though not logically correct, is extremely expressive. One of his phrases in his speech advocating the carrying the Union between England and Ireland was 'consolidation of the Empire,' which is now a commonplace in every Imperialist's vocabulary. He sought continental alliances, made England powerful enough to take the first place in the Councils of Europe; he formed the highest ideal as to the place his country ought to occupy in the balance of

¹ Sir A. Alison.

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the world's power, and as long as he lived she held that proud position.

Throughout his life he bore an irreproachable character. His brain was cool, his intellectual vision clear, his will strong, and his manner most conciliatory, with both friends and opponents. He had no fear of responsibility. He was above all petty intrigue, and he was absolutely trusted by his party. With the exception of eloquence, he had every quality essential to a great leader of the House of Commons. He possessed extraordinary self-control. He was a man of indefatigable industry, irresistible energy, indomitable courage, and inexorable purpose. No man less admirably constituted could have carried his point as often as he did in the face of the opposition he encountered, not only in Parliament and in the country, but in Europe.

Sir James Graham wrote after his death :

. . . no Leader of a Party has been so generous towards his adversaries. History will be more just than his contemporaries.

He is not the first great man over whose tomb has been written *Ingrata Patria*.

Yet history still delays in doing justice to him !

The Duke of Wellington, who owed so much to him, thus described him to Lady Salisbury, these expressions being from her private diary :

. . . Lord Castlereagh possessed a clear mind, the highest talents and the most steady principle, *more so than anybody I ever knew*—he could do everything but speak in Parliament, that he could not do. . . —*June 5, 1836.*

The Duke was talking this morning at breakfast of his former colleagues in Lord Liverpool's Cabinet. . . . He [Lord Liverpool] said one day to Mr. Arbuthnot, 'I never hear the lock of the door turn, but I dread a visit from Canning.' Lord Castlereagh used to do everything he could to smooth difficulties and make things easy for me, but if there is a pamphlet or a passage of a newspaper that Canning thinks he has reason to complain of, he comes to me about it : he works me with a 20 horse power.—*Sept. 1, 1836.*

I rode again with the D. He told me that when office was first proposed to him by Lord Castlereagh after the Congress of Aix la Chapelle he had the greatest dislike to accepting it, and the only thing that determined him was the assurance that if he refused to join he should weaken the Ministry and become a rallying point for the disaffected.—*August 25, 1837.*

The D. spoke of Canning, Peel and Lord Castlereagh, and of their several abilities and I was much struck with his manner of *valuing* them, which was wholly in reference to their habits of business, common sense and information on necessary topics : what one should describe as genius or talent seemed to go for nothing with him. He said Canning was 'a man of imagination, always in a delusion, never saw things as they were,' that he had wonderful powers of speaking and writing and in that was superior to Mr. Pitt, who could speak but not write, but that he was wholly uninformed as to foreign affairs, in short, spoke of him as a charlatan. Peel also, he said, knew nothing of foreign affairs, but they were not in his province—and that he was thoroughly acquainted with official business at home. Lord Londonderry could neither speak nor write, but he was completely master of all our foreign relations and knew what he was about. I observed that the two latter were honester men than Canning—he said Lord Cas. was perfectly so, but

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Peel was not always scrupulous as to the means he used to gain his object and his object was often a mean and petty one.—*April 8, 1838.*

I now insert Lord Brougham's and the Duke of Buckingham's contemporary accounts. This is Brougham's account of Lord Castlereagh as a statesman :

He was of sober and industrious habits, and became of businesslike talent by long experience, and if you were to judge his intellect by evidence we should certainly form a very unfair estimate of his perspicacity. No man ever before obtained the station of a regular Debater of our Parliament with such an entire want of good classical accomplishment and, indeed, of all literary profession whatsoever.

Wherefore, when the Tory party, 'having a devil,' preferred him to Mr. Canning for their leader, all men naturally expected that he would entirely fail to command even the attendance of the House while he addressed it ; and that the benches, empty during his time, would only be replenished when his highly-gifted competitor rose. They were greatly deceived ; they under-rated the effect of place and power ; they forgot that the representative of a government speaks 'as one having authority, and not as the Scribes.' But they also forgot that Lord Castlereagh had some qualities well fitted to conciliate favour, and even to provoke admiration, in the absence of everything like eloquence. He was a bold and fearless man ; the very courage with which he exposed himself unabashed to the most critical audience in the world, while incapable of uttering two sentences of anything but the meanest matter, in the most wretched language ; the gallantry with which he faced the greatest difficulties of a question ; the unflinching perseverance with which he went through a whole subject, leaving untouched not one of its points, whether he could grapple with it or no, and not one of the adverse arguments, however forcibly and felicitously they had been urged, neither daunted by recollecting the impression just made by his antagonist's brilliant display, nor damped by consciousness of the very rags in which he now presented himself—all this made him upon the whole rather a favourite with the audience whose patience he was taxing mercilessly, and whose gravity he ever and anon put to a severe trial. Nor can any one have forgotten the kind of pride that mantled on the fronts of the Tory phalanx, when, after being overwhelmed with the powerful fire of the Whig opposition, or galled by the fierce denunciations of the Mountain, or harassed by the splendid displays of Mr. Canning, their chosen leader stood forth, and presenting the graces of his eminently patrician figure, flung off his coat, displayed an azure ribbon traversing a snow-white chest, and declared his high satisfaction that he could now meet the charges against him face to face, and repel with indignation all that his adversaries were bold and rash enough to advance.

Such he was in debate ; in council he certainly had far more resources. He possessed a considerable fund of plain sense, not to be misled by any refinement of speculation, or clouded by any fanciful notions. He went straight to his point. He was brave politically as well as personally. Of this, his conduct on the Irish Union had given abundant proof ; and nothing could be more just than the rebuke which, as connected with the topic of personal courage, we may recollect his administering to a great man who had passed the limits of Parliamentary courtesy—'Every one must be sensible,' he said, 'that if any personal quarrel were desired, any insulting language used publicly where it could not be met as it deserved was the way to prevent and not to produce such a rencounter.' No one after that treated him with disrespect. The complaints made of his Irish administration were well grounded as regarded the corruption of the Parliament by which he accomplished the Union, though he had certainly no direct hand in the bribery practised ; but they were certainly unfounded as regarded the cruelties practised during and after the Rebellion. Far from taking in these atrocities, he uniformly and strenuously set his face against them. He was of a cold temperament and determined character, but not of a cruel disposition ; and to him, more than perhaps

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to any one else, was owing the termination of the system stained with blood. It is another topic of high praise that he took a generous part against the faction which, setting themselves against all liberal, all tolerant government, sought to drive from their posts the two most venerable rulers with whom Ireland had ever been blessed, Cornwallis and Abercromby. Nor can it be too often repeated that when his colleagues acting under Lord Clare had denounced Mr. Grattan, in the Lords' Report, as implicated in a guilty knowledge of the rebellion, he, and he alone, prevented the Report of the Commons from joining in the same groundless charge against the illustrious patriot. An intimation of this from a common friend [who communicated the remarkable fact to the author of these pages] alone prevented a personal meeting between the two upon a subsequent occasion.

The Duke of Buckingham thus writes :

It is, however, evident that as his health began to fail from the long course of exhausting labours which his office imposed upon him, he became more sensitive to such provocations, and though he carefully concealed it from outward view, an increasing irritability affected his whole nervous system.

The melancholy result, though unfortunately too easily explained, excited reports as ingenious as malevolent, to account for its suddenness, but like the injustice to his memory he has received from rivals or successors who sought to raise a reputation by advocating an adverse policy, they had but a brief existence. As a statesman, as a gentleman, as a man, the Marquis of Londonderry was the Bayard of political chivalry, *sans peur et sans reproche*. . . The characters of few public men have been so unfairly treated ; his political opponents, numbering among them many writers of great ability and influence, have allowed their judgments to be warped by party animosity, and have descended to misrepresentation to an extent truly pitiable. Thus his countrymen have received impressions of his policy and administrative capacity during his long and arduous career, totally at variance with the truth. One writer of eminence has, however, recently stepped forward to uphold his fame with emphatic earnestness, and we make no apology for inserting here his estimate of this distinguished and much-maligned statesman :

‘His whole life was a continual struggle with the majority of his own or foreign lands : he combated to subdue or bless them. He began his career by strenuous efforts to effect the Irish Union, and rescue his native country from the incapable Legislature by which its energies had so long been repressed. His mature strength was exerted in a long and desperate conflict with the despotism of Revolutionary France, which his firmness as much as the arm of Wellington brought to a triumphant issue ; his latter days in a ceaseless conflict with the revolutionary spirit in his own country, and an anxious effort to uphold the dignity of Great Britain and the independence of lesser States abroad. . . . His policy in domestic affairs was marked by the same far-seeing wisdom, the same intrepid resistance to the blindness of present clamour. He made the most strenuous efforts to uphold the Sinking Fund—that noble monument of Mr. Pitt’s patriotic foresight ; had those efforts been successful the whole National Debt would have been paid off by the year 1845, and the Nation *for ever* have been freed from the payment of 30,000,000 a year for its interest. He resisted with a firm hand, and at the expense of present popularity with the multitude, the efforts of faction during the seven trying years which followed the close of the war and bequeathed a Constitution, after a season of peculiar danger, unshaken to his successors.’

Would that the advantages of sitting on the chair which he used at the Congress of Vienna, writing at the table on which the Peace of Paris was signed, catching as I glance up from my paper the beautiful features and the calm clear gaze of his last portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, had inspired me to do justice to my subject !

VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH

In one thing only am I worthy of it, and that is in the sincerity and depth of my admiration.

[NOTE.—Through the kindness of my aunt, Constance, Marchioness of Lothian, I have been permitted to examine the private correspondence of Lord Castlereagh, left by Lady Castlereagh to her sister, Lady Ancrum. To this I am indebted for many important details hitherto unpublished.—T. L.]

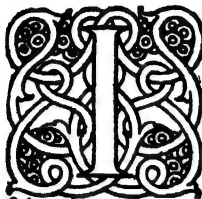
THE LOGIC OF EVENTS

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

Three mighties in the world : a lord, an idiot, and a nonentity

Triads of DYUNWALL MOELMUD

I. MAJOR PREMISS

N the days of the glory of Mantua, when Gianfrancesco was Duke and Isabella (paragon of poetry) Duchess, there was living in that spacious city of silver and old red a young gentleman named Galeotto Galeotti, expert in arms, snug in means, in person sleek, in manner amiable, a very good friend to himself ; but most of all the servant of ladies. On that last quality he grounded his hope of making a stir in the world. To see him an ornament of the Court was to have little doubt of his success ; to remember him at home, pattern son of a pattern mother, was to have none at all. Singing to the Duchess, hawking, riding afield with the Duke, he was gayest of the gay—light-hearted, impertinent, seated dextrously in the mean, not quicker than most to take offence nor slower than any to give it ; in a word, a perfect little point-device knight-in-velvet. At home, he read the philosophers to his mother, he made little nets of string (very useful in the fruit season), was a patient and not unsuccessful angler, kept the accounts of the household expenses and balanced them to a *quattrino* every week, and held discussions with the curate after dinner upon subjects suggested by the Countess before she left the table. If a courtier should be all things to all men, he was exquisitely a courtier ; if cheerful sufferance is his badge, that was the badge of Galeotto Galeotti, Count of the Empire.

It must further be said that if bald ferocity accented by wit is the sign of your tyrant, Donna Giacinta, the widowed Countess, was triple-crowned. In those piping times when Mantua, cradled snug in her reedy lagoons, was the city of Duke Gianfrancesco, minstrelsy and art expanded and lolled at ease under his mild rule ; but the Contessa Galeotti saw to it that in her own domain art and minstrelsy wore braces. She held the palace of her husband's ancestors—a proper palace of stone, escutcheoned, adorned with statues and classical inscriptions—close to the Ponte Mulina, looking out over the flecked stretches of the middle lake, the air of whose cool chambers throbbed always to the thunder of the weirs, and very often to that of her exhortation. *NEC DEUS INTERSIT NISI DIGNUS VINDICE NODUS* was the legend which ran the whole length of the pediment. No god ever intervened while she was at home, but the motto (apart from that particular application) pointed very well the character of a family always remarkable for its submission to fact and recognition of the importance of Providence. In days past, wherever

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the service of high heaven had lain there had stood a Galeotti to claim his wages. And none claimed more stoutly or expected more deliberately than the Contessa Giacinta, whose skin was tight on her sharp bones, but her hold on the reins of family tighter still. Over that recording house by the bridge, over the orange garden sloping to the lagoon, over the greater garden (where cypresses and Roman deities stood ranked, as for a game, on the grass), over house and land, man-servant and maid-servant, ox and ass, Donna Giacinta stood with a staff in her hand and twinkling black eyes in her head—a flinty, wise, laconic old lady. *Nec deus intersit* indeed! Donna Giacinta was quite of that opinion, and taught it to the whole of her house. The lacqueys grew acolytes, the maids vestals, under the shadow of her square jaw. The major-domo had a sinecure tempered by severe trembling fits. Most of all, the young lord wore a face of beatific suffering—meekness struggling with enthusiasm—and changed his boots for slippers, whenever he heard the staff of his lady mother chastening the flags. An unhesitating tongue, a piercing eye, a brain above the average, a firm reliance upon the logic of events and such a family motto are quite enough tools to direct a leopard's claws withal or bend demurely the whiskers of a cat. So, within-doors, the Contessa Galeotti bent the whiskers of the Count her son.

Leopard enough—*alla gaietta pelle*—the young man was when daily he left his mother for the service of his Duke; and as for his whiskers, if he had had any, I assure you that at Court with Duchess Isabella's ladies or Gonzaga's gentlemen, they would have taken a very upward twist. Let it be so. 'Bloodshed, rapine, sudden deaths, breaking of laws, of homes, of heads,' said the Countess; 'such things are the routine of courts. Break all the heads in Mantua and all the commandments in the world, my good son, but break none of mine. I am not responsible for the general conduct of the universe: you shall reckon with the Church for your breakages there. Within these poor walls, however, my concern is plain; here you account with your old widowed mother.' And '*Benissimo, mamma mia*,' said Galeotti Galeotto, Count of the Empire. Fortified by which daily advertisements, daily he went singing from the Palazzo Galeotti to the Castello di Corte.

His way led him, after skirting for a few paces the water-fretted wall of the lake, into a narrow street which they of Mantua call, apparently for no other reason, the Via Larga. It might with equal force have been called the Via Longa, since it is no more a long than a broad street; its name is really its only interest. Tall, white houses, unwindowed to the first story, rise on either side of it; these stories project upon pillars, and while they keep rain and sun away, form tunnels for the wind and diminish yet further the slip of blue light you could hope for overhead. But they afford pleasant

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window-space for the inhabitants. The women sit at work in them all day, orientally recluse, able to see all and be seen little, a state of the case which was found to conform at once with their and their husbands' needs. In that day there were houses of well-to-do merchants in the Via Larga.

It was down this little street of quiet and discretion, then, on a certain spring morning, that the gallant Galeotto Galeotti went singing, with May in his blood, love in his mood ; with one green leg and one white leg, a tooled leather doublet, scarlet cloak and plumed scarlet cap ; his hair frizzed like a bryony-brake, a tap-a-tap of sword on pave-stones very inspiring to hear, and a smile on his cheerful face. If he was not a handsome, he was a wholesome youth to look at. His teeth were good when he laughed, his eyes grey shot with light, his hair brown, his eyebrows, his ears all that they should be. The scar on his right cheek was an honourable addition ; besides, he could woo with the left. Wooing just now, with May begun and his mother at home, was in the air ; he had a pretty, hunting eye for any chances of the season. So as he went he searched the upper windows like a falconer who casts his bird at random ; and in an upper window of the Via Larga he had the enchanting vision of the back of a girl's head.

In May, in Mantua, you can set the heart a tune with less than that. A girl's face, even, would do it ; but the back of a head is mystery. Galeotto's heart bounded as he brought his heels together short to adore this girl's head. Ostensibly he looked at the sky—since one does not commit one's self—where over a deep blue bed, fleeces of golden cloud were drifting in the idle wind ; actually he pored upon that upper window, where through the dusty glass he could discern the bent, industrious, pious, pretty head. It deserved the adjectives (his own), for the prettiness was undeniable, and the attitude implied needlework or the Hours of the Virgin. It was a small head, as a woman's must be, a round head, a head of brown hair softer and sunnier than any of his own family's ; a head, finally, whose river of hair flowed further than he could see, seemed to be unconfined, and (as he would have sworn) to be rippling to a curled end. He judged it to be that of a very young head, and burned to see the face it curtained so deep. Was it honey-pale, was it serious ? Were the eyes in it grave and watchful, or iridescent with gentle malice, or provocative eyes ? Did ardour leap in it, as in a leash, or was it rosy, perhaps, with laughter in the curves and mischief in the dimples which (like eddies) play about a girl's quick face ? Thus very Mayishly he mused ; and just then saw the head uplift, strain back against the window and rest there inert, while the hair, flattened by the pressure, made an aureole for this young saint. Our youth was thrown into a sympathetic ecstasy—and certainly the figure is a beautiful one—he addressed the skies. ' O ! thou

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Well of Pity,' he said, 'thy postulant is weary of beseeching thee ! Or like a nymph whom some grudging peasant has caught in the pastures and caged, she beats at the bars of her growing body restless for her proper food !' I think that here he strained the figure ; but he was very much excited. 'By the light upon Paphos,' he swore, 'I must see that sainted face !'

Some such authority gave him the chance, for a heavy porter, lurching up the Via Larga with a bale on his shoulder, drove him suddenly to the wall. 'Zounds ! you mole,' cried Galeotto, 'must you for ever blunder and gentlemen pay the bill ? For three seeds of cumin I would run you through the ribs.'

One or two foot passengers stopped to listen. 'Signore,' said the porter respectfully, 'the proportion is immoderate, as is your pursuit of science. For an astronomer, as I take your honour to be, the night is your time for observations. You are out of season, signore, and thanks to me also, your honour is now out of the road.'

An old Capuchin who was, or should have been, passing, laughed at this sally, and so laid the lines of the great train of logic I am about to draw. For it is quite certain that if the Capuchin had not laughed the porter would not have bled ; that if the porter had not bled, Isotta had not—but I anticipate. It is also clear that if to be bumped out of a love ecstasy is offensive, to be laughed at is maddening ; one act of madness is to think red, the next is to see it. Messer Galeotto greatly nettled, drew his sword ; it came out with a sound of *swish*, and went in below the porter's ribs with a sound of *slick*. The porter cried *Misericordia !* and the crowd, *Gesù !* The street filled, all heads were out of window, among them the fair young head of the devotee who had innocently caused these griefs. That would have been the moment for Galeotto to reward himself, and to do him justice he used it so, until the things of earth—a *posse* of the watch, engrossed his thoughts by encompassing his body. He did see, in a flash, an eager face, all fire, intelligence and expectancy ; he did see, for a second of time, a pair of red parted lips, a pair of wide eyes, a fine young neck on the stretch, a stream of light on a pretty shape, a vision of softness and white ; but no more could he see, for the blades were out. He was engaged, amid the gutturals of a delighted mob, in cloak and sword work. His back was to the lady's door, his crooked left formed a screen for his digging right ; the swords glinted and shivered, the crowd surged, blood flowed ; the porter's body might yet have been floated out to the placid reaches of the lagoon. In any case it must have gone ill with our Count of the Empire who, if he could fight his man, could not possibly fight his half-dozen. So the lady seems to have thought. 'They will kill him unless I interfere Nencina,' she cried, half turning to the room.

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The room must have shrugged, for she did ; and went on to watch the desperate adventure below. Presently, ' This is foolishness,' she was heard to say to herself ; then she turned altogether and disappeared. In a few minutes more the bolts flew back, the door opened ; she received into her arms the honourable burden of Galeotto's back. Stumbling in, blessed beyond his hopes, deep in porter's blood and his own, deeper in love, but deepest in peril of the cage, the youth had sufficient wit left to play the part of prudence before he declared himself a lover. He pushed to the door, barred it, bolted it ; then fell upon one knee before his preserver, and slightly varying the legend of his house, did deprecating homage with the words, *Nec dea intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus !*

With the watch thundering at the door the time was ill-judged for paraphrase. The young lady looked calmly at Galeotto. ' I am no Latinist, sir,' she replied ; ' but I suppose you refer to the death of the porter. He was in my father's employment—a useful man. However, we have a substitute in you. You are wounded I see. This noise is deafening. Come away from the door and I will help you as much as I can.'

' Madonna, the wound is internal,' said Galeotto, still kneeling : ' it is in the region of the heart.'

The lady looked grave. ' It is worse than I thought,' she said. ' But I will do my best.'

' Ah, your least is my salvation !' cried the happy youth, and kissed her hand. She received the homage with great composure ; but affairs were really urgent.

' At this rate,' said she, ' we may expect the door down and a full house in twenty minutes. It is no time for gallantry. Please to follow me.' Galeotto obeyed her as rapturously as a stiff leg allowed. She took him without a word to that upper room whose depths a little while before had thrilled him with romantic imagining. Once there, he submitted to her ministry, finding in every little cry of concern, every wave of her sympathy, every pass of her deft hands, quick poise of the head, or touch of her gentle fingers matter for ravishment of sense or stuff for a madrigal. He had not come unscarred from the tussle. His dress was disordered, his hair gave shocks. He had lost his plumed cap, his white leg was speckled here and there with porter's blood, down his green leg meandered his own like a lazy brook among water meadows. One shoe had been in the gutter, one was still there ; his cloak was pricked like a pounce-box. The young lady, kneeling on the floor in front of him, pinched her red lip as she considered his case.

' Why did you kill the porter ?' she presently asked him. Her eyes—clear, green and steadfast—made his heart jump. They made him also reason *a priori*, against the truth and the best systems of philosophy ; they made him answer her as he thought her beauty deserved.

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'Can you ask me, Madonna?' he replied. 'It was that the sound of his fall might cause you to turn your head.'

'I think it has turned your own,' said the lady. 'I find your reason a poor one; and I hope that you perceive how I am involved in the scrape. If you cannot remain here, certainly I cannot either. My father, it is true, set a high value upon that porter, but he sets a higher value on me. To have me haled before the *Podestà* in his absence, or set to huddle in the cage with an unknown gentleman, would do him a mortal injury and be a sorry return for all his affection. I must go away for a time, and the sooner the better.'

'I, too, must go away,' said Galeotto, trembling. 'It will be impossible for me to face my mother in this state, equally so to attend the Duke's levee. Oh, Madonna!' he cried suddenly, 'let us fly together!'

The lady considered the position; her head, held sideways, looked charmingly wise. The rough music of the street continued.

'The door must fall in ten minutes,' she said. 'It is time to act. Where do you propose to take shelter?'

'A swamp were paradise by your side!' exclaimed Galeotto; 'But I suggest Venice, where I have a relative in good odour with the Signiory. Widow of my cousin Raniero, she is called Donna Camilla, a lady as handsome as she is young, as rich as she is hospitable—at least so she is reported. If we could leave Mantua we should be safe with her; and with you, lady, for my bride——'

He stopped unachieved because the lady looked at him in a peculiar way. It was curiously the look of his mother the Countess if he ventured the suggestion that peaches in the garden were meant to be eaten. The Countess had looked: 'Let me find you eating one, my son.'

'What you say is excellent sense up to a point,' said the young lady; 'beyond it I reserve my comments. But I think I will go to Venice and to your cousin Donna Camilla. It will be necessary for you to lend me your clothes and name. What, may I ask, is the latter?'

'It is Galeotto Galeotti, most adorable lady!' cried the Count. 'But when you have had it for a little while it will be Saint Galeotto, and my poor clothes will be relics.'

'They are not much better now, thanks to your precipitation,' said she; 'but they must serve me for default of others. Honestly, I see no shorter way out of the mess. But if I am you, what will you be?'

'Sacred lady,' he replied, 'if you go in my person I must go in another's. That is a plain inference. Now, since I am utterly your servant, let me go with truth. I will go as your servant.'

'Nothing could suit me so well,' said the lady. 'My real name is Isotta Beltraffi; but while I am Count Galeotti (which I hope will

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not be long), you shall be my servant Fabrizio. That was the porter's name.'

'Happy, happy Fabrizio!' cried the enchanted young man; 'Now art thou in paradise, Fabrizio!'

'I sincerely hope so,' said Isotta. 'But I perceive that they have got the door down. We have no time to lose. Kindly follow me: you must remove your clothes while I find you some which suit your new station in life. We have a boat on the lagoon which will take us safely over.'

So saying she conducted him to a remote part of the house; and while the police were unmasking the servants below, the real actors in the drama were masking above.

The *sandolo* lay close under the wall, and was reached easily from a little window. The new Galeotto, the new Fabrizio, found no difficulties which could not be surmounted, though the heart of one at least was often in his mouth. The master sat cloaked in the well; the man took the poop to work the oar. They slipped along under the lee of the houses until, having passed a jutting corner, they opened the belfry of Santa Barbara; then, striking boldly across, they shot the Ponte San Giorgio by a middle arch, and found themselves far from pursuit in the lower lake. Here safety was. They navigated it from end to end; instead of slipping into the reeds on the further shore, grown bold by use, they took the quay at San Vito, left the boat, walked across the flats to Sustinente, and there hired a bark and two rowers to take them down the Pô. It is proper to say that the pretended Galeotto directed all these simple operations; the real was for hiding in every pollard they came by. Isotta laughed at him.

'It is as well that you play servant in our affairs,' she said. 'We should both be in the *gabbia* by this time if I had followed your rules. Can you not understand that two men lurking in a small tree must always make a curious, and generally a suspicious appearance, whereas walking on a hard road they are nothing out of the ordinary? And you are a courtier and I am the daughter of a woolcarder! What am I to think?'

'You are to think that your beauty has engrossed my wits, Madonna, if you think of me at all,' said the enamoured Galeotto.

'If I were to think of you seriously,' replied Isotta, 'I should relinquish the adventure. My beauty, as you call it, has more important things to do than to engross what wits you have left. I have never been to Venice, and as for your cousin Donna Camilla, who is now to be my cousin, I had never heard of her until an hour ago. Please to tell me something more precise about her.'

'Oh, set me harder tasks, most lovely master!' cried Galeotto.

'I will at need, I assure you,' said Isotta. 'Meantime oblige me in this particular.'

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Galeotto complied. But I think the reader will do better with my account.

II. MINOR PREMISS

Donna Camilla, then, was a dove-eyed, dimpled lady of not more than twenty-five years old, widow of a dead Raniero Galeotti, a famous captain of the Republic, much older than his wife, a man of energy, a man of some violence, a man of white hairs. He had been exorbitantly fond of her in his lifetime, had made her so comfortable, and by his death left her so, that although she had been three years a widow, she had seen no reason to change her estate. Quite otherwise; common gratitude suggested that she should continue to mourn a man whose demise had been of such advantage. A palace on the Rio Pantaleone, a domain (with a summer villa) at Bassano, a houseful of old (and quiet) servants, her wishes foreseen, her whims condoned, a large number of suitors, and the memory of her windy old lord to make their daily rejection at once luxury and sacrifice; what more could Donna Camilla want? Absolutely nothing, she declared. She was her own lover; more than that, her servants were so old, so much in authority, yet so indulgent, that her position was rather that of a lapped favourite than a mistress; she was like a pet child with twenty fathers and four-and-twenty mothers instead of a couple. Two demands upon society are made by a Donna Camilla—fondling, and an object of gentle tears. She got the first at home; the second she found in a portly alabaster monument which she had caused to be set up in the church of SS. John and Paul. To exchange this ease and security for a new Venetian lord was not at all to her mind. He would expect more than tears, he would only fondle while expectation remained. Expectation satisfied, the object reduced into possession, love would fly out of window and the noble Venetian be free for commerce. If she knew her countrymen this was certain; there were not many Don Ranieros in Venice. Having such views, it is not to be wondered at that Donna Camilla remained sole. She was never tired of enlarging to her new maid Emilia upon her exact advantages.

‘I am here,’ she said, ‘as snug as a fish in the sea. There is no romance in Venice; nothing but fishing. Is not marriage a net? Some day you will know it, child, as well as I do.’

But Emilia, a pretty young woman, hung her head and sighed. Marriage was precisely the net in which she hoped to entangle Donna Camilla.

I would not on any account deceive the reader. Emilia, as well as being the youngest maid in Donna Camilla’s service, was the son of a gondolier of San Nicolò, a lad of parts who, having been egged on to precocity by the attentions of his quarter, had flattered

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himself into a passion for the lady of Don Raniero, and for a year or two paid her such homage as he could. This had been very innocently accepted on her part, since she knew nothing in the world about it. It had also been a very small matter, for the youth was in a very small way. The Dominicans, who had taught him his book, had encouraged his singing-voice and put him in the choir. In time he had been advanced to be assistant to the sacristan of SS. John and Paul. As such he had first seen Donna Camilla, as such performed his small office at the obsequies of Don Raniero, and stood by sympathetically whenever, after that, Donna Camilla had deplored his remains. He was diligent in small services, dusted the pavement for her knees, bowed her from and to her gondola, polished the handsome sarcophagus, the shining bosom, the shining head, of the effigy, sniffed once or twice a day in accord with her sighs; these things he did until he believed himself her lover. And because to think yourself a thing is to be that thing, her lover (at this distance) he actually was. To love is to desire, and to desire to grow. To grow is to need new clothes.

Gervasio, that was his name, apart from his humble station in life, felt that he had more to recommend him than his gains represented. He was very good-looking, very intelligent; he took himself very seriously, knew himself very prudent. 'The problem before me,' he told himself, 'is how to see my adorable mistress without risk of observation. One does not marry precipitately, blindly; and here in the church I see but one side of her—the pious. It would be only right—if I am to commit myself—that I should consider her in moments of relaxation—gay, discreet, witty, ardent, as I am sure she must sometimes be. The difficulties of drawing her into a general conversation when she is lamenting departed merit are extreme. You cannot expect her to detach herself from her surroundings; the transition is too abrupt, hardly delicate even. On the other hand, to engage her outside, in the *piazza*, on the *riva*, when she steps into or out of her gondola, that would be to expose myself, possibly to ridicule, certainly to a rebuff or rebuffs. Conversation would be forced; I should not do myself justice, nor would she. Then there is another thing. Assume she pleases, assume I advance; the advantages I have to offer her—devotion, some natural shrewdness, youth, a handsome person—need gradual discovery for their efficiency. They are like slow-ripening fruits, need warmth and light for maturity. To fall on my knees, to clasp hers, to press her hand, to weep before her—any one can play such antics; I'll be bound to say that some hundreds have played them. And with what result? With none. No, no; that is not the way to work. The same good genius which counsels me to consider the lady's character urges the greatest deliberation in revealing my passion.'

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He thought long and carefully over the problem before he hit upon the plan which places him so hopefully before us ; it was indeed a chance inquiry of the lady's, directed to his sacristan, for a respectable young maid to act in the still room, which finally decided him. 'Very properly,' Donna Camilla had said, 'I kept on all my good husband's servants. Poor dear ! they have grown up with him, and now he has given them the slip. They make me very comfortable, are all that servants should be, but they are far from sprightly. And while I should never suffer a newcomer to encroach upon their rights—to be about my person, for instance—yet they cannot live for ever, and it is a bad thing for a widow to let her weeds encumber her. I need a little worldly conversation now and again—not ceremonious or courtly, of which I have more than enough, but familiar without being licentious, jocularly robbed of its vulgar sting. Find me a decent young woman for training, Don Sulpizio, if you can.' The decent young woman who waited upon Donna Camilla next day was Gervasio, and not of Don Sulpizio's recommendation : he was engaged upon the spot.

The lady had never regretted it. Emilia was a charming companion, a good needlewoman, had great taste as a dressmaker, was industrious, discreet, trustworthy ; upon occasion her faculty of humorous observation was a delight to her mistress. Gervasio, too, was perfectly content : he was more and more satisfied with the mind and person of Donna Camilla. It is true he stood in a very humble capacity, never as yet in one of confidential service. He knew that he was on promotion, but he saw the lady of his choice, talked with her, wrote her notes, accompanied her in her walks on the Piazza, went with her to church, made her clothes, and so on. He was no nearer to declaration of course ; seeing that she had no conception that he was not Emilia, one would be inclined to say she could have none that he was Gervasio. Perhaps the youth had a relish for mystery ; it is said to be the root of all the romance and half the love affairs of the world. Be that as it may, this was the position of Donna Camilla's household upon the day of the arrival of a letter, brought by a heated messenger, to announce the presence in Venice of her cousin Don Galeotto Galeotti attended by his servant. The writer implored his kinswoman's hospitality until a certain local storm in Mantua had blown over ; he excused himself with vivacity and point.

'My cousin writes a brisk letter,' said Donna Camilla, 'which savours (but not unpleasantly) of impertinence. What have I to do with the weather in Mantua ? He is probably very young : I hope his servant is less so. I have to think of you, child.' Emilia, not best pleased, had to think of her mistress. She was bid write a letter to Galeotto at his inn, assuring him of a friendly welcome. About noon he came.

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All doubts as to his youth and impertinence were immediately set at rest. He had both ; but wore them so pleasantly that one would have regretted their absence. The servant, Donna Camilla was pleased to see, seemed a backward fellow. Don Galeotto came quickly forward into the hall and kissed his cousin on both cheeks.

'The deaths of fifty porters,' he said gallantly, 'would not have been too great a price for this. Besides, cousins have a blood-tie, not always recognised, to which that of a porter or two may well be sacrificed.' He kissed Donna Camilla again, then let his tongue run on to the wonders of Venice.

'A well-set jewel indeed, this Venice !' he exclaimed. 'What ! an opal to swim in a bed of sapphire ! Your canals are streams of blue wonder, your palaces fired pearls—by which again understand opals, dear Camilla. We came by the lagoon from Adria ; we saw your Venice nesting in the water like a sea-bird, a flake, a white roseleaf adrift in hyacinth ! And within your walls, fresh delight. What deep spaces, what shade, what rest ! what queenly hostesses !' Here he pressed Donna Camilla's hand. 'What fresh maids !' And here he patted Emilia's cheek. 'Cousin Camilla,' he assured her, 'the death of a porter took me from Mantua ; suicide only will sever me from Venice. It is a beautiful thought that one and the same act have won paradise for a man and his killer.' So he ran on, talking a language which was implicitly flattering if explicitly Greek to Donna Camilla (who knew nothing of Mantuan porters), but was at all events extremely exhilarating and pleasant. She offered him a collation, he took her hand.

'If you will be my partner, cousin, we will collate all the afternoon,' he said. 'Let my servant dispose of himself to your least annoyance. He must make purchases for me before nightfall. I left Mantua hurriedly. But I can tell you all that at table. Thank heaven for the gift of tongues.'

'Heaven has enriched you indeed, Galeotto,' said Donna Camilla. Then to her maid, 'Emilia, take the Signor Conte's man to the still-room, and see that he wants for nothing.'

'His name is Fabrizio,' said the surprising cousin. 'He will have a pretty hostess. Fabrizio, remember that the man is ape of his master. Ape me with discretion, if you please, for the credit of Mantua.' He then followed Donna Camilla to the *salotto* leaving a very rueful man to the attentions of a very unwilling maid.

Whatever lovers may say, it is a mistake to press analogies home. The disadvantages of being a servant when you are properly a lover are made manifest when the poet's dream becomes fact. Here was a pair of lovers, at any rate, indifferently pleased by the turn of affairs, one separated from his mistress, the other as near to her, indeed, as ever, but in a very critical situation, unable to push his reasonable claims. From this day forward the pretended Fabrizio

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barely saw his admired Isotta. The pretended Emilia enjoyed more, but also he suffered more. He was desperately jealous of the lively young gentleman who, as the days went on, grew to be on such familiar terms with Donna Camilla. Fabrizio was jealous also, but not on a sure ground; the utmost he could say was that what he knew to be innocent the actors did not know. But Emilia saw the very fabric of his plans crumble before his eyes; they could have dissolved no faster if Gervasio had remained Gervasio. His was the more desperate situation, and it made him a morose companion for the still-room, where Fabrizio sat gloomily day by day, unamused and unamusing. It was on the edge of his tongue to confide in the valet; sometimes he had hopes that his romantic history might appeal to him, but Fabrizio seemed to hold him off in some unaccountable way, and to belie all he had ever heard of the assurance of gentlemen's gentlemen. With Donna Camilla he had chances now and again of putting in a seasonable word. He ventured one evening to throw doubts upon the young Count's ingenuousness. 'My Lady,' said he, 'a nobleman who can kill a porter to make a lady (not your ladyship, observe) turn her head round must be one of two things—so careless of life as to be unworthy to keep it, or so serious in love as to be dangerous to our sex. At least, it seems so to me.'

'Why, girl,' said Donna Camilla, 'have you had a tiff with Fabrizio that you decry gallantry? I thought in your class you valued a swain by the length of his arm.'

'Some may do so, Madonna,' replied the maid, 'but I think a long head is the better property. Long ears often go with long arms.'

'Long tongues appear to go with maids,' said Donna Camilla, nettled. 'Emilia, you are hurting me detestably. I hate clumsy fingers.' Emilia was silenced.

On his side Fabrizio was sinking into a settled melancholy. Absence from his mother may have had much to do with it; absence from the Court, of which he was such a real ornament, a little; no doubt the growing intimacy of Donna Camilla and his mistress had most of all. He honestly admired Donna Camilla. What embarrassed him was, that just what Isotta seemed to him Donna Camilla found her also, and that just as he found Donna Camilla delightful, so Isotta seemed to delight in her. After a little while letters began to arrive from Mantua, addressed in a hand which he knew very well to Count Galeotto Galeotti. His mother! He was on the point of opening the first of these when Emilia happened to look over his shoulder. 'Hey!' said this pert young woman, 'what are you about, Fabrizio? Is this the way of Mantuan lacqueys? Read your master's letters! You will be serenading his mistress next.' Galeotto had no choice but to take Isotta his mother's letter, to stand by while she broke the seal and galloped

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through the contents, to see her crush it up and throw it in the fire, and to be dismissed with the curtest nod he had ever seen imperil the urbanity of a lady. This was very mortifying, yet worse was to come. It seems that so soon as the Countess had ascertained the whereabouts of her son, she fired off letter after letter to Venice. All these Isotta read, many of them she discussed candidly with Donna Camilla. Her references to his mother always amazed and sometimes shocked him.

'The old dragoon has the gout, cousin,' Isotta would say. The old dragoon!

'Mantua is in a ferment' he learned at another reading. 'They threaten my mother with the question. The cage may be her fate yet.' The question! The cage for his mother! The thing was getting most serious. He had yet to learn that at serious times Isotta husbanded her words. That day came when, on the receipt of a shortish letter, she pinched her pretty lip. Donna Camilla, looking over her shoulder, shrieked, and then grew tremulous. Tears filled her eyes. 'Dear, dearest Galeotto, we will suffer together!' she urged. 'Oh give me that poor right!' Whereupon Isotta kissed her, and then with intention dismissed Fabrizio. Donna Camilla took the hint and dismissed Emilia, who had been panting by the wall. The disconsolate pair of servants strayed into the garden. Emilia sat down on the nearest seat and began to kick holes in the gravel. Fabrizio took her hand.

'Don't do that,' said Emilia, 'that is no sport for me.'

Fabrizio struck his forehead. 'Heaven knows what it is to me, Emilia,' he said, sighing profoundly.

'The pig is about to propose for me,' thought Emilia, and looked sulkily at the ground.

'You consider it beneath your notice, no doubt,' Fabrizio pursued, 'that a mere lacquey should seek the sympathies of a virtuous and modest young woman. I cannot complain of your feeling, yet I entreat you to consider me a little more anxiously before you spurn me away.'

'What do you mean, Fabrizio?' asked Emilia, looking at him. Fabrizio took her hand again.

'I am not what I appear, Emilia, believe it,' he said. 'Nothing but an overmastering passion——'

'Heavens!' said Emilia—but he went on—'Combined with a not unreasonable respect for my mother, could have driven me to the condition in which I find myself.'

'Is this your case, indeed?' cried Emilia, much interested. 'Listen then: it is on all fours with my own. Never was such a singular thing. I also suffer from an attachment which is to me as a goad to a mule. I also, I assure you, am very far from being what I seem. Like you, as well, as being in love, I go in fear of my father's stick.'

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Fabrizio pressed the maid's hand tenderly. 'This ought to draw us nearer to one another, dear Emilia,' he said. 'It is a striking case.'

'It would be, I can tell you,' Emilia agreed, 'if my father's stick came within reach of my back. I suppose you have the same notion.'

'My mother uses her crutch,' said Fabrizio, seriously. 'Dear Emilia, I could find it in my heart to declare myself—did I not—'

'I beg that you will do nothing of the kind,' said Emilia: 'there's no knowing what might come of it. My own affair is on the tip of my tongue. And surely you have held my hand long enough.'

'Ten thousand pardons,' cried Fabrizio. 'I had forgotten the circumstance.'

A slight noise on the gravel caused the two unfortunates to look hastily round: it was too late. Donna Camilla and her cousin had both seen the tender situation. The former turned it deftly to serve her own occasions. 'Here, cousin,' she said, 'are our servants teaching us wisdom. Your Fabrizio knows what he is about.'

'It seems so, indeed,' replied Galeotto with a needlessly high colour. 'If that is his wisdom, he shall reap the reward of it as soon as you please. I believed that he had the spirit of a shrew-mouse; but Emilia must be an expert. A pest on him! Let her have him by all means.'

'Ah, Galeotto,' sighed the love-lorn lady, 'that is not the only match I could agree to. But let the example be complete. Next week is the fair at San Pietro-in-Castello, when, as perhaps you know, weddings for a day are a matter of hand-fasting in the piazza. Shall we send in these two?'

'If Fabrizio's tastes are in that quarter,' said Galeotto, with asperity, 'I am only too thankful to have known it—and to indulge him.'

Donna Camilla called her maid, with a 'Come hither, child.'

Emilia having curtsied, the lady patted her cheek. 'You have been a good servant to me, Emilia,' says she, 'and I will show you that I am not ungrateful. It is true I had intended to promote you had you stayed a little longer; but having won the affection of an honest fellow I cannot stand in your way.'

Emilia at this began to raise a voice: 'Oh, my lady, I beg of you! Oh, my lady, the last thought! Oh, my lady!' and so on. Here was a pretty end to a pretty beginning; but Donna Camilla pursued her benevolent schemes.

'Not too much protest, my dear,' she said, with a reproving smile, 'or I shall think the Signor Conte right in his suspicions, that it is you who have led on poor Fabrizio. Look at him, child,

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he is blushing for you. No, no. He shall take you to good San Pietro, and I will see that you have your festa in proper Venetian fashion, and a sound roof to your heads afterwards. Meantime you shall spend the honeymoon here.'

It was time, Fabrizio felt, to protest. Very respectfully he approached Donna Camilla.

'Madonna,' said he, 'I am most sensible, believe me, of your ladyship's beneficence, the grateful acceptance of which, on my part, is only prevented by the conviction of my own unworthiness. Madam, between this amiable young person and myself there is a barrier. Madam, as I have told her when she did me the honour to offer me her person and heart, I am not what I must seem to your ladyship.'

'Nor am I, my lady, I assure you!' put in Emilia; 'and as for proposals—oh, madam, if you but knew how impossible is the thought!'

'I appeal to my master!' cried the desperate Fabrizio. Donna Camilla, unused to being thwarted, frowned; but she received her cousin's support.

'Fabrizio,' said his master with decision. 'I hope there has been no trifling with this girl's affections. I say that I hope; but a very few more words from you and that hope will be faint. What my lady proposes is becoming to one so high in position, so charitable as she. You shall find that I am not behindhand. My mother's urgent business may call me shortly to Mantua; but I will see to your establishment first. No Galeotti shall be called a niggard to his servants. If this is your first affair of the heart, Fabrizio, I trust—nay I will see to it—that it is the last. You have won a young woman whom the Lady Camilla can praise; see that you deserve her. Come, cousin, let us leave the lovers together.' He offered his arm to Donna Camilla and led her away. They left behind them a very tongue-tied pair indeed.

Fabrizio scattered gravel, Emilia scattered gravel. Fabrizio inquired of the skies, Emilia of the more solid earth.

'If it were not for my mother, young woman,' Galeotto began, then stopped.

'If it wasn't for my father, my fine fellow,' began Emilia, then swore.

It seemed to want but this outbreak on the bride's part to put a point to the bridegroom's martyrdom.

III. BOCARDO

The clouds in Mantua gathered so fast and so black that any sky in Venice showed light by the side of them. The Countess Galeotti's latest letter may be cited.

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'Galeotto,' she wrote, 'if neither religion nor filial piety can move you, I cannot suppose that the fingers of the civil power in your collar may do so. You have abandoned your mother to vicarious punishment, you have disgraced an ancient lady, an ancient name. Farewell. Any letter you choose to send me should be addressed to the *gabbia*.'

The *gabbia*, readers should know, was an iron cage, six feet by six, which hung (and still hangs) outside a tower in Mantua, fifty feet above the street level. To think of the Contessa Galeotti in it was to think of birds; and Isotta, when she read this terrible letter, made a little clicking noise with her tongue. She brought Donna Camilla to her side in haste; but Donna Camilla was not one to stimulate thought. Thought just then was urgent. Isotta made her excuses and retired to pace the garden.

'What is to be done?' she said to herself. 'Here is an old lady in the *gabbia*, for no fault but maternity. Here, consequently, (since this outrages our common humanity), is the *gabbia* for Galeotto. Does he deserve so much? Surely not. True, he thrust his adventure upon me, killed my father's porter, sent me in disguise to Venice. If any one deserves the cage it is Galeotto. But have I not given him a better, a more deserved cage? Have I not contracted him to a servant girl? Will not that be punishment enough for a Count of the Empire? I hope so; I think so. It will teach him, at least, not to trifle with the affections of gentlewomen. Very well then. It follows that I get the cage. I am no bird; I have little relish for it; but what escape is there? Marriage with Donna Camilla? Yes; that is the only plan. It will be a very simple affair. She has great influence with the Ten; the Ten are allies of the Mantuan State. She will use her influence; but not unless I marry her. *Spretæ injuria formæ*, is how Galeotto would explain her refusal, which would certainly come plump on my refusal. Once married, she will have two motives to help us—my danger and her own dignity. It is agreed, then, that I marry Donna Camilla at the approaching fair.'

As fruit of this self-communion she bore a formal proposal of her hand to Donna Camilla, which was timidly but gratefully accepted by the lady.

The *sestiere* of San Pietro-in-Castello lies between that of Saint Mark and the Lido. It was then chiefly populated by gondoliers and their families and enjoyed a singular custom. But then it had been the scene of a singular event. Centuries before, the Levantine pirates had ravished brides from it; and in memory of that striking ceremony the Castellani claimed and held the same privilege on the anniversary. Any man could marry any woman on that day, and many most effectively did. Row facing row they lined the piazza; the maids stood loose-haired in white, each with her dowry in a box

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over her shoulder ; the suitors came to choose ; the Patriarch gave them a blessing and a sermon ; they were married. It was a custom of plain advantage to others beside gondoliers (an easy race) ; it was a romantic custom, a picturesque custom ; it was at once simple, secret and unofficial. Thus it appealed to Donna Camilla, who loved romance, and to Isotta, who just now aimed at simplicity. Mixed feelings are to be expected in such an assembly as this, emotions as various as may at any time hold sway over the human breast ; but probably Fabrizio was the most rueful bridegroom and Emilia the most truculent bride San Pietro-in-Castello had ever collected for a benediction. Donna Camilla's was a perfectly normal case ; as for the apparent Count Galeotto, we have seen what a firm perception of the logic of events characterised that distinguished person.

Desperate efforts were made by the unhappy Fabrizio to clear himself. He essayed the lady of his election and the lady of his fate ; the result was chagrin in the first case, wounded pride in the second. Isotta declined to discuss his affairs. She did not recognise her name ; she spoke as Galeotto Galeotti. ' You have chosen, Fabrizio,' said she, ' so far as I know, a perfectly respectable girl. If a porter had been killed for a sight of her eyes, for instance, it might easily have been her own father. I congratulate you upon your choice, and feel sure of your future.' This was cold comfort, but he could get no better from his affianced.

Emilia seemed to take no interest in the approaching ceremony. When he asked her, as tenderly as he could, if her father was likely to be present, to his great surprise she grunted. ' How would you like your mother to join him ? ' she asked in turn. There was but one answer to this for a man of truth. ' My dear Emilia, I should die,' he said, deeply moved. ' Then I wish she would come,' Emilia had replied—an extraordinarily heartless reply. He painted his married life in the gloomiest colours ; but then, so did the bride.

The maids formed up in a long row, for all the world like a snowy chain of crocuses hemming a garden path ; opposite them stood their grooms—sheepish, shuffling young men for the most part, but all very much intent on the business in hand. When both sermon and blessing were done, Jack took his Gill, or Gill her Jack, as might be ; and Fabrizio, feeling that something was required of the Galeotti fibre (even though smothered up in fustian) drew his Emilia's arm within his own with such gallant observations as he could invent. He went so far as to salute her cheek, but met with neither response nor encouragement. Donna Camilla received her husband's brisk attention with simple gratitude ; then the whole party took boat for the Palazzo Galeotti and the marriage supper.

That was felt to be, by two of the four at least, the latest possible moment for explanations. Unfortunately the moment was

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more urgently required by three officers of the secret police, who demanded by name Count Galeotto Galeotti, and when they found him would take no sort of denial. His rank, his condition, his interesting circumstances, youth, the influence of his lady—nothing could stand against the facts on which they leaned. The Duke of Mantua was in alliance with the Serene Republic; the Serene Republic ordered her ministers to convey Galeotto to the Duke.

‘My lord,’ said they, ‘the barge is at the steps. We must ask your Excellency to give himself the trouble to enter it. If your Excellency’s lady choose to accompany you we can hardly deny her, but it must be at her own risk.’

‘I dare not ask you, Camilla,’ Isotta began.

‘Ah, you dare not indeed, Galeotto, dearest husband,’ pleaded the lady, ‘unless you wish to procure my death. Nothing can separate us from this moment short of that.’

‘I have not the heart to disprove your generous fallacy, my dear,’ said her husband. ‘Well then, let us go. Officers, do your duty.’ They were cloaked and led away by the police. There was no scandal.

Half an hour afterwards arrived the old Contessa Galeotti, dusty and terrible.

‘Where is my deplorable son?’ she demanded fiercely of the porter.

‘I have not the least notion, madam,’ he replied. ‘I see you for the first time.’

‘You are extremely dull,’ said the Countess. ‘I am the Contessa Galeotti.’

‘Then, madam,’ the porter said, ‘I can satisfy you, I think. Your noble son is in the police-boat with his wife, going chained to Mantua.’

‘I don’t believe a word of it,’ said the Contessa drily. ‘If you suppose my son would take a wife without my approval you know very little of him, and still less of me. Produce my son.’

The porter was confused. ‘Love of God, madam,’ he said, ‘I cannot produce your honourable son, but I can refer you to his man. He also has been married to-day, and at this moment is supping with his wife.’

‘Take me down to this supper-party,’ said the Contessa grimly; ‘I know how to deal with servants.’

‘I can well believe your ladyship,’ said the porter. ‘I beg your ladyship to follow me.’

The tap-tap of her crutch struck like a knell on the ears of the unfortunate Fabrizio, disturbing him in the midst of an absorbing conversation. Much as it ran counter to his fine theory of manners, he was forced to interrupt his companion.

‘My dear Gervasio,’ he said hurriedly, ‘if that indeed be your

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name, yours is a most extraordinary case, equal with mine in misfortune. But there are worse things in the world than such a marriage as ours, and one of them (a parent offended) is close at hand. I refer to the approach of my sainted mother.'

'Zounds!' said Gervasio. 'Is that her famous crutch?'

'I fear it, I fear it,' replied the perspiring young man. Gervasio saw that he certainly did.

'Then I'll be running, my lord,' says he; but Galeotto whipped his arms round his middle.

'Let me entreat, let me implore your countenance, Gervasio,' he said warmly. 'The very gravest consequences are to be feared——'

'Let me go, let me go!' cried Gervasio. 'What have I to do with your consequences? Do you think I don't value my skin more than yours?'

It was at the height of this suggestive struggle that the Countess appeared at the door and fixed her piercing eyes on what she witnessed.

For a short time she looked terribly on, resembling most a wicked old bird that meditates attack, and holds his beak half open for the pounce. The detected Galeotto dropped his companion as if he had been a live cinder.

'What have you to say for yourself?' asked the Countess in a dry voice. Galeotto assumed a deprecating expression.

'It seems, *mamma mia*,' said he, 'that I have accidentally married this young gentleman.'

'You are the greatest fool in Europe,' said the Countess, 'and I speak as the widow of your father. Pray, in what capacity do you stand—as husband or wife?'

Galeotto made the most of his opening.

'I see the difficulty,' he said, as dispassionately as he could. 'It is a very real one. Gervasio, my friend, how do you take it?'

'I take it very ill,' said Gervasio sulkily: 'but I agree with her ladyship's criticism.'

Galeotto spread out his hands. 'You see how it is, *mamma mia*,' he began. The Countess cut him short.

'I very soon shall, I assure you,' she said. 'Somebody has gone off to Mantua masquerading in your name. He will have fresh air for his performance, and a fine auditorium; but the stage is limited. As for you, little hound——' She turned to Gervasio; but Gervasio had disappeared.

'That is a prudent young man,' said the Countess: 'there may be hopes of him yet. Now, Galeotto, my bark is waiting: march. But I must see Donna Camilla—where is your cousin?'

'*Mamma mia*, she should be in the saloon,' said Galeotto. 'But she also is the victim of circumstances, having to-day married

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Madonna Isotta Beltraffi, a young lady of great personal attraction. I can explain these unfortunate events——

‘I wish you could explain how you come to be my son,’ said the Countess. ‘That is the most unfortunate event of all, to my mind.’ She turned to the porter. ‘Where is your mistress?’ she asked him.

‘Madam,’ he replied, ‘I have told you already that she is gone to Mantua with my lord, her husband. It appears that there is some difficulty there. At any rate my mistress is accompanied by three of the secret police.’

The Contessa looked sharply at Galeotto, whose face showed of sufferance three parts, of filial respect three parts, and of pain six parts.

‘I really begin to believe that you are not quite the idiot I took you for,’ said she. ‘Go before me to the boat : off with you.’

‘*Benissimo, mamma mia,*’ said Galeotto.

IV. SYLLOGISMS

There was no opportunity for discourse upon a matter so delicate as the sex of Donna Camilla’s husband during the passage from Venice to Mantua. The near presence of three members of the secret police would have been enough to maintain Isotta’s reserve. ‘These honest fellows,’ she would have said, ‘believe with Donna Camilla that the Count Galeotti has been secured. To undeceive them now would be heartless ; while to undeceive my wife would be to cause her fruitless distress. How could I deny Donna Camilla the consolation of fidelity?’ That tender-hearted soul sat cowering by her—cold, dissolved in tears, shuddering under intermittent attacks of nerves, never far from hysterics, buoyed up only by the thought that she was acting the pattern wife. Over and over again she assured Isotta that she would never desert her. ‘When you are in your airy prison, dearest,’ said she, ‘I shall be sitting on the ground beneath you. I shall look up and see the soles of your beloved feet ; you will look down and (if the weather be favourable) see the tears in my eyes. A great deal of comfort ought to pass from one to another in this way.’

‘I am sure of it, Camilla,’ Isotta replied. ‘But your plan is almost too heroic for Mantua. Consider, my love, the tower of the *gabbia* is situated in the Via Broletto, a street nearly as bustling as the Merceria of your Venice. It connects two markets, it is the highway to the Castello di Corte. My lodging will be out of shot of the passers-by, but yours, if on the ground, must invite comment. How can you endure it, or how can I be witness of what you will have to bear?’

‘You can look the other way, dearest Galeotto,’ she said weeping, ‘and I can mingle tears with the Mantuans, or importune the Duke as he passes.’

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'You are sanguine, my Camilla,' said Isotta with resignation. 'I cannot deny you.'

A searching night wind blew over the lagoon; the moonlight revealed little curling waves, cold and angry. Camilla and Isotta sat cuddling in one cloak until the former fell asleep with her head on her companion's shoulder. One of the officers, disturbed by Isotta's sniffing, handed her a flask of strong waters.

'Thank you, my friend,' said she. 'What sail is that coming up behind us? They will overhaul us it seems.'

'That, my lord,' said the man, 'will be the Contessa's, your lady mother's, family barge. I know the rig of that lateen. It is a great stretch of cloth, but I think we shall hold her yet.'

'The Contessa!' thought Isotta. 'Then she has escaped the cage; but by the same token my poor Fabrizio has not escaped. He is now in two cages, his wife's and his mother's. Obviously I do well to save him from a third.' So musing she fell asleep.

The police-boat held the barge throughout the night, and, in the early hours of the morning, by stealing what wind there was, managed not only to outsail her, but very dextrously to run her aground on a mud-bank. There she had to await the tide, while the lighter vessel was skimming the silver stretches of the Mantuan lake with the red-walled city in full sight. By the time the Contessa Galeotti was at home again, with the key of Galeotti's chamber in her pocket, Isotta was admiring the view from the top of the *gabbia* tower, and the citizens admiring Donna Camilla at the bottom of it. It was open to the iron-faced old lady to join them, when she presently came in a litter, some Archers of the Guard in attendance, and a permit to visit the prisoner in her hand. But the exhibition did not entertain her.

'Who is this natural?' she asked of a bystander.

'Eh, madam, who knows if not your ladyship?' was the answer. 'I take her to be wife of the uncomfortable gentleman above.'

'Wife of a pig!' said the Countess with some heat. 'Is the name of Galeotti to be brayed over Mantua by donkeys?'

Donna Camilla, hearing her own name, came forward and clasped the Contessa's knees.

'I adjure you, my mother, help your unfortunate son!' she cried.

'I have helped him,' said the Countess grimly.

'Mercy shall be called Galeotti from this hour. You will save him from the cage, I know it.' Donna Camilla rose triumphant from her griefs.

'On the contrary, I have put him in one, young lady,' said the Countess; 'and am now going to transfer him to another.' Donna Camilla sat down.

'You have a heart of stone,' said she; 'for my part I will never leave this spot until my husband is restored to my arms.'

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‘Then you won’t leave it at all, my lady,’ remarked the Countess, chuckling. She went into the tower and left Donna Camilla to the contemplation of Isotta’s foot-soles.

There are one hundred and thirteen steps to the cage door ; but the Countess surmounted them, having been lent by rage what breath had taken away. Rage remained though breath did not when the prisoner was haled out at command, and revealed to the panting old lady a dark-skinned slim youth, to all appearance very composed.

The Countess was not composed. ‘Have done with this mummery,’ she snapped. ‘You are a woman.’

‘It is hardly for your ladyship to reproach me with that,’ Isotta replied.

‘I am not here to play shuttlecock,’ said the Countess. ‘What is the meaning of this knavery?’

‘It is not knavery, but logic that has brought me here,’ Isotta observed, ‘as you will allow, madam, if you listen to what I have to say.’

‘Upon my word, young woman,’ said the Countess, ‘if you can make that good I shall be interested. Go on.’

Isotta told the whole of her story, concluding with these words : ‘Your son, Countess, has acted throughout in what I must call a spirit of levity. If he must kill a porter he need not have killed my father’s favourite porter. But why kill a porter at all? He might have asked me to look out of the window. I should certainly have obliged him. But, having done so, having gone with me to Venice with professions of respect on his lips, what must he then do but begin a vulgar intrigue with a waiting-woman? I wished to punish him for that, and I have done so. You suffer also ; I regret it. But at least he will kill no more porters, and turn the heads of no more ladies. His wife will see to that.’

‘His mother would have seen to it,’ said the Countess. ‘My dear, you have reasoned admirably up to your point. So far I congratulate you. But you have married my son to a young man. Your Emilia has changed sex as well as you.’

‘Why did he do that?’ asked Isotta, much interested.

‘It seems that he had a thought of falling in love with my niece, and wished to judge of her domesticity,’ the Countess explained.

‘If I could find that young man,’ cried Isotta, ‘I should certainly marry him myself.’

‘You are not likely to do that, my friend,’ the Countess informed her. ‘Master has bolted.’

‘He must be found,’ Isotta said. ‘He is much too ingenious to be lost.’

The Countess took her hand.

‘Marry my son,’ she urged. ‘You will be excellent with him.’

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I am getting too old for estate management ; I need a steward. I do hope you will think of it. I will go down on my sound knee if you insist, although I would much rather not.'

'I would oblige you without such a condescension, dear Countess,' Isotta assured her, 'if I could see my way. The truth is that I have no sort of interest in your son beyond the fact that your son he is. But I will think of it. Meantime, if you can have me extricated from this place I shall be very much obliged to you.'

'In two minutes !' cried the Countess, and then and there wrote a letter to the Duke.

I return to Galeotto, left under lock and key in the palace of his ancestors. You little know that gentleman if you think that he could bring himself to remain there. Pacing up and down his chamber, he allowed full play to the agitations of his mind.

'I adore my mother, not only as the source of my being, but as a moral spectacle,' he told himself. 'I find in her a most superior order of mind, and a force of character really remarkable in a woman. Not only respect, reason also, counsels me to remain a prisoner. But the question arises : Can I let the beautiful (if headstrong) Isotta suffer for my fault because she happens to stand up in my small-clothes ? Cruel in intention as she has been to me, the thought is unendurable. She is, no doubt, at this moment in the *gabbia* on a capital charge ; she stands within the peril of the law. Either she must be released or I suffer with her. It is plain that while the former is out of my power, the latter is within it. I must escape from this house and place myself immediately below the cage. It is a hateful prospect, but the contemplation of her charming form exposed to the contempt of the very birds will strengthen me for what I am about to do. It must never be said of a Galeotti that he allowed a gentlewoman to suffer without enduring equal pains himself. Nor must I forget that I love her. My mother has locked the door, and quite rightly, since she wished to keep me in. I, with equal propriety, will essay the window, since I wish to get out.'

He dressed himself with pains in a suit of rich green velvet, arranged his hair, put on a pair of scarlet shoes, and then, by means of a gutter, some cords, and a small section of the litany, reached the ground in safety. He was not long cutting his way through the crowds in the Via Broletto, and so seen by Donna Camilla. To her, who had nearly exhausted her comments upon the melancholy situation, his appearance acted like the rod of Moses. Eloquence gushed from her ; she rose to address the attentive citizens. 'See in this, Mantuans,' she declared, 'a deed worthy of Roman record. Behold the faithful servant of a good master ! Rejoice, all of you, masters, and take heart, all you servants ; for where there is one there may be another. Fabrizio, Fabrizio, jocund is the ministry of

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thy feet ! An honest lacquey has been a contradiction in terms until by this glorious example thou hast affirmed it.'

'Madam,' said Galeotto, taking a seat beside her on the ground, 'it is true that I have come to suffer in this place, thinking myself happy to be where my duty binds me. It is true that I hope by this means to alleviate the pains of the martyr above us. But I dare not pretend to the splendid office you propose me. Madam, I am no servant, I am no Fabrizio ; I am your unhappy, your afflicted cousin, Galeotto Galeotti.'

Donna Camilla gasped : ' But my husband ! '

'Cousin,' said Galeotto, 'we are performing paradoxes, it seems. Your husband, if I may say so, has to name Isotta Beltratti. He, or rather she, is daughter to a respectable merchant of this place, Messer Domenico Beltratti, whose favourite porter I had the misfortune to kill.'

'Is it so ?' cried Donna Camilla. 'Then my husband is innocent !' She could only take one point at a time.

'She is as innocent as you are,' replied Galeotto. 'It is I who should occupy her room ; but, since I cannot do that, I have put myself as near to it as I can. This ground is very damp : it will endanger my health fully as much as the cage could do. But I deemed it my duty. Moreover, I am close at hand in case it should occur to the authorities to arrest me.'

'You have done a very noble act, Galeotto,' said Donna Camilla warmly.

'I hope so, I hope so,' he returned. 'I could do no less, Camilla. The lady above us has done a noble act ; you have done a noble act. Noble acts are in the air.'

'They are indeed,' she assented. 'But what have you done with my Emilia ? Is she acting nobly anywhere ?'

'I doubt it,' said Galeotto. 'The acts of Emilia (since you call him so) have been characterised by prudence rather than gallantry. He did not accompany me from Venice. But I see that I surprise you. Know then—' And he explained the nature of his marriage to the astonished lady, who, when she had sufficiently recovered, said :

'One thing is clear to me in all this entanglement. Madam Isotta must be released. You did the deed ; you must suffer.'

'Eh,' cried Galeotto, 'but I am suffering !'

'I had hoped,' said Donna Camilla, 'that my company might have distracted you. But if it does not, I must again admire your heroic resolution to undergo, without flinching, whatever may be due.'

Galeotto kissed her hand, and the citizens cheered the exalted pair.

A messenger from the Duke very shortly afterwards brought down the Countess with Isotta. The order was for the whole company to appear before him. The Countess surveyed her son.

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'What are you doing here, pity-box?' she asked.

'I am suffering, *mamma mia*,' he replied, 'on account of the injured lady whose arm you now so kindly hold.'

'The kindness,' said the Contessa, 'is all the other way. She might hold the Duke's arm with condescension. Get up, idiot, we are summoned to Court. Come and explain yourself if you can.'

She hobbled off on Isotta's arm, and Galeotto, offering his to Donna Camilla, found it tenderly accepted.

The whole matter was laid before Duke Gianfrancesco, who had some difficulty in singling out what was, after all, the real point at issue. He found himself very unwilling to accept Galeotto's excuse for his precipitate action; and it was only when he elicited in casual conversation the facts that (1) the porter had jostled against the Count in the Via Larga, (2) that a Capuchin of the bystanders had laughed, and (3) that the porter was not dead, that he felt at liberty to consider the case as one of justifiable homicide. After that all other difficulties seemed light. Turning to the Countess he said: 'It is clear, madam, that all these persons are married by the laws of Venice. Venice being in alliance with Mantua, it becomes me to see that her laws are observed. This I will do, with such latitude, however, as may reasonably be allowed to a sovereign prince. I must regard Madonna Isotta as the protagonist in this drama. She must come first. To Madonna Isotta, therefore, I offer the hand and heart of Count Galeotto Galeotti.'

'I humbly thank your Grace,' said Isotta; 'but we choose as our characters make us. A man who could be such a fool as to endanger his neck twice for my sake is clearly no husband for a girl of my habit. I must gratefully decline your Grace's offer and transfer Messer Galeotto to the care of Donna Camilla. I consider, on the other hand, Gervasio to be a youth of prudence and great promise. If I can find him I shall certainly do my best to possess him.'

'I shall yet congratulate Gervasio,' said the Countess, 'on a wife of sense.'

'What do you say, Donna Camilla?' asked the Duke.

Donna Camilla had been very much struck by her cousin's chivalry in the affair. Especially this latest act of his had moved her admiration.

'It was very fine in him,' she declared. 'The cage must necessarily be draughty, and I understand his chest is delicate. I should be proud to become the wife of such a man.'

So it was put to Galeotto, who replied as you would expect, that he was at the service of these ladies.

Gervasio was not found for some six months, though Isotta hunted him high and low. Finally he was reported at Battaglia, where indeed he was discovered, acting as dry-nurse to a wine-

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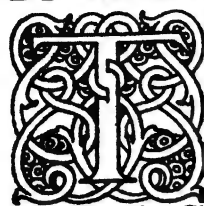
grower's young family. Passing by the name of Beppina, he was a general favourite. When Isotta claimed him there was a momentary confusion, inasmuch as several persons of substance (one being notary-public) had aspired to his hand ; but there was no withstanding facts. Isotta led him to Mantua, married him, and treated him with kindly firmness for many years. He had no cause to lament her choice, although he was never able to share her cordial appreciation of the Contessa.

That same Contessa Galeotti lived to a frosty old age. Her syllogisms upon the facts recorded—the result of a long observation of our species, but more remarkable, perhaps, for shrewdness than a nice understanding of the system of Aristotle—may be thus expressed. They are two in number :

- A. All men are fools. But my son is a great fool. Therefore,
my son is a great man.
- B. All men are fools. But Gervasio is no fool. Therefore,
Gervasio is not a man at all.

A LADY OF TANAGRA

BY MARCUS B. HUISH



THE recurrence of another French Exhibition on a stupendous scale naturally raised hopes in the minds of art dilettanti that a further surprise might possibly be in store for them, through a third presentation of a novel phase of art, similar to those which were discovered on two previous occasions. For it was at the Champ-de-Mars in 1867 that Japan first astonished a nation *blasé* with the art frivolities of the French Empire, and it was in the next French Exhibition in 1878, under the Republic, that the bewitching figurines from a forgotten town in Bœotia drew attention to a branch of Greek art which, for the first time, was exhibited to a wider circle than the *entourage* of Museum officials.

It was hardly possible that any hitherto unknown art product, whether of the past or the present, could offer at the present Exhibition such novelties as did either of these. There is no country which, at the end of this century, is such a recluse, or can by any chance have an art of so high a quality as that which Japan provided to the amazement of those who had imagined her as 'a cluster of isles inhabited by a race grotesque and savage—not much given to hospitality, and addicted to martyrising strangers of whose creed they disapproved.'¹

The provinces comprising the hinterland of China, which are now being opened up, will certainly not yield the treasures which her maritime provinces still send in ever-decreasing quantities to decorate the homes of those with a bank account sufficiently ample to acquire them, and it is beyond the dreams of the most sanguine to imagine that the unexplored parts of Africa may disclose anything which will carry on the traditions of the art of Ancient Egypt.

Nor, in spite of the ever increasing desire of every nation to obtain permission to delve on the sites of the buried cities of the countries which abut on the Eastern Mediterranean, is there much probability of the explorers unearthing a hoard of objects so personal in their character, or so fascinating in their mien, as those Greek statuettes to which we have referred, and which are commonly classed under the appellation of 'Tanagra Terra-cottas.'²

¹ Sir Rutherford Alcock, H.M. Plenipotentiary in 1858.

² Since the above was written the Exhibition has opened, and it would appear as if a surprise might again be in store, in the exhibits of the newly emancipated Bosnia, which are stated to be altogether remarkable. The work in bronze, silver, brass, and gold is said to be superb in its finish; the vases, jugs, amphoræ, and platters to be true works of Art; and the carpets and rugs to rival the best products of the Persian looms, proving that the East has handed on to the Bosnians its rich colours, its sense of beauty in detail, and its patient striving after manual and artistic perfection. The result is a marvellous instance of the recuperation of a people, able once more to breathe the atmosphere of liberty after centuries of Ottoman oppression.

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For some reason or other International Exhibitions on any scale worthy the name have ceased to find favour either with the British Government or the nation at large. Although the first Great Exhibition of All Nations was the conception of our Queen's husband, and both it and that which followed in 1862 were unparalleled successes, any idea of continuing them has apparently lapsed. This is presumably owing to an idea that they do no good either to our arts, our manufactures, or our trade, an idea which is amply refuted by the fact that France has found it to her advantage to hold no less than four shows in the interval which has elapsed since we last occupied the field.

Any such contention is further disproved by the instance of the art *trouvailles* to which we have referred. French traders at once recognised the opportunity which such a novel form of art as that of Japan presented, and they have practically held the monopoly ever since as importers of all that is best and choicest in Japanese 'curios,' as they are termed. Tanagra figurines, in like manner, were taken up not only by French collectors but by French writers on art, and whilst Paris is the centre to which any fresh discoveries of a similar character converge, it is the centre whence almost all the literature of any value dealing with the subject has until very lately issued. This has taken not merely the form of *éditions de luxe*, and of complete catalogues of the pieces in the National Collection, written by its talented Director, but of treatises issued to the masses at the popular price of the ordinary French yellow-back. Had these terra-cottas found a place in an English Exhibition, it is certain that a quarter of a century would not have elapsed before any work, dealing with the subject, appeared in the English language, and the authorities of our British Museum would hardly have been content to explain them within the compass of a couple of pages of their catalogue.

As the author of one of two volumes, which have lately taken up the subject of these statuettes, I have been asked by the Editor to write something upon the very interesting chapter in the history of Greek art which they illustrate, and to sketch out a few details which may not be unwelcome to the many who have hitherto wished to know something concerning them, but have been unable to gratify their curiosity—something which may even induce them to make a visit to our British Museum and spend a half-hour in the upper room which contains these dainty side views of the life of the most artistically-minded nation the world has produced.

It is now nearly thirty years since there filtered into Athens, at first in small quantities and afterwards in considerable numbers, statuettes in terra-cotta, which by their distinct style, their novelty as regards subject, and their gay and well-preserved colouring, at once

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attracted the attention of those archæologists always on the look out for some new thing. Nothing exactly like them had hitherto, to use a vulgar expression, 'come into the market.' Archaic productions having no claim to be classed as works of art had been unearthed in quantities, and the soil of Athens itself had given forth, now and again, terra-cottas equalling them in refinement although dissimilar in subject. But the new comers had a *cachet* of their own, and they won the hearts of those who first saw them, as they have charmed the eyes of everybody since, by the insight which they afforded into a hitherto unillustrated phase of Greek life—that of the Greek lady, and the girlhood, boyhood, and childhood to be found in the streets of the town whence they emanated—unidealised save in that preference for beauty over ugliness which came, as a matter of course, to everything that emerged from the hand of the Greek in those summer days of art when, under the influence of Praxiteles, womanhood as represented in plastic form was for the first time the result of a careful selection from many models of that particular feature or limb for which each was distinguished.

The statuettes have, therefore, a claim to our attention, in part as types of idealised beauty, and in part as representations of actual humanity. They are also almost as archæologically and historically, as they are artistically interesting, for they introduce us to and illustrate for us the actualities of Greek life at the most epoch-making moment of its history.

Of course, as Miss Hutton has pointed out in her volume upon the subject, the humanity which permeates them may have been due either to the capacity or incapacity of the maker; for whilst the sculptor was by his genius enabled to produce a deity out of humanity by means of superhuman beauty, grace, and dignity, this was beyond the power of the potter, and his female divinities when they became beautiful women in outward appearance became women in nature, and merged the goddess in the woman. Thus Aphrodite may have sprung from no higher model than his wife, Eros might well be a child at play in his household, and Demeter the reflection of some sorrowing neighbour. Lower in the scale of life the potter did not even attempt to deify his creations, but represented the pedagogue, the nurse, and the slave as they actually appeared in real life.

The circumstance of the 'find' of Tanagras was almost romantic in the mode of its happening. No one had expected that there would be discovered within the confines of Bœotia, a country which even in modern days is associated with all that is ungainly and uncouth, works of art which distanced their fellows in other parts of Greece so far as regards delicacy, refinement, and seductiveness. Bœotia was, it is true, a kingdom of importance even so far back as mythical times, and at a very early date its capital, Thebes, was amongst the chief of Greek cities, whilst it preserved more distinctly

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than others the traces of foreign influence and immigration. But bitter animosity existed between it and Athens during all the period that art was forming itself—in fact, down to the fourth century B.C.—and this was accompanied by constant warfare, which could hardly have been an assistance to the arts, although it would have made whatever were practised self-contained and individual. At the time, too, when these statuettes are supposed to have come into existence, Alexander was ravaging Bœotia, devastating it with fire and sword, killing six thousand and carrying off thirty thousand citizens. It was amidst these disturbing surroundings that the serenely constituted little Tanagra lady was born.

The physical aspect of the country, its climate, and its inhabitants seem to have been but little better suited to her successful rearing. For instance, we find her attired in the airiest of garments—less than an English lady would wear in the tropics—with a hat with the widest of brims to shield her from the sun, and carrying in her hand a palm-leaf wherewith to move the sultry air. And yet whilst it is true that in summer Thebes was described as a pleasant place on account of its shady gardens, which tempered the heat, the country as a whole is described by contemporary writers as deficient in trees, very windy and miry, and much afflicted with snow; and it is at the present time termed by travellers the least seductive of all the provinces of Greece.

Again, how can these smiling, affable ladies be the wives and daughters of those who are described as arrogant, quarrelsome, stupid and ignorant?

To sum up: were we to believe the majority of authors, we should certainly affirm that these representations of womanhood which have been resuscitated for us after a burial of over two thousand years are in no way true to nature, but are mere ideals conjured up by the fancies of the potters.

On the other hand, from less tainted sources we have evidence that this vision of fair women is indeed a transcript of the ladies whom the humble creator actually saw before him in his daily life.

For was not Bœotia the home of Corinna, the lovely poetess who no less than five times carried off the prize from Pindar, not, it is said, on account of the excellence of her verse, but of her beauty? Was not another writer so enthusiastic concerning them that he proclaimed them to be so delightful, not only in form, but in their attitudes and the rhythm of their movements, that they were the most elegant in all Greece? and said he—their conversation has nothing of the Bœotian about it, their voices being full of seductiveness. To these qualities may be added a privilege which the lady of Tanagra at that epoch possessed, and which was not so freely granted to her sisters in Southern Greece. The conditions of society in Athens and other populous cities did not allow

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of women moving about in public to the extent which would be possible in a smaller community. The phase of civilisation, which ended in the Eastern world confining within walls and placing out of sight those of the weaker sex, was already in movement in certain of the Mediterranean cities. Athenian women were certainly at this period expected to live a life of seclusion and to attend strictly to their household duties, and we find them bemoaning their state and envious of the youths who might roam the streets and see the sights. This was probably not the case at a town like Tanagra, and consequently the artist would in one case see no reason for creating a subject which had no interest for his customers, and in the other would have every reason in multiplying what was certain to be a very popular one.

Of Tanagra itself history has left us but few details. Placed as it was at the junction of several high roads, it had a certain strategic importance, and was in the fifth century the scene of repeated encounters between the Thebans and the Athenians; upon the destruction of Thebes it became and remained for some centuries the most populous city in Bœotia. A traveller in the third century B.C. noted that the interiors of the houses were elegant and decorated with paintings; daily life was easy and pleasant; the wine was excellent; the inhabitants honest, charitable, and hospitable; and the cockfighting celebrated all over Greece—combinations which made it almost an earthly paradise. Pausanias visited it, and seems to have been mainly impressed by the opportunities afforded by its numerous temples for the exercise of religion, but neither he, in his lengthy description, nor any other writer, has bestowed a single word upon the industry which produced the statuette, although of a neighbouring town he said, 'Few people live in Aulis, and they are potters.'

Of Tanagra there now remains but very little, what there is occupying an inconspicuous hill and having no name. About three miles south is the village of Skimatari, a word signifying 'the Village of Statuettes,' and it is there that any intending visitor to the ruins must stay, for no accommodation whatever can be found on the spot.

It was owing to the discoveries of statuettes that this long forgotten town emerged from two thousand years of oblivion. For some time prior to 1870 the peasants, in tilling the fields, had unearthed graves containing them, but these reached the markets in such roundabout ways that their origin was wrapped in mystery and eluded those who sought for it. In 1870, however, a Greek from Corfu, Giorgios Anyphantis, better known by his nickname of Barba Gorgi (old George) who was an adept at surreptitious searchings for antiquities, and who was at that time clandestinely engaged upon the Necropolis at Thebes, came across the trail of the discoveries.

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He at once went and established himself at Skimatari and with his knowledge of explorations soon made some splendid hauls. The villagers were not slow to follow in his steps and in a short time the dealers' shops at Athens were full of 'Tanagras.' Their subsequent progress to the capitals of Europe was signalled by instant recognition and appreciation by the few who saw them. Collectors did not hesitate to journey specially to Athens, and the competition of wealthy Russians, Frenchmen, and Italians, at once put up the price to an extraordinary degree, and fine specimens for which the original finders had considered themselves well paid went at a hundred fold their original cost.

It is almost unnecessary to add that the Skimatarians redoubled their efforts and the whole district was ransacked and pillaged. Naturally enough, but most unfortunately, all was done without the slightest method, and even after the Greek Government and the Greek Archæological Societies became aware of it, no steps were taken to prevent this. The proper and systematic garnering of such objects was beneath their notice. Only when it was too late and it was seen that the museums of other countries were eagerly competing for the best examples did Greece awake to the fact that little was left worthy of a place in her collections. Troops were then despatched to stop, by force if necessary, clandestine diggings, and agents were appointed to collect the remains. But these were more occupied with this than with noting any details required for their history. The tombs were ransacked and many thousand statuettes exhumed, but hardly a line of accurate information was set down for the guidance or instruction of posterity as to where they were found or in what manner they were disposed.

Mr. Fraser, the editor of the recent edition of Pausanias thus describes the present appearance of the place :

The cemeteries line the various paths leading from Tanagra for miles, and to ride along one of the paths nowadays, with the empty and open graves on either side, is like an anticipation of the Resurrection Day. Two great cemeteries have been discovered in addition to those by the wayside, and they, too, have been rifled. One of them is on a low ridge to the east of Tanagra, and the other, called the Necropolis of Barli, is in a plain to the north-west of the city. Some of the tombs which have been unearthed have been of a particularly fine character, and the least portable portions of them may be seen in a small museum at Skimatari.

So much then as to the place where, and the manner in which, these statuettes were found.

But the interest in them does not end even then ; in fact to many it only commences when we consider what these figurines represented, and why they came to find a place in such an apparently unsuitable home as a tomb.

The uses to which these terra-cottas were put were threefold, but space will not permit of our discussing each of them at length. The first, namely their use in the religious services of the living,

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either as votive offerings or as idols, need only be mentioned here. The second, that of household ornaments, can only be glanced at, and then merely for the reason that they appear to be so fitted for the purpose and yet, it is believed, were so little utilised. Unfortunately the evidence concerning this use is very sparse, for no Greek city, similar to Pompeii, has been unearthed in what we know as Greece proper, and nothing that has been unearthed has given any ground for supposing that they were in regular use. In Pompeii, at a date quite four centuries later than that of Tanagra, they are found to have been used in no great number, principally in the less well-to-do houses, where they occupied niches. The skeletons of two persons who had been overtaken by the eruption have also been disinterred, in each case clasping statuettes in their arms, illustrating that they deemed them of considerable value. This evidence is certainly not strong enough to warrant our supposing that they were in universal use as ornaments, especially when we bear in mind the fact that the Greeks were not wont to decorate their houses to the extent that is done nowadays with knickknacks of this kind.

The third use of the statuette may be considered at greater length, for not only does it more immediately concern the class of objects under notice, but it is of greater interest in view of their apparent inappropriateness to it.

As a preliminary to so doing it will be necessary to glance at the condition in which they were found. As we have before stated, this is not possible as regards Tanagra, but fortunately explorations made under the most careful superintendence and with great exactitude at Myrina in Asia Minor give us practically all that we need, the only variance between the conditions of burial there and at Tanagra being such as might have taken place through the interval of some two centuries which separate the dates of the use of the two cemeteries, and those arising from their being used by people separated by some distance of sea. These, however, do not appear to have been either material or of much consequence.

In what manner then were the statuettes disposed at Myrina?

Every tomb did not contain them. On the contrary, those either empty or nearly so were by far the more numerous. Out of five thousand examined, not more than three hundred and fifty were well furnished, and weeks often elapsed between the discovery of two containing good specimens. The interiors of the tombs afforded no clue, magnificent stone sarcophagi, hermetically sealed, yielding nothing, whilst a miserable open grave contained a number of important figures. The offerings with which the survivors honoured their dead were in the majority of instances of the most humble character. On the other hand a few graves were packed with terra-cottas, one containing forty-five and another thirty-five. The statuettes were rarely found intact; independently of breakages arising from an

A LADY OF TANAGRA

excavation which was carried on under difficulties, the objects being for the most part damp and covered and filled with earth, there were other fractures, and the majority, which were old, had often clearly been made with intention. Nor were the bronzes less fractured than the terra-cottas, a fact which demonstrated that the breakage was clearly intentional, and did not result from either the pressure of the earth, or even from the objects being thrown into the tomb, for the fragments were often found at considerable distances apart. For instance, the body of a statuette was sometimes found placed outside the cover to the tomb, and the head inside. In many cases they were found face downwards and lacking a head or limb, which was found in another part of the tomb, clearly pointing to the action of some one breaking the object whilst standing over the grave, and throwing in the pieces with either hand.¹ Nor were the objects thus disposed of ever found in any order, sometimes being at the head, sometimes at the feet, of the body. It is evident that the mourners were not pre-occupied at the moment of making their offerings with any idea of decorating the tomb, as is found to be the case, for instance, in Etruria.

The offerings were of four kinds :

(1) Those belonging to the dead, and in use during life, as, for instance, mirrors, small vases, strigils, and jewels. In many cases these were only cheap and small imitations of the originals.

(2) Bottles, plates, and saucers in earthenware or bronze to contain the food and drink of the deceased. These again were often mere toys, the bottles not having any interior.

(3) A piece of bronze money to pay Charon for transport across the Styx, often found between the teeth.

(4) Statuettes.

Such being the dispositions of the objects we may next inquire into the circumstances which prompted their use as part of the paraphernalia of the tomb, a preliminary to which is a knowledge of the tenets which the Greek held concerning death and a future state.

For him death and its surroundings had not the austere, forbidding aspect it has assumed amongst the Northern nations. The place where his friends or his relatives remain rested after death was not an out-of-the-way spot to be avoided and neglected. The cemetery was planted in the fairest and most popular suburb, was bright with flowers and trees, and was a rendezvous for citizens. Oftentimes the sides of the roads were thus used, and the tombs then became resting-places for mundane conversation. On this

¹ A reason for the breakage may very possibly have been that it would do away with any fear of the tomb being rifled of its contents, as they would then be considered as valueless ; but this contention is altogether at variance with the superstition that the dead was cognizant of, and in fact used, the articles.

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account objects with a most worldly aspect would not appear so out of place as they would to our very differently constituted natures.

Again the Greek's life did not end abruptly with death. It not only continued, but did so with all the wants, desires, and affections of this side of the grave. Souls after death lived in the under-world a life very similar to their earthly one. The soul was not yet disunited from a framework which still needed bodily sustenance. This the living felt bound to supply at regular intervals, by means of funereal feasts at which the shade was invisibly present. His position and happiness in the grave thus depended upon the attentions paid to him by his relatives and friends who were bound by solemn duties to see that he lacked nothing. He also called for the presence in the grave of the objects which he had cared for during life, and to this end his arms, and in the case of a woman her articles of the toilette, were placed with them. The practice was carried to the extent of supplying the necessities for a continuance of earthly pleasures and pursuits, and for that purpose, not only horses and dogs, but in early times human victims, either mistresses or slaves, were slain and buried with him. In later days this barbarous cult gave way to a more humane interpretation, and dummies in the form of terra-cotta figures replaced the human sacrifices, wherein we may have the origin of the introduction of the terra-cotta statuettes.

But here we are confronted with a more perplexing problem. Assuming that the statuettes found in tombs were, as has been stated, either substitutes for human victims or objects which the deceased had cared for, or funerary gods, how is it that we encounter such incongruities as we do in the young, coquettish and frivolous ladies who peopled the Tanagra tombs? The answer appears to be solvable only by looking at the question from the points of view of both the depositor and the maker of the statuettes.

As regards the one who placed the object in the grave of his kinsman or his friend, we may take it that, for the most part, the same sentiments prevailed then as now. How often does any one sending a wreath wherewith to deck his friend's grave take any trouble to ascertain what were his favourite flowers? The component parts of the gift are a secondary consideration, usually left to the florist, and the worth lies in the intention. So, amongst the visitors of the middle and lower classes to a cemetery, the purchases of an object expressing the affection or respect of the donor is generally left until the gates are actually reached, when a selection is made from one of the stalls placed to-day, as in olden times, for the purpose.

Hence, in many, if not in the majority, of instances, the form of the gift was decided by the craftsman who made and sold the donaria. He naturally worked to live, and modelled his statuettes

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on the most popular lines, making them, whenever possible, such as would be equally fitting for the temple, the house, or the tomb. In early times these would all be based on religious types, but types which had been gradually changing, and under the Praxitelean influence had enveloped almost all the deities in a human covering. Now it is common knowledge that with repetition and continuous insignificant changes a subject may entirely lose its original significance, and this would notably be the case with those which were the product of moulds which had been handed down for generations, and of which the first idea must have been entirely lost. We have seen how the accepted features of Christ, which suffered but little change for a thousand years, have, within the lifetime of this generation, been transformed under the hands of Millais, Noel Paton, Holman Hunt, Uhde and others. The same might occur in Greece. The modeller might be called upon to produce a Goddess Mother. He had the traditional type, which to him was altogether unsympathetic, whilst at home his wife and infant furnished as complete a model as could be desired. If he possessed any artistic sense would he not be moved to perpetuate them in clay, with, as an almost certain result, fame and money from such an appreciative public as he had to deal with? The moment this step was taken by one it would almost certainly be followed by others, who would henceforth utilise their models merely as the means whereby they could produce an artistic and beautiful figure.

To these excuses for the presence of such incongruous matter must be added the factor that, at the time when these statuettes were created the religious sentiments under which they originated had certainly diminished in strength, and many which had originally either been made to propitiate the deities of the under-world, or were actual simulations of them, had lost that attribution, and now merely served as gifts bestowed out of honour to the dead, or as ornamentations of his place of sepulture.

New conceptions had also sprung up, and, instead of the figures representing divine protectors or protectresses, they became those which the dead might be expected to meet, and such as would afford him happiness in the world to come. His effigy, too, which had originally been placed as a statuette inside the tomb was now portrayed in sculpture on the exterior. The beliefs concerning the hereafter which now exercised their influence were those which later on assumed great importance owing to the Bacchic initiations, and we may trace in these insignificant figures the budding of the growth of those ideas on to sepulchral art, which, in Roman times, dominated it almost entirely.

The reproductions which accompany this paper (and which have been selected almost at random from a hundred or more in the



FIG. 1. The Game of Ephedrismos (Tanagra)
Ionides Collection





FIG. 3. Lady with a Fan (Tanagra)
British Museum



FIG. 4. Beauty and the Beast (Tanagra)
*

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author's work upon the subject¹) sufficiently illustrate the foregoing points. None of them would appear to the ordinary beholder to have any connection with funerary rites, with the grave or its tenants, or with death and dissolution.

Glance at any of them. What could be less in keeping with its surroundings than the group of the two girls (Fig. 1), who are engaged in playing 'Ephedrismos' or 'Encotyle,' one of the noisiest and most frolicsome games practised in Greece,² or in the lady (Fig. 3) engaged in an out-of-door stroll and who, whilst wrapping her chiton over her head owing to the chilliness of the air, carries a palm leaf in her hand for use as a fan when the noontide brings with it a summertime heat? In Fig. 2, entitled 'The Conversation at the Tomb,' some slight connection with death might be traced, were it not, as we have explained, that these tombs were placed by the wayside, and that the one upon which the ladies are now seated for their interesting and intimate gossip is apparently being used by them without any thought of the grim remains which rest beneath.

Our fourth illustration would appear to have even less connection with death than any which have preceded it, and probably as originally made the mould from which it issued had none whatever. But the maker of these statuettes was able to vary them to every condition, and could add to the trunk of the figure whatever head, arms, or accessories, he chose. In the present case he has given us an amusing contrast between the beauty of the face of the seated figure and the ugliness of the mask which she holds in her right hand. But the mask links her to the grave, for was not Seilenos the inseparable comrade of Dionysos Iakchos, under the Eleusinian tenets the God of the Resurrection? Hence this seemingly altogether inappropriate figure becomes in reality the most fitting for a place in the tomb.

The uses which the statuettes served, and which we have sufficiently discussed, by no means conclude the interest which the æsthete or the archæologist, or even the casual observer may derive from them. Not the least of the engrossing features with which they are endued is that of mirrors of fashion. As such they have not only introduced us to the inner life of the lady of Tanagra, but they have informed us concerning all her weaknesses in the matter of dress, her coquettish ways of draping the garments which custom only cut in certain ways, the varieties of her coiffure, the adjuncts of her toilette, in fans, hats, &c., and notably the colours which she affected. As regards the colours we are indebted for them to the use to which the figurines were put, for it is their concealment from

¹ 'Greek Terra-cotta Statuettes.' London: John Murray.

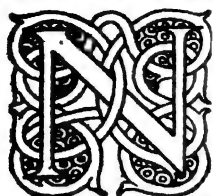
² It consisted in throwing stones at a peg; whoever succeeded in hitting it mounted the other and covered the bearer's eyes with her hands. The steed had then to try and deposit its burden at the peg. In the figures before us the covering of the eyes has apparently been dispensed with.

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the light which preserved the hues to such an extent that when they were discovered many were as fresh as the day when they issued from the decorator's hands.

Yet more might be said in praise of these little bibelots, but a risk would be run of setting on too high a pedestal what after all was never looked upon by its maker as a work of art and what was considered to be almost beneath the notice of the cultured Greek. Granted that this was their due, two thousand years of progress and culture have not enabled us to advance beyond the efforts of the despised 'maker of dolls,' as their creator was called, and in this respect these statuettes have not fulfilled the expectations that were formed upon their first appearance, namely that they would incite our sculptors to give us something akin to them and yet combining a modern flavouring. Such has not been the case. They have been very badly copied in Germany, and some persons who should know better accept these copies, probably *faute de mieux*. But of original work on the same lines, in the same material, and at a price which would commend it to the public, there has been hardly anything. Is it that the sculptor, like his forerunner in Greece, looks with contempt on the potter's art, and is content to leave us to cheap foreign-made translations in porcelain of 'The Absent Minded Beggar' if we require something wherewith to decorate our mantelpieces? It is inexplicable that with such a wealth of talent and a lack of employment as now exists in the lower ranks of our artists with the chisel, some are not to be found who would obtain a certain fame, and maybe a good profit, by providing artistic statuettes in terra-cotta of a size similar to these Tanagra ladies—statuettes which by their merits would soon banish Dresden shepherdesses, and Staffordshire Tobys, figures which are cherished only on account of their supposed rarity, and in ignorance of the fact that in almost every instance they are nothing else than feeble forgeries of what were never very artistic originals.

FROM THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL, BOOK III. TRANSLATED BY LORD BURGHCLERE



OW shall my lyre be tuned for thy
delight,
O mighty Pales, and for thine who
watched
The flocks erstwhile where far
Amphrysus flows,
O memorable Shepherd, nor forget
Thy woods and waters, rustic Arcady !

How trite, methinks, these other legends seem
Whose poesy of yore was wont to thrall
Our leisured sense !

For who knows not the tale
Of stern Eurystheus ; of the praiseless king
Busiris and his altars ? Where's the bard
That has not sung boy Hylas and his nymphs,
Latona's holy island, and the bride,
Whom Pelops, he of the ivory shoulder, won,
A gallant charioteer ?

But I must tempt
Paths that shall lift these feet—ay, even mine—
Above the dusty world, and set my fame
Winging from lip to lip throughout mankind.

For I will be the first, if life but hold,
That ever hied him to his fatherland
With all the Muses captive in his train
Reft from their Helicon, and first to bear
To thee, my Mantua, the Syriac palms :
There will I build me by the river's brink
A marble temple set in grassy lawns
Where spacious Mincio strays in idle coils
And decks his banks with wavy wreaths of reeds.
In the mid-shrine shall Cæsar stand, as lord
And master of my fane : to do him grace
I'll don the conqueror's robe, and flaunt men's eyes
In Tyrian purple : whilst a hundred cars,
Each with four steeds caparisoned, shall pass
Along the waterside. And at my call
Greece shall desert with one consent her games
Olympic and Nemæan for our shores
To vie in foot-races, or try a bout
Of leathern cestus here.

FROM THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL

Whilst I, bedecked
With chaplet of clipped olive-leaves, will bear
Gifts to the Gods. Behold me as I lead,
With a glad heart, the stately retinue
On to the shrines : or watch the sacrifice
Of slaughtered steers : or view upon the stage
The trick of shifting scenery, or mark
The purple curtain lift, as if up-raised
By the wild Britons woven on its folds.

And on the gates of gold and ivory
Embattled tribes of Ganges will I carve
Hard by, Quirinus, thy victorious arms.
There, too, majestic Nile in turbulent flood
Shall surge with war, whilst close vast columns spring
Bright with the brazen pillage of her fleets.

Ay, and I'll give you Asia's conquered towns :
Vanquished Niphates, and the Parthian tricks
(Their trust alway) of flight and arrows shot
Back as they fly : and trophies torn from foes
At the two ends of earth : and triumphs twain
O'er peoples led from Ocean's either shore.
And round about shall stand in living stone
The marble semblances of thy great sons,
Assaracus, of those who bore the names
Of Jove's own race—our father Tros and him,
The Cynthian god, who built the walls of Troy.
Whilst ill-starred spite shall shudder at the thought
Of the avengeful Furies, and the flood
Of pitiless Cocytus : snakes that twine
Around Ixion : the relentless wheel :
And Sisyphus with his unconquered stone.
Meanwhile must we fain seek the Dryad's haunts,
Untraversed woods and glades—no slight command—
But thus Mæcenas wills, and wanting him
My soul lacks impulse for its lofty task.
Arise ! arise ! away with laggard sloth !
Hark with what clamorous note Cithceron calls !
Hark to the summons of Laconia's hounds,
The well-schooled steeds of Argolis, and hark
How the glad wood-land rings and rings again
Re-echoing the cry !

Yet wait awhile
And I anon will gird my loins and sing
The glowing story of great Cæsar's wars,

LORD BURGHCLERE

And waft his name across a gulf of years
As vast as that which gapes 'twixt Cæsar's self
And old Tithonus.

Whether 'tis your bent,
Covetous haply of Olympian Palms,
To rear fleet coursers ; or for tilth to breed
Stout yokes of steers—of all things else be sure
To choose your dams for special make and mould.
The best shaped cow has oft an angry look,
Coarse head, and ample neck, whose dewlaps hang
From jaw to very knees : a length of flank
Beyond the common : all her other points
Large in proportion—yea, ev'n to her feet,
With shaggy ears and crumpled span of horns.
Nor would she please the less if dappled white,
Or shy of the yoke, or sometime prone to butt
With vicious head : in aspect like a bull,
Up-standing hind and fore—with length of tail
That sweeps her foot-prints as she paces on.
Not less than four years old, or more than ten
Marks the true limit of Lucina's claims,
And customary marriage of the kine.
Their other days lack aptness to beget
Or vigour for the plough—so loose your bulls
In the blithe time whilst yet the beasts are young.
Let there be early mating in your herds,
And by successive births recruit the stock.

Ah ! miserable men ! your brightest day
Flies away first : disease creeps on and pain
And sad old age—and then the iron grip
Of pitiless death.

Ever your stock wants change,
Ever must you renew : and lest too late
Regret waits on your loss—forestall your lot
And for the herd choose yearly fresh young blood.

Ay, and your horse demands the self-same heed—
I pray you mark this well—for those you rear
As the appointed hope of future stock
Must ev'n from birth exact your special toil.
See from a foal the colt of generous breed
Pace through the fields : how loftily his feet
Now spurn the turf, and now with lissome grace
Alight anew. Dauntless he leads the van,
Ever the first to dare the threatening flood,

FROM THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL

To brave the untrodden bridge : no shadowy fears
Can make him quail. He bears a haughty crest,
Small shapely head, brief barrel, stalwart back,
A massive chest that teems with brawny life.
And for his hue bright bay has much repute
Grey also, but wan sorrel and dull white
Are worst of all.

Behold him when he hears
The clash of distant arms ! Restless he frets,
With ears up-pricked, with quivering thew and limb :
His nostrils heave with gusts of gathered fire.
Dense is his mane, and tossed aloft it falls
On the off-shoulder : and along his loins
His furrowed flesh runs like a double spine.
Pawing the dust his hoof prints deep its way,
And rings with solid horn adown the road.
Such were the steeds sung by the bards of Greece ;
Such Cyllarus who bent to Pollux' rein ;
Such were Mars' coursers and the yoke-mates twain
Mighty Achilles harnessed to his car.
Such too great Saturn when at hand he heard
His consort's step ; then nimbly tossed a mane
Shoulder-wards, and in semblance of a horse
Sped, waking Pelion with a shrilly neigh.

Yet when strength fails, as ev'n for such as these
Perforce it must, weary with weight of years,
Sore-stricken in health—keep the old horse at home,
Nor in his dotage let him play the fool.

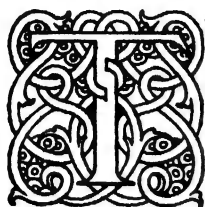
For cold is love with years, a labour lost.
And should it haply enter in the lists
Impotent fire, like stubble-fields aflame,
Much fury, little force. So search ye out
Young lusty steeds, and chiefly mark their age.
Their other virtues next, and what the breed
Of sire and dam ; and how each separate colt
Chafes at defeat, or glories in the prize.
Hast ever watched a race, and seen the cars
In headlong rivalry burst from the gates
And, like pent torrents loosed, flood down the course ?
Mark, in their pride of youth, the charioteers,
Topping the summits of expectancy,
Whilst all the while the hot tumultuous blood
Ebbs with each pulsing tremor from their hearts.
Erect they whirl the snaky lash ; then yield,

LORD BURGHCLERE

Stooping, the rein. Round flies the flaming wheel ;
Now high, now low, tossed in the race they seem
To ride the void and mount the very winds.
On ! pauseless—restless—girt with yellow clouds
Of rising sand, flecked with the foamy breath
Of panting rivals at their heels—and all
For the sheer love of praise, the lust of fame.

NAPOLEON'S DUTCH GENERAL

BY SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, M.P.



THE nineteenth century has outdone every other in scope and scale of change ; materially and intellectually there has been wrought a great gulf between us and our grandsires ; we look unmoved upon many things that terrified or tickled them ; problems that dazed or deterred them are now part of the ordinary teaching in village schools. Yet, at this day, when the very last grains of the age are running out, we still turn our gaze with awe upon that tremendous figure which seems to cast its shadow almost to our feet, and which, a hundred years ago, dominated every other human personality, threatening heaven itself. There it still looms—head and torso clear cut against the radiance of empire, its lower limbs dim in the dust of ruined nations and the cloud of flaming cities.

The theme of ten thousand pens, Napoleon to this day wields a resistless spell upon every mind that will occupy itself with *τὸ ἀνθρώπειον*—the range of human energy, the play of human circumstance—and, thickly as they continue to be thrust from the press, we turn with eager interest to each new set of memoirs that tells of that dark but mighty soul. Whereof, were proof to be sought, it might be found in the fact that one of the most recent of these works—‘*Mémoires du général Baron de Marbot*’—is now running in its forty-fifth edition, although substantially priced at 22fr.50.

The chief interest in the latest addition to Napoleonic literature¹ lies, first, in the light thrown upon the confidence which guided the Emperor in selecting for high command in his armies men whose previous training offered no warrant of military capacity ; and, secondly, in the impression made upon the shrewd, detached mind of an actor in the most awful calamity that has ever befallen human enterprise. It is the narrative of a general *à l'improviste*, yet a hardy, skilful soldier—the description of Napoleon's supreme enterprise written by one filled with admiration for the mighty genius, yet not dazzled by it, but coldly critical of his errors both in scheme and morals. From first to last this Dutchman never joins without reserve in the everlasting shouts of *Vive l'Empereur* !

Antoine Baudouin Gisbert de Dedem was the son of that Baron de Dedem who for seven-and-twenty years was Dutch ambassador at Constantinople. His father trained him for the diplomatic service ; as a youth he travelled much in Greece, Asia-Minor, and Egypt, saturating himself with classical literature, imbibing a

¹ ‘*Mémoires du général baron de Dedem de Gelder, 1774–1825.*’ Paris, Librairie Plon. 1900.

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profound admiration for Greek art and a precocious distrust of the fair sex.

The outrageous novels of Mrs. Aphra Behn have been relegated long since to the moral quarantine of top-shelves, but the connoisseur in literature of that class may remember that in one of her stories that lady is at pains to disabuse her readers of the popular belief that a Dutchman could never be a passionate lover. She wrote from experience, probably, seeing that her husband was a Hollander ; and Baron de Dedem assures us that he himself was thoroughly in love three times in his life. But these were only fleeting episodes.

I have made [says he] a special study of women. I began to love them at a very early age, and I soon was able to put them at their true value. . . . At four-and-twenty I deserted them for politics. . . . They are capable of extreme devotion and the utmost atrocity. . . . Our jealousy generally has its source in our vanity ; it is therefore violent and not to be appeased ; whereas the jealousy of women arises from fear of losing the object of their affection ; it is, therefore, flattering to us, and, although inconvenient, is not without its charm. . . . I may venture to boast that few men have more morality than I, and yet my habits were such as may be imagined in one of an ardent temperament, who, after being too severely curbed at first, acquired his freedom very young in a thoroughly profligate country, which, outside my paternal home, offered among the upper classes examples least calculated to inspire discretion and self-control.

So much for the views of a dissolute young philosopher with plenty of wealth wherewith to conduct experiments and with enough candour to explain his deliberate scheme of life. As will be seen hereafter, his fate led him to judge women more loyally from an altered point of view.

Dedem, amid all the dissipations of his youth, kept the cool head and observant eye of a Hollander. Like most Europeans who witnessed it, he was profoundly shocked by the atrocious rule of the Pashas in Egypt. He was barely eighteen when he spent five months at Cairo during the administration of Mourad Bey, from whom his knowledge of the Turkish language obtained him high favour. But he offended the Pasha by alluding to the heartrending sights which presented themselves in every street, owing to the grievous famine which prevailed at the time. Dead and dying lined the waysides ; Dedem, on his way to a sumptuous banquet in Mourad's palace, had seen a woman and her six children gnawing the putrid carcase of a camel, and expressed some surprise that no relief was organised for the suffering people. Mourad's pride was touched ; determined that the infidel should understand how ample were the resources of the Sultan's government, he ordered the governor of the city to deliver each morning at Dedem's lodging a great basket of white bread, a sheep, fowls, and a supply of rice. In fact there was abundance of food in the place, but rather than sell it at less price than would gratify his boundless avarice, Mourad ordered 80,000 kilos of grain to be thrown into the river in a single night. Each day the starving

NAPOLEON'S DUTCH GENERAL

wretches, quarrelling over the dead bodies of cats and dogs, beheld abundant repasts carried into the baths for the delectation of their oppressors. Let it be set to the credit of Napoleon, at all events, that he overturned this flagrant tyranny in 1798.

Returning to Holland in 1793, simultaneously with the declaration of war by the French Convention against that country and Great Britain, M. de Dedem was filled with boding at the prospect before European nations. At heart an aristocrat, he accepted office under the Republican government in 1795.

I consented to serve, because I was young and ambitious, but secretly I despised all this plebeian affectation (*simagrées*), especially the demagogue's business. Not that I held greatly by the prerogatives of the nobility, nor that I much regretted their downfall; on the contrary, I soon saw that they were incompatible with the growing intelligence of the people during fifty years, of which, though perhaps to their misfortune, they could never more be deprived. . . . Assuredly I am far from desiring it, but I fear that some day or another we shall have in Europe a total upsetting of social order, which will drive all wise and experienced men to America, thus fulfilling the great saying of Louis XV.: 'L'Europe finit et l'Amerique commence.'

M. de Dedem *fils*, his father still remaining ambassador to the Porte, was now fairly launched in diplomacy, and represented the Batavian Republic successively at Stockholm, Paris, and Berlin, with a brief interlude of campaigning, when he served as a volunteer on the staff of General Dandaels against the blundering Duke of York in 1799. When in 1806 the Batavian Republic was erected into a monarchy by Napoleon to provide a throne for his brother Louis, Dedem complaisantly accepted the new *régime*, and became minister at Cassel, where Jerome Bonaparte reigned as king of Westphalia, an ostentatious libertine and selfish despot. Two years later he was promoted to Naples, of which the throne was on the point of being vacated by Joseph Bonaparte, whom the autocrat had told off for that of Spain.

Of all the Emperor's brothers Dedem was most intimate with and most highly esteemed Lucien, with whom he spent a fortnight in Venice on his way to Naples, and learnt some details of the astounding machinery which was recasting the face of Europe. Lucien having married his mistress, a stockbroker's widow, Napoleon offered him the crown of Portugal if he would repudiate her. Greatly to his honour, though after some hesitation, Lucien stoutly refused; whereupon Napoleon offered his brother what he ardently desired—the far more desirable kingdom of Naples—provided Lucien would undertake the expulsion of the Pope from Italy. But herein Lucien was even more inflexible. He was under deep obligations to Pio VI. who had received him to refuge when he had incurred the Emperor's displeasure and no other Court in Europe would shelter him for dread of the tyrant's ire. 'Never!' cried Lucien, 'there is not a crown in the world for which I would sub-

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scribe to such an act of infamy.' He preferred to allow Joachim Murat to be advanced to the coveted dignity, and he refused point blank to give his daughter by his first wife to the Prince of Asturias, the legitimate heir apparent of Spain¹ in marriage.

The summer of 1809 arrived. Sixteen years of war with Napoleon had not prevailed to discourage the British Cabinet in their strategy of isolated descents upon the enemy's dominions, whereof the abortive results have led every historian to condemn this course in unmeasured terms. Nevertheless, of the three expeditions sent out in 1809, the Duke of Wellington afterwards told Charles Greville that he considered the disastrous one to Walcheren Island 'well-planned as a diversion, but badly carried out.' Of another, which initiated the final campaign in the Peninsula, we are reaping the splendid fruit at this hour; while of the third, General Stuart's expedition to Sicily and Naples, M. de Dedem is able to show how nearly it was successful. Murat lay with 12,000 men at Salerno; 6000 were in Naples and 7000 in Calabria. The British fleet was cruising about, with 14,000 troops and the Prince Royal of Sicily on board, undecided where they should disembark. Napoleon had his hands full in the campaign of Wagram; no help could be sought from that quarter. On June 24 Dedem stood beside the minister Salicetti on the heights of Cumæ watching the forest of masts in the roads of Ischia. Apparently nothing could save Naples; but Salicetti observed quietly, 'They are even more hesitating than we are. That is what will save us.' He was right. The battle of Essling having been reported in Naples as a great French victory, the British commander took alarm; the fleet drew off to the Calabrian coast, the opportunity of an effective *coup-de-main* was lost, and Murat saved his crown. An excellent design was ruined by feeble execution.

In 1810 the rôle of Vicar of Bray became exceedingly ticklish for Dedem to play. The catastrophe he had long foreseen arrived; Louis would not be sufficiently submissive, so his kingdom of Holland was wiped from the map and engulfed in the French Empire. The full iniquity of the act was perfectly apparent to our philosophic Dutchman, and he moralises over the helplessness of Europe before the unscrupulous arbiter of its destiny.

The cabinets of Europe, far from being united, weakened each other by endless recrimination, which led people in Paris to believe that the measure of iniquity might be filled without fear of consequences. To strike a nation from the list of sovereign states cost no more than a decree, and the threat thereof ensued upon the

¹ Afterwards Ferdinand VII. of Portugal. He is believed to have abandoned his first wife, a princess of Naples, to the tender mercies of his mother and the infamous Godoï, in whose hands she died. In 1816 he married a princess of Portugal, who died in 1818 with every symptom of poisoning; ten months later he married a Saxon princess.

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slightest resistance and even remonstrance. . . . Already far-seeing men perceived that the colossal existence of Napoleon must be brief. Scaling height after height one might safely wager he would end in breaking his neck.

Howbeit, Dedem, while condemning the soaring ambition of Napoleon, found in his own sufficient excuse for remaining in public life. The Dutch embassy at Naples having ceased to exist, he presented himself before the Emperor in Paris and was offered the appointment of *conseiller d'état*. Dedem, although of all men, one would say, most civilian, said he preferred to serve as a soldier. With a stroke of the pen his new master made him Brigadier-General. However strongly marked may be a man's military disposition, it would seem as if *some* preliminary training were necessary before assuming command of 6400 troops. True, Sir Arthur Wellesley, while retaining the office of Irish Secretary, had been a general of division in the Danish campaign of 1807 and commander of the forces in the Peninsular campaign of 1808; but then he had served in all the ranks, from ensign to lieutenant-general. This Batavian general *per saltum* does not put on record any misgivings which he may have felt about such a startling change of parts.

It was no honorary rank which was conferred upon Dedem. Impelled by his *δαίμονος αἵμα κακή*, Napoleon was on the point of making his most exorbitant draft on fortune; for his enterprise against the White Czar he had need of every sabre and bayonet that could be yielded by his sorely strained, but still exultant, subjects. Dedem's brigade of 6400 included 2200 Spanish soldiers and formed part of General Friant's division, which numbered 16,000 of all arms. This, again, was part of the *corps d'armée* of Marshal Davoust, Prince of Eckmühl. Friant lay throughout the autumn of 1811 at New Brandenburg, menacing a descent upon Berlin. The King of Prussia ardently desired alliance with France; not so his people, who cherished a bitter recollection of past wrongs; and Napoleon, disdaining the support of a mere dynasty more or less, was in no hurry to come to any decision in the matter. Yet he could not afford to neglect the hazard of leaving a potentially hostile force upon his communications. The Swedes still possessed part of Pomerania, and, although they were then at peace with France, they could easily be rendered harmless by a judicious mixture of force and stratagem. In January 1812, Dedem received orders to concentrate his brigade and to seize Grimmen and Greifswald, which he did, disarming the garrisons and receiving the vehement remonstrance of their officers at such a treacherous indignity.

Worse was to follow, and how much worse he knew it to be Dedem takes no trouble to conceal. The King of Prussia having at last been admitted to the coveted alliance, the French armies entered his territory in February, and, acting upon the Emperor's explicit commands, although not in an enemy's country, immediately

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set about to 'make the war support the war' by cruel exactions upon the inhabitants. When about to cross the Russian frontier, Dedem observes with shame :

We had traversed Prussia, not as a friendly state, but at best a conquered country; we had drawn by requisition from our last cantonments 90,000 horses on the illusory promise of returning them. The *ordre du jour* directing every soldier to take from his host ten days' provisions had been nothing less than official licence for pillage and violence, which must indeed have made the King of Prussia's paternal heart to bleed.

In vain the Czar sent just remonstrance against the impending outrage. 'What does the Emperor of France want of me? Let us live on good terms; there is yet time; but let him pass the Niemen, and I shall draw the French army into the deserts of Russia, where it shall find its sepulchre!' On the fatal 24th of June Friant's division, as advanced guard of the doomed army, began crossing the Niemen.

It is impossible to convey a just idea of the imposing spectacle offered by the mass of 600,000¹ men formed at the foot of the hill on which Napoleon had placed his tents. From this height he commanded a view of his entire army, of the Niemen, and of the bridges prepared for our crossing. . . . I joined the group of generals of the imperial household. Sombre silence brooded among them, as if caused by despair. When I attempted some little gaiety, General A. de Caulaincourt made me a sign and whispered—'You must not laugh here. It is a great day's work this,' and pointing to the further shore he seemed to add—'Behold our tomb!'

The events of the ensuing campaign are too well known to be followed even in outline; nevertheless, such is the power of horror and such must be the spell which that *marche macabre* exercises over the imagination for all time that I am not afraid of wearying the reader by repeating a few of Dedem's personal impressions.

The slight degree of restraint which the French commanders had kept upon their men as long as they were in the country of their allies had only been maintained by the promise that, once across the Russian frontier, they should lay hands on what they liked. The inhabitants were to be dealt with, not as patriots defending their country, but as slaves who had forfeited all civil rights by revolt. The fury began with the sack of Kowno, but that city would have furnished but a bare mouthful for each of the invading host; pillage was made the privilege of the Imperial Guard, while the rest of the army was encamped outside the walls in exceedingly bad humour.

Among the many obvious defects in Napoleon's gigantic plan of campaign—defects so glaring and so patent at the time to many experienced officers serving under him as to cause one to doubt whether the greatest captain of the age had not some of the traits of the charlatan and the madman—may be noticed neglect of some of

¹ A cipher has dropped out in printing the journal, the number being given as 60,000, which is manifestly an under-statement.

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the most ordinary provisions of common sense. The whole army, we are told, except that portion of it under the Duke of Taranto, received orders to send back their woollen clothing, so that the soldiers might load themselves better with supplies as they advanced.

They were clothed in such an airy fashion as seemed more suitable for penetrating the burning sands of Africa than for the rigours of Northern Europe. . . . The transport waggons were greatly in arrear, often arriving after the troops had marched from their halting-place, so that after the first few days, the soldier was badly fed. Without bread and often without vegetables, he devoured too much meat, which was always abundant. Veteran colonels, and those who had been in the Polish Campaign of 1806, argued ill from the start. Colonel Pouchelon, commanding the 33rd of the line . . . warned me early how badly things were going. A month later, at Witebsk, when we were not yet half way to Moscow, he said to me—'I am sending back all my effects. The army is lost.' Although they deceived Napoleon in many respects, he was made aware very early that the army had lost all hope in the expedition.

Doubtless Napoleon was deceived by false reports. Dedem was ordered by Friant to make out the field state of the 33rd Regiment to the figure of 3280 effectives at a time when it could only muster 2500 men. Forced marches and bad food had done more to occasion this loss than had the enemy. 'You will not give me the return which I demand?' cried Friant. 'Well, I know how to get it without you.' And he compelled Colonel Pouchelon to make it out as he desired. In effect, the Emperor was made to believe, even at this early stage, that his army was 35,000 above its actual strength. He was informed that Friant's advanced guard carried seventeen days' rations, when in fact they were living from hand to mouth, and their horses were often reduced to *liser la gazette*—that is, to go fasting. When he dined with Count Daru or General Mathieu-Dumas, Dedem used to bring back rolls in his pocket as a treat for his colonels, who repaid him, when they could, by sending over half a loaf of rye-bread for his own people. With his troops exposed to such privations before they had been a week in the enemy's country, what judgment would be pronounced on a commander of less renown than Napoleon for having persevered in his enterprise? Critics with uniform vehemence have denounced Wellington's march to Talavera, which sinks into insignificance compared with this hare-brained invasion of Russia, and was, besides, conducted through a friendly country.

Dedem accords the highest praise to the admirable conduct of the Russian retreat.

On the evening of June 27, we (the advanced guard) were separated from the Russian army only by a deep ravine, its line extending far upon our right and left. At dawn next day everything had disappeared as if by magic. We were astounded to behold no Russian army; still more profound was our astonishment when we failed by means of a forced march to discover not only the army, but any trace of it. . . . Not a dead horse to guide us, not a cart, not a single straggler. . . . Venturing to express admiration of a movement so well executed, I received the

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cold answer that the word 'retreat' was not to be found in French military dictionaries. I could not help feeling an earnest wish that, when the time came, our retreat might be as successful.

Of the various nationalities represented in Friant's division Dedem says that his own countrymen, the Dutch, were the first to become disorganised; the French were not much better; the Spaniards kept discipline longest, but exceeded all others in abomination when they broke loose at last. The Germans proved best of all, remaining in perfect control even when they had to face the horrors of retreat.

War hardens the human heart. The conscripts remained gentle and humane long after many old soldiers seemed to have lost all compassion. . . . Walking one day behind the huts I heard a grenadier say to his comrade—'Te rappelles tu la fichue mine que ce petit b—— fit quand je l'avais sur ma bayonette et que je l'approchais du feu; et sa mère, comme elle criait!'

Smolensk was sacked and burnt on August 17, the battle of Valoutina followed; on September 4 Napoleon was surveying the position of the Russians at Borodino through his glass. Far and wide upon the plain of the Kaluga were villages in flames; the air seemed heavy with the scent of coming slaughter; all knew they were on the eve of a terrible encounter. Dedem, standing behind the Emperor, heard him mutter: *Grande bataille; beaucoup de monde, beaucoup, beaucoup de morts*. Then, turning to Berthier, he added: *La bataille est à nous!*

Panegyrists of Napoleon are wont to attribute his final destruction at Waterloo to shattered health impairing his mental vigour; but they seem to have overlooked or masked earlier instances of similar failure when there was no talk of physical ailment. Borodino was a victory for his arms, but not such a victory as he might have registered.

Napoleon seated himself at the beginning of the battle upon the ruins of the great redoubt, and then moved 300 paces forward on the edge of a ravine. They brought him word from time to time of the result of movements which he had ordered; he seemed to receive all reports with equal indifference—as much that of the enemy having retaken the central redoubt as of the splendid devotion of our troops and of the fine cavalry charge which rendered us masters of the position. He held in his hands a portrait of the King of Rome [his son] which the Empress had sent him by M. de Bausset; he played with it and kept saying: 'Let us see what he will be at five-and-twenty.' The Imperial Garde was massed as a reserve behind him, 36,000 strong. Their trumpets flourished, while the rest of the army strove for victory. In vain, when the Russians began to fall back, did Marshal Ney implore the Emperor to move up only the Young Garde, which probably would have delivered into our hands 15,000 or 20,000 of the enemy who took the direction of Kalouga, and who owed their safety to the inaction of the Garde, and especially to Napoleon's indecision.

In this action the French lost about 30,000, killed and wounded. To be wounded under the circumstances of that army was nearly the same as to be killed outright. Fifteen general

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officers were numbered among the slain, but of thirty-seven others wounded, ten died of their wounds.

Murat, King of Naples, was a brilliant soldier,¹ but less careful than any other of the lives of his people. He had a fancy for dignified lodging, and the engagements which it cost to secure some country house each evening came to be known among the men as *la guerre du château*. Arriving at four o'clock one evening at a farm house beside a sheltering wood, and with an excellent supply of water, Murat's staff suggested that he should make his quarters there for the night. But no! the King set his heart on the *château* of Fominskoë, a mile further on, round which the Russians had 10,000 infantry, sixteen guns and a cloud of Cossacks. He rode to the attack with his cavalry and two weak battalions of Dedem's infantry. These were nearly destroyed: the whole division had to be brought up to their support; 1200 men was the price paid that night for the King's lodging, which he did not get after all, but lay in the farm which he might have had for nothing. He seems to have felt some shame for this senseless slaughter, seeing that he caused the French dead to be stripped as they lay on the field, and when the Emperor rode over it next morning he received Murat's assurance that they were all Russians.

We must omit all reference to the entry to Moscow, the conflagration, the heartless gaieties which the Emperor encouraged, and the prolonged indecision as to the next step to be taken. The disasters which were about to overwhelm the ill-fated army have been commonly attributed to the intense cold which prevailed during the retreat. But in fact this has been pressed into service in order to screen Napoleon for the blame due for recklessly prolonging his communications and thereby neglecting the very first principles of strategy. The weather throughout October continued beautiful. Dedem notes that on October 19 it was so hot that he ate his last dinner in Moscow with open windows. The French defeated Kutusof at Mahojarowslawetz on the 24th; rain began to fall on the 29th and 30th, which made the ways so difficult that Napoleon began burning his caissons and carriages, lest they should fall into the enemy's hands; frost set in as they drew near Smolensk, causing the abandonment of no less than 800 guns, which the horses could not draw, owing to their being shod without calkins. 'Given nine degrees of frost,' said Napoleon bitterly, 'and I find not a general at his post in the French army.' Only the horses of the German cavalry remained effective, well fed and regularly groomed. It was not before November 6 or 7 that snow fell in

¹ In the mournful seclusion of Longwood Napoleon reproached himself for having refused in anger Murat's offer to serve in the Waterloo campaign. 'A Waterloo Murat nous eût valu peut-être la victoire. Que fallait-il? Enfoncer trois ou quatre carrés Anglais. Murat était précisément l'homme de la chose.'

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such quantity and the cold became so severe as to cause serious suffering to the troops; but by that time the catastrophe had begun. To save a fraction of his army was the utmost Napoleon could hope.

How did he bear himself in the presence of calamity? One day he stood warming his hands behind his back before a bivouac fire giving Dedem instructions he was to convey to Ney, who commanded the rear guard. Suddenly he broke off and, turning to Berthier with a shrug of his shoulders, said: 'But he will be taken.'

And this [observes Dedem] with an air of indifference which shocked me, for it was not my safety which was involved, but the security of the whole army. Napoleon had the air of a chess-player who, perceiving the game to be lost, plays it to an end out of civility, and then exclaims: 'Another game?'

Dedem's cynical estimate of women has been referred to above. His terrible experience after leaving Smolensk caused him somewhat to modify it.

I beheld officers of high rank abandoning amiable and interesting women with heartless barbarity, while that sex, far more humane than ours, gave examples of compassion and devotion in the midst of sufferings difficult to describe. Thus a *vivandière* of the 9th Hussars provided for me during several days, and the wife of one of the Emperor's coachmen, who had been in my service at Mecklenbourg, often brought me supper and even wine.

A certain French lad had been engaged as a groom in Dedem's stable at Moscow, and had managed to drive his master's *calèche* thus far without falling into the hands of the Cossacks. Everybody admired the lad's smartness and docility, but one day the Baron lost his temper and boxed his ears. Thereupon it was discovered that this groom was a pretty girl, who had followed her lover, a French officer of artillery, till he was killed at Borodino. Dedem treated her well after this, bought her a horse, but lost her for ever in the confusion at the passage of the Bérézina.

The doomed procession crept onwards, shrinking daily in numbers, the land for ten leagues upon either side of the line of march having been swept clean of all sustenance for man or beast. Dedem attributes it to Kutusoff's clemency that he did not annihilate the last semblance of an army as it moved like a shadow across the wintry plain. He could scarcely have added completeness to its ruin. The awful fact remains that, of 630,000 devoted soldiers mustered to do the Emperor's will, not ten in a hundred recrossed the frontier in any semblance of military array—half a million or thereby never recrossed it at all. General de Dedem makes no attempt to exonerate the author of this calamity for the blame that is his due. Any such attempt would be—must be—for ever in vain. But although he mentions the indescribable spasm of indignation which convulsed the shattered remnant which struggled into

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Wilna on December 6, when it became known that the Emperor had made over the command to Murat, and was far on his way to Paris, Dedem admits that, had his advice been asked, that would have been the course he would have recommended. The army was no more ; the empire remained, and the Emperor's place was at the seat of government.

It has been surmised that had the Duc d'Orléans appeared in France at this juncture he would have been called to the throne. Dedem thinks that might have been the case, but at the cost of civil war. He considers that a more likely event would have been that, while none of the marshals would have more of Napoleon, the majority of them would have proclaimed his son emperor.

Napoleon spared himself the spectacle of the last stages in the humiliation of his once magnificent host. He had scarcely driven out of the western gate of Wilna when the Russians were thundering at the eastern. There followed a scene of hellish confusion. The remaining guns, equipages, and all the treasure was abandoned ; Cossacks and French soldiers mingled in the pillage ; the sick and wounded were left to perish by the wayside, and the haggard horde of fugitives streamed off to Kowno. There they broke into the spirit stores ; hundreds of them fell drunk, never to rise again ; the rest staggered on, leaving the town in ashes behind them ; when the survivors reached Königsberg the people thought they were merely stragglers, and that the great army had fallen back upon Varsovie.

Never was ruin more absolute ; never, one would have augured, was recovery more impossible. Prussia had recoiled from her fatal engagement with France, and her army, allied with that of Russia was advancing for the redemption of Germany. The snow had but just disappeared when Dedem was sent from Paris to take command at Mayence of a brigade in Girard's division of Ney's new *corps d'armée*.

'Where is your division, *mon général* ?' he asked of Girard.

'Behold it,' he replied, 'you and I !'

Yet in a few days officers and conscripts began to come in, tender victims for a fresh holocaust, boys unable at first to bear the weight of their arms and kit. Before the blossom had fallen in the orchards, Dedem records with pride that these had been fashioned into the finest division in Ney's corps. The baron held Ney in great admiration, and makes some interesting notes upon that tragic figure.

He was a man of vast courage and energy on the battlefield, but outside the theatre of war he was feeble, undecided, and too prone to take advice. Detesting Napoleon in his heart, on bad terms with Berthier, jealous of the other marshals, he got on well only with Macdonald. Uncommunicative, reserved, he seldom saw the generals under his command. During the three months of armistice I was the one whom he saw most frequently, and I had several interesting conversations with him about Napoleon. Ney was excessively jealous of his wife, and this sentiment

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tormented him when he was absent from her. He had the worst opinion of the women with whom she was most intimate, especially of Queen Hortense. He foresaw early the disastrous end of the campaign of 1813; often he confided to me his feeling about it, and a few days before the resumption of hostilities he said to me, 'What do they write to you from Dresden? That we are to have war? That is what they tell me, but I shall only believe it when I see it. The Emperor cannot be mad to that degree. He has no army left, we delude him by our appearance, but the machine has neither force nor cohesion; we must have peace to reorganise everything.' All of which proves that Marshal Ney had common sense, and judged well in cold blood; but in difficult circumstances, other than those of war, he fell into indecision, and it was thus that he came to sacrifice himself for Napoleon whom he hated, and to betray the King whom he loved.

In the advance upon Lützen there occurs a feature which throws some light upon a much disputed point in tactics at the battle of Waterloo. Girard's division formed the advance guard; the Prussian army fell back before it across the plain of Weissenfels, and Dedem says that his brigade marched in echelon of *squares*, with guns in the intervals. Now this is precisely the formation which General Petit declares in his manuscript that he assisted Ney in giving to the Garde Imperiale for their final attack. Modern tacticians hold it to be an impracticable formation for attack, and maintain that the Garde must have been in echelon of quarter columns. Yet when the Guard halted on the crest above Hougoumont they delivered immediately such a murderous fire that 150 men of Colborne's 52nd Regiment fell in about four minutes. Such a *mitraille* could never have come from the flank of a column. It seems evident, both from this and other passages in Dedem's autobiography, that the square was not an unusual formation of march over long distances, and was even employed in attacking infantry in the presence of cavalry.

It avails not to follow our baron in his narrative of the fruitless massacres of Lützen and Bautzen. These served to add to Napoleon's lustre as a general, even when opposing raw levies to seasoned troops, but they did no more than protract the agony of bleeding France. The boy conscripts were devoted—pathetically obedient—but Dedem missed the stolid fortitude of his *vieilles moustaches*, whose bones were bleaching on the Russian steppes.

One thing really curious to witness was the effect produced upon my young soldiers by the slaughter of so many of their comrades. The loss of a brother, a friend, a fellow citizen, struck them all of a heap. They seemed petrified. . . . In truth, their *coup d'essai* had been a violent one. Little by little they regained lightness of heart, but one could not afford them time to reflect, else they relapsed into melancholy, and in the end became victims of spleen. At Liegnitz camp they lay among the corn or on the banks of the stream with their faces upon the ground, mourning for their comrades killed at Lützen and Bautzen, and moaning: 'We shall never see Basse Bretagne more.'

Girard was fearfully wounded early in the battle of Lützen, and the baron succeeded to the command of the division, which duly appeared in orders next day as *la division van Dedem*. But the

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Hollander complains bitterly that Berthier was his enemy; the appointment was not confirmed, and he served again as brigadier at Bautzen and on the fatal field of Leipzig. We may take leave of him by quoting his account in almost the last, and not the least stirring, scene of his eventful career, on the morrow of the terrible October 16-18.

The Emperor went to lie at the Hôtel de Berlin in the faubourg of Leipzig. He had intended to send me with a flag of truce to the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, but I received no orders, although I presented myself at midnight to the chief of the staff and waited there till six in the morning. They told me then that Berthier was at *déjeuner* with his Imperial Majesty and that he had nothing to communicate to me. I took the course of departing. I had no fresh oysters for my *déjeuner* like his Majesty, but on getting to my quarters I made an excellent meal, feeling that it was prudent to take in ballast for what was before me; then I went towards the gate leading to Lindenau. It was nine o'clock; the first balls were falling in the city; confusion was just beginning and soon became frightful. I joined the Generals Zucchi and Fressinet; we made our way through the crowd with great difficulty; the *chaussée* was blocked with carriages and caissons, infantry, led horses, Polish lancers—everything was pell-mell. We heard the cannon approaching nearer, and the enemy's skirmishers extending upon our left and spreading through the gardens. I arrived with much difficulty at Lindenau, where I found M. de Turenne with the Emperor's equipages. We did not yet know in which direction his Majesty had gone; we learnt later that he had had time to escape along the boulevards of Leipzig. And now came the terrible moment. The bridge of the Elster blew up, and cut off the retreat of every man who had not crossed it. A roar of indignation arose; first they cried 'treason!' then they execrated the Emperor, who was believed to have done this for his personal safety. It is known now that it was an accident. The commander of the bridge guard had orders to blow up the bridge as soon as the army had crossed, but when he saw the enemy approaching, he went to seek fresh instructions from Berthier. A corporal, left in charge during his absence, lost his head, fired the match, and all was at an end!

After the restoration of the Bourbons, General de Dedem, true to his philosophic principles, tried to obtain employment in the army of Louis XVIII., but without success, and had to return to his long-forsaken fatherland, greatly impoverished by his devotion to Bonaparte, and roundly abusing the Bourbon King for his incapacity to take right advantage of the turn in the tide.

CULTURE AND THE SMALL NATIONS

BY EDMUND GOSSE



DUTCHMAN of genius, who is at home in every part of Europe, said to me a few years ago (when we English might still travel in Holland without being scowled at), 'I like to go to England better than to go anywhere else. It is the completest change that one can have. We Dutch may travel from Archangel to Lisbon, and from Brittany to Bessarabia, but only to experience the same habits of thought, the same food, the same century. We cross the Channel to you, and presto! all is different. It is as refreshing as Japan or another epoch.' This growing isolation of England is the object of more and more attention amongst us. I do not propose to go into the vexed question of what it is which makes England unlike the Continent, and therefore unsympathetic to it. But it is, perhaps, worth noting that the rapid removal of the landmarks which have divided the other countries of Europe from one another in manners and fashions should certainly be taken more commonly than it is as one of the great causes why England stands more and more apart. The Continental nations resemble one another in their social life more closely every year, and therefore find in the customs of one another a similarity which makes them less and less at home in England. There has grown up a European type of existence, and England alone has not adopted it.

One instant result of this uniformity of manners is to make the inhabitants of the different countries follow with great exactitude what is going on in other sections of this non-political European *Bund*, while remaining quite unable to follow what is going on in England. There has always been a tendency to credit fables about English life, and this has steadily increased of late. No one who has any cosmopolitan experience can fail to see that honest ignorance is capable, in any country of the Continent, of taking wilder flights of imagination about England than about any other European country. One never sees in the newspapers and ephemeral books of, say, Denmark or Spain, quite such fantastic yarns, such baseless fabrics of romance about, say, France or Russia, as one sees in the same publications about England. More and more, with a large section of the continental public, England withdraws into a sort of zone of the fabulous. It is not safe to assert that our critics across the Channel are either fraudulent or generally misinformed. They may be honest and, on common European topics, fairly instructed, and yet be like credulous children where England is concerned.

The South African war has very materially added to this division between our country and the rest of Europe. In a degree never before paralleled England has become the stranger, the unwelcome disturber of the family, the foreigner in whose presence all quarrels

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are for the moment put aside that 'half a brick' may be thrown in unison at the common intruder. Hitherto, the small nations of Europe, never quite at their ease with England and conscious of a growing lack of mutual comprehension, have, nevertheless, regarded her with respect and a kind of embarrassed sympathy. If we have had 'friends' in the polity of Europe it has been among the small nations, and it has been a subject of regret to all those who do not regard foreign affairs from a purely brutal and materialistic standpoint that by our unavoidable policy in South Africa we should have been obliged to alienate all these powerless, sentimental friends at a blow. Our politicians, no doubt, and our wild lions of the press, do not care a brass halfpenny for the fact that in the course of six months England has become a name hateful for the first time, not only in Holland (which is intelligible), but in Belgium, Switzerland and Portugal, Norway, Sweden and Denmark. I am not concerned here to propose a remedy for this prejudice, which, however, I sincerely deplore. Least of all do I suggest that the action of this country in South Africa justifies the reproaches of our Continental critics. All I wish to do, on the contrary, is to point out to our old allies, the small nations, so far as I can hope to attract their attention, the fact that their opposition to our policy is founded on a misconception which may even become dangerous to themselves and, as I hope to suggest, impoverishing to the world.

That Holland should disapprove of a war which aims at lessening the influence of the Dutch race is too natural to require comment. But when we quit Holland—and Portugal, where the sentiments of pride and alarm are awakened by the neighbourhood of danger on the frontiers of the combatants—what have the small nations to fear or to hope from a conflict between Boers and British? Manifestly nothing. The feeling in the three Scandinavian countries, coherent in little else, but passionately united in hoping to see England repulsed by the South African Republics, is to be accounted for purely on the ground of sentiment. My position is that this sentiment is essentially ill-applied, and is the result partly of ignorance, partly of a misconception of the duties and privileges of a small nation. Broadly put, the argument has been: Denmark is a little country, surrounded by large ones; the sentiment of civilisation demands the preservation of Denmark. The Orange Free State is also a little country; it must, therefore, be preserved in its independence. The chorus of the small nations has risen in shrill appeal against the aggression which would tamper with one of the tribe. Holland or Costa Rica, Transvaal or Norway—one would think they were all on the same footing, all sacrosanct because of their exiguity. 'I am small, and therefore virtuous; I may be a disgrace to humanity, but hit one of your own size.' This has certainly been the spirit which has inspired the press of the minute states of Europe.

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But smallness turns out, on reflection, to be a very poor argument for preservation. A country may be small because it does not deserve to be large, as well as be honoured although it is not large. The mere argument from size is highly perilous. If the Transvaal is to be left intact because it is a small country, may not the tables be turned, and other small countries destroyed because they are no bigger than the Transvaal? There is much danger lest, in their materialistic way, the great nations may accept this reverse of the medal, and then the reply of the apologists will be weak indeed. I have long believed that this sentimental holding together of the little countries because of their littleness was one of the most hollow of political fallacies. But I feel it to be more alarming than ever to-day, when those nations which can most legitimately point to a sound basis for their independence leave it to shelter behind the trumpery protection of a common smallness. If Denmark and Holland and Norway had nothing better to recommend their independence than what they share with the Orange Free State, there would be slight reason why any one should regret their disappearance.

It is true that events have lately combined to shatter the nerves of the small nations. We must not forget Schleswig and Finland. The absorption of these duchies into Germany and Russia has reasonably alarmed Northern opinion. But, while patriotic sentiment is very naturally concerned in these alterations in political geography, the only general or international interest which such changes possess is based upon a higher consideration. It was not only the Danish Government, but it was Danish culture, that lost Schleswig. In a still more startling degree, although Sweden lost nothing last year in a political sense, Swedish culture lost acutely by the Russification of Finland. It is a great mistake to suppose that nothing but material value weighs in the balance of the self-respect of a nation. When the Danish monarchy was rent asunder, and Norway escaped from the grasp of Denmark, one possession remained which seemed—and may still seem—to be little but a burden on the Continental mother country. Under the Polar Circle there lies the mysterious and barren island, all rocks and ash and sulphurous waters, in which the old Norröna civilisation was brought to birth nearly twelve hundred years ago. In the moment of her humiliation Denmark clung to Iceland, although that province, with its sparse and impoverished population, its alien language, its practical bankruptcy, could not fail to add a load to the weary shoulders. Why was not Iceland allowed to slip away?

The answer is valuable to us in our examination of the rights of the small nations to exist. It was not policy nor greed, it was not mere vanity, it was not even (though this had been alleged) the geographical ignorance of Bernadotte, that kept Iceland fastened to the crown of Denmark. It was a legitimate and honourable

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sentiment of pride. Iceland to the Dane was like some ruined castle, the mere shell of its ancient grandeur, which is still preserved on the property of a landed family. It is useless to offer shekels of gold for the two or three poor fields which contain this relic of the past. Those meadows are not for sale; the family does not part with the cradle of its greatness. It was a precisely similar sentiment that kept, and that still keeps, Iceland a part of Denmark. This rough island, now so cruelly stricken in fortune, was the old birthplace and homestead of Danish cultivation. All Denmark's poetry, all the heroic traditions of her past, all that makes her history individual and unlike the history of any other country, came originally from Iceland. Denmark may be so poor, and Iceland so much poorer, that to this day no telegraph-cable unites the island with the continent. There the nursery of the Sagas still remains, half-desolate but not sold to the stranger; and as long as Iceland is bound fast to Denmark it will offer a strong sentimental argument, founded on the intellect and the imagination, for the independence of the Danish state.

The constant peril in which a small nation lives is bound to keep its interests together and to brighten its mental life. If there are not interests important enough to be kept together, or if there is no mental life to be brightened, the excuses for doing away with the little country thicken and deepen. It is not enough to live on colonial wealth alone, as Holland, neglectful of its splendid record, has during the nineteenth century been too willing to do. The colonial possessions of Denmark are a weakness to her; Sweden has resigned her tiny West Indian island, Norway has had no colonies at all. Their condition is the more blest, for these countries have to depend on their own exertions; they cannot lean back in arm-chairs while the wealth of the golden East is drawn to them from Java and the Moluccas. The small nation is pre-eminently fortunate if it can escape the 'white man's burden,' and wise if it knows how to take advantage of the privileges of the weak.

The real privilege of the small country should be the opportunity which its balanced position, its pendulous security, gives it of cultivating without disturbance the things of the spirit. Culture is intimidated and checked by the great movements which demand, with an imperative voice, the main and constant attention of the leading Powers. An active and progressive foreign policy is not required from the small nation, but only a passive and tactical watchfulness. The constant need of expansion, which gives an air of turbulent rapacity to countries like Germany, England, and Russia, is not felt by the minute state which takes hands between those formidable rivals, like a child in the care of two grown-up people. We have just spoken of Colonial aggrandisement, the object of such irresistible longing on the part of the great governments of the world. Here

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is a source of power and wealth, entirely disturbing to the culture of the race, and yet as entirely requisite, if a great nation is to be greater still. The development of a vast colonial system is of all ideals the one most glitteringly attractive to a modern statesman. If that statesman is the representative of a great Power he does not relinquish it. It draws him to it over the ocean, it absorbs the best part of his energy and his thought. It is needful to his political and material well-being that he should devote himself steadily to its attainment; but let him not persuade himself that it offers any encouragement to the intellectual prosperity of his country. On the contrary, important and beneficent as a national system of colonial fusion may be, to one set of faculties—those of the mind—it is (at all events for the time being) definitely hostile.

Deprived by its position of all these material advantages and mental disturbances, the small nation has time to devote itself to culture. And the question whether a small nation does or does not deserve to continue independent, must more and more be answered by another question: Does it or does it not keep up a high standard of independent and national culture?

The most eminent critic of Eastern Europe, perhaps the most distinguished of living critics, Dr. Georg Brandes, himself a Dane, wrote in 1891, when the conditions were less emphatic than they are now, words which are not out of place in this connection. He said:

It is impossible that a Danish army will ever be able to conquer a German or a Russian army, but it is by no means impossible that a Danish poet may be obviously wittier than any German one, or that a Danish historian may be acknowledged by the world to write far better than any Russian one. There is no reason why a Danish painter should not admittedly paint better than any person living in Austria or Italy.

The advantage to a small nation, therefore, is seen to lie in cultivating quality instead of quantity, and this is a matter which is curiously independent of the figures of population. The world is, for some reason the exact causes of which evade us, not evenly peopled by educated persons of initiative. If out of every million men distributed over the surface of the globe, one was sure to be a genius, the small country would have but a minute proportionate chance of him. But this is not the case. We know by irresistible evidence, for instance, that the talents flourish more abundantly and more richly at home than abroad, and this is the chance for the small nations. They have to possess their souls in domestic peace and become the complex mothers of great men.

To give the usual answer to this statement is merely to pose the conundrum over again. We are always told that the new country cannot produce great men in art, thought and imagination, because it is new. But new fields of action, new scenes of experience, ought

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(one would conceive) to stimulate and freshen the qualities of the mind. Why they do not do so, why great poets are still born in Middlesex and not in Manitoba, although exactly the same race inhabits the one field and the other, is not easily explained, yet it is unquestionably a fact. Talent may follow the plough, but it lags far behind it. Nor need we quote merely the out-worn and somewhat invidious parallels between England and her Colonies, and the New England and the Western States. All races experience the same phenonemon. A very small country is Portugal, and a vast half-continent inhabited by the same race is Brazil, yet all the talent which illuminates Portuguese culture, and gives it its rank, springs from the tiny mother country. The Scandinavians in the United States of America outnumber, I believe, the inhabitants of the three home countries. They are settled throughout Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan under conditions the most favourable which can be conceived. They have their innumerable newspapers in their mother tongues, they enjoy the fullest education, and yet they have contributed up to the present time absolutely nothing to the literature of their races. Finland, a province of Sweden roughly torn from her, is poor, thinly peopled, crushed beneath an alien tyranny; Wisconsin, an independent community, is free and populous and rich; but while the history of Swedish art and science and letters cannot be opened without a tribute to the contributions of the one, the other has added not an iota to the national treasure. Here is the opportunity of the small nations. The great man against the many men; and the little mother country has still the power, denied to her robust daughters, of producing and appreciating him.

It would require a knowledge of the world, to which it is probable few of us can lay the least claim, to define with any precision the exact degree in which the various small countries of Europe justify their existence in the direction which I have ventured to indicate. A knowledge based more on life than on books, more on personal experience than on literary tradition, is what is called for, and this is hard to secure in any comparative sense. Conscious of my own lack of authority, I would strictly reduce such illustrations as I venture to bring forward to the only countries of this class with which sympathy and habit have more or less closely bound me. I would ask pardon for an apparent presumption if I dwell, very superficially and vaguely, on the only small countries whose inner life I have followed with the semblance of particular attention. But the three Scandinavian nations offer certain features which make even a partial acquaintance with them fertile in illustration. I do not hesitate to say that no countries deserve to hold their independent station in the world's polity more thoroughly than Norway, Sweden and Denmark, though for very different reasons.

These three nations, so easily confounded in the minds of

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Englishmen, are singularly distinct in national character, and even violently opposed in several essential respects. The first is the most democratic state in Europe, perhaps in the world ; the second is an aristocratic oligarchy ; the third a constitutional monarchy tempered by what is nearer to pure socialism than any other ruling influence which has as yet been tried in practical politics. Under these diverse forces the trend of thought and action is exceedingly erratic. There are few countries in the modern world more dissimilar than Sweden and Norway, in spite of their political alliance. Each deserves our respect, since each carries out, in its own way, the individuality of its culture ; each presents for the admiration of the rest of the world certain things admirably done, and not done elsewhere. I will speak first of that of the three countries which I know least.

Sweden is not to be understood unless we comprehend that its face is turned towards the east, as the face of Norway is turned towards the west. The structure of Swedish society is, to this day, very curiously feudal ; the Swedish peasant has scarcely awakened from his astonishment at finding himself no longer a serf. The exquisite deference, the polished suavity, which make the Swede the most delightful of social companions, cover, as with a coat of varnish, a conviction of the hierarchy of rank and of the absurdity of contending with plebeian minds which links the West of Europe with Russia itself. It is therefore not to be expected that Sweden will display the characteristics of its genius by any width of intellectual culture, for this the noble disdains while the peasant does not dream of presuming to it. The masses of the nation, indeed, are not occupied with things of the mind. They have not even been attracted to them by the fact that their recent monarchs have exercised a distinguished talent in science and in poetry. But this indifference has its advantages. There is no country where an eccentric person of genius is borne with more indulgently than Sweden. Public opinion on matters of art and thought scarcely exists. You may think and say what you will in Sweden, fearless of offending a 'compact majority.' The 'compact majority' does not care one way or the other.

This is, doubtless, why Sweden is the home of oddity and experiment. It is not without interest to note that the greatest writer of the Swedes to-day, August Strindberg, is the author in all Europe who has outraged the conventionalities most, and aimed the most reckless blows at society. It is in the midst of aristocratic and belated Sweden that the author of 'The Red Room' has indulged in a long series of imaginative paroxysms, and has let off, one after another, psychical bombs which would, anywhere else, have been attended with distressing consequences to the perpetrator. Strindberg is the most outrageous of modern authors, but the Swedes are rather proud of him. It is not in Stockholm that an

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innovator in morals, literature or art will be treated roughly. A core of violent experiment leaps quite harmlessly within a great, soft mass of indulgent indifferentism. A sensitiveness to literary and artistic decorum is desirable, I am sure; but it seems to me not less desirable that there should exist a polite little country where views as to the limits of decency are more elastic than they are in England and America. A mediocre uniformity in forcing other people to be proper has its limits of usefulness. So, too, it is in the heart of conservative Sweden that the women's movement has developed most promptly and surely, with results the most prominent and yet least ridiculous in the world; Finland, which is really an intenser Sweden, is the very source of the movement, and Helsingfors, if we lived in the days of pilgrimages, would be the Emancipated Woman's Mecca. Probably the most influential political woman now living is a Swede, Ellen Key.

These revolutionary and experimental influences exist conspicuously, but in a narrow social stratum. Apart from it, the literature and the mental life of Sweden are what one would expect them to be—aristocratic. An enthusiastic cultivation of the historical and national memorials of the country is perhaps the most vital expression which it reaches. But the Swede is a practical man, and even in his pursuit of beauty he is realistic. The idealist occasionally arises in Sweden, and nowhere is he more indolently tolerated. But he makes no deep impression. Thus even the most important change ever threatened in Swedish life, the great liberal wave of emotion which swept over the country thirty years ago, and culminated in the far-reaching agricultural movement identified with the name of Lars Hierta, has subsided, leaving wonderfully little trace of its progress. Sweden, like the 'brooding East' in Matthew Arnold's poem,

bow'd low before the blast
In patient, deep disdain,

although it can hardly be said that she 'plunged in thought' as she did so.

There is one field of intellectual energy, however, in which the Swedes are pre-eminent. They are astonishing mechanical inventors. If I do not dwell on this in detail it is that I am not competent to do so, but those who are will recall the long and illustrious list of Nobels and Nordenfeldts and Ericssons. I am assured that the register of Swedish patents gives a wonderful impression of the fertility of national invention. The Swedes are great engineers, great chemists, great metallurgists. This fecundity in contrivance, and the freedom which is offered to every kind of eccentric and speculative thought, are individual characteristics of signal value in the country which yet, as I must confess, is the least sympathetic to me of the three small states of the North.

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In turning to Denmark we are struck at once by the fact that here is a graceful and easy-going people which conceals nothing, affects nothing, and wears its heart upon its sleeve with a *bonhomie* that is always gay and optimistic. About the Swedes there is an element of mystery which is sometimes a little disquieting. Below the stately waxen mask what is there which may not lurk? But there is nothing sinister about the Danes. Nor is there in Denmark a single element of resistance to culture. On the other hand, the danger here seems to be a too-reckless disposition to swallow, untasted, whatever the leading mental physicians of the world choose, at the moment, to recommend for national consumption. Of this an extraordinary example was the *naïveté* with which, after 1871, the Danes accepted the principles of socialism introduced among them by Louis Pio. But, when we take into consideration the minuteness of Denmark and the crushing blows she has received, we see that this marvellous elasticity of hers, this almost trivial determination to brood over nothing, to take nothing seriously, has been an element of endurance and recuperation. The eulogist of the small countries is tempted to linger unduly upon the merits of Denmark, for she is, in fact, the very jewel of his collection.

If we very rapidly enumerate what the Danes—that little handful of population scattered over one peninsula and a cluster of flat islands—have contrived to produce in the elements of intellectual and material culture, we may well be astonished. To take the obvious forms of talent first, it is unquestionable that Denmark, with her trifling two millions of inhabitants, has kept on a level with any country of Europe, through the whole of the nineteenth century, in philosophy, historical research, philology and criticism. The close study of national history, which began in the eighteenth century, is one example of the enlightened activity which I should be inclined to claim as the predominant quality of the Danish mind. Before the scientific treatment of history had been accepted anywhere else in Europe, it was practised, and with extraordinary fulness and exactitude, by the Danes. In the late A. D. Jørgensen, a sort of E. A. Freeman of the North, this science reached a remarkable height of attainment. In recounting what is individual in the culture of Denmark it is impossible to overlook the zeal with which, from the times of Finn Magnussen and Rafn down to to-day, the Icelandic colony in Copenhagen has devoted itself to the philology and archæology of the ancient inhabitants of the North, justifying by this tender and romantic patriotism the solicitude which the best Danes have always evinced for the Arctic island whence their forefathers came. In these directions much more has been done than merely to keep on a level with Europe. Men like Wimmer, who created the science of runology, have exemplified the national faculty for hewing out new paths in the world of intelligence.

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In what we may call material culture the Dane is not less of an explorer. Not a few of the great experiments which the rest of Europe is still debating Denmark has actually made. Lord Lister's discoveries in the antiseptic treatment of wounds were put to practical use in Denmark, through the exertions of Mathias Saxtorph, early in the seventies, before any other country in Europe had conquered the prejudices of the profession. We discuss, as a matter far distant in the future, a scheme of Old Age Pensions. Denmark has had such a system in working order since 1891. It is, as is generally if vaguely admitted, unrivalled anywhere in Europe for the perfection of its dairy business and the cleverness of its practical agriculture. But what is it that gives the Danes their acknowledged mastery in these directions? It is not merely the fertility and expanse of their celebrated meadow lands, it is very largely the intelligence with which they have accepted and worked out the latest ideas in political economy. The dairy work of Denmark flourishes upon the happy spirit of co-operation, which has been so successfully introduced among the producers. Jutland is a hive, producing not wax and honey, but butter and cream. The unanimity of the workers is the result of an admirable organisation, which is peculiarly Danish in character. Why has not the same been introduced into other countries? Is it not because other countries do not possess the cheerful and supple adaptability of the Danes?

Nowhere in Europe are rich men more liberal in their support of public institutions and national objects of all kinds than they are in Denmark. Some echo of the beneficence of the Jacobsens, for instance, has reached even our English indifference. The 'old Jacobsen'—as he is called—*Gamle J.*, of Carlsberg, was an extremely wealthy brewer of Copenhagen. He had a taste for sculpture, such as is frequent in the old fatherland of Thorwaldsen, and he was carefully advised. He bought the masterpieces of Dubois and Chapu, he gave commissions to the best of his own countrymen; he restored the great castle of Fredriksborg. At this point, a Dane naturally passes out of the sphere of personal pride in possession; 'Old J.' had no further pleasure in his statues unless he could share them with the nation, and his collection straightway became the National Danish Glyptothek. His son, the 'young Jacobsen,' has been no less public-spirited, and he has even seemed to be driven by a kind of ardent emulation to outdo his father in his father's own fields. I am not sure that he has not proposed to endow Copenhagen with a second Glyptothek. He has himself found a rival in Hr. Gamel, a sort of Sir Thomas Lipton of Denmark, who has already spent a big fortune, gained in trade, in every sort of encouragement to art and science. To mention no more, what this little country, so insignificant in size and wealth, can do for culture was

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amply exemplified by the care with which Captain Hovgaard's Arctic expedition was fitted out by Hr. Gamel with all the latest and most expensive equipments.

When we turn to the third of the Scandinavian nations we find another class of qualities predominant. Here is not the grace of Sweden, but also not its apathy. Here is not the universal mental restlessness of Denmark, but also not its levity. But in Norway we find characteristics of a national life no less admirable and no less independent than those of its neighbours, only different from theirs, and, as they should be, personal. The first thing that one notices about Norway is its quietness. It is the simplest country in the world of Europe, the least agitated, the least ambitious. The last eighty years of consistently democratic government—not disturbed by violent invasions of property, or experiments at communism, as in Denmark—have curiously soothed the passion of life in Norway. There, at least, is a cultivated European population which exists without giving one the impression that it is hurrying to catch a train. In Norway time still is a negligible quantity; here the clock is warned not to fancy itself so excessively invaluable. You are invited by the whole physical, social and political configuration of this beautiful, empty mountain-land to take life quietly. In Norway it would be absurd to hurry; there is nothing to hurry to. The consequence of living on these vast planes of existence is that there is leisure for all the simpler and more primitive forms of existence, and these foster that broad cultivation which is the first feature of Norwegian life which strikes a stranger.

Recent visitors to Christiania may be inclined to question this picture of Norwegian sentiment, since Christiania, with all its whirl and fume, has contrived to turn itself into a little Berlin or concentrated provincial Paris. Those who knew the Norwegian capital twenty years ago are lost in this noisy little city. But Christiania is not merely not Norway, it is curiously, even dangerously, out of sympathy with the rest of the country. It has had a mad rush within the last few years, the *manie des altitudes* has seized its municipal authorities; we shall see, in all probability, some such crisis as we have seen in Rome; we shall observe the little city punished for insisting on becoming a great city in a moment. But the real Norway is to be studied in Bergen, or pre-eminently in Trondhjem, not at present in Christiania.

It is the instinct of the small country, when its political conditions are secure, to contemplate rather than to act. It looks up to the larger States. It watches their movements with curiosity, and has time to acquaint itself with what they are doing. It is peculiarly interested in adapting those movements to the scale of its own straitened conditions. It finds it highly entertaining to see whether you can introduce into an acre the same effect which your next

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neighbour produces in a square mile. From this springs a national emulation which is both honourable at home and salutary abroad, and which has nothing in it of the bitter, cancerous envy which is so lamentable a symptom of the jealousy which some great nations show to one another. In one respect, of course, Norway does positively take rank with the leading powers, namely in the development of her mercantile marine. The sailor tradition is universal, and in this she has no rival in any race except the Anglo-Saxon.

An instance of the way in which the maritime spirit inspires the people of Norway to the direct encouragement of national culture is the extent to which the whole nation has supported the various scientific enterprises which have culminated in the adventures of Professor Nansen. The voyage of the *Fram* was the latest and the most brilliant of a whole series of pioneer expeditions. The geographical position of Norway naturally points her out as peculiarly fitted for Arctic exploration. No other country has such ports as Tromsø, Hammerfest, and Vadsø from which to start equipped into the Polar mystery. She looks at the vast seas to the north of her peninsula as the natural playground of her men of science. When the cynical attempt was made last autumn to remove Bear Island from the sphere of Norwegian influence, it was certainly less the political than the scientific snub from which the country suffered. I was in the north of Norway at that moment, and every one was speaking of this question. Bear Island was the diminutive Fashoda of the moment, but I heard far more of the loss of prestige to zoological and geographical investigation than of German impertinence to the flag of Norway.

The 'Fridtjof Nansen Fund for the Encouragement of Science' is a mode of stimulating new methods of travel, such as no other country of equal wealth and population can point to. In this intensely democratic and national association, the whole cultivated world of Norway has taken a part. Almost every educated man and woman in Norway has given his or her obol towards this great purpose, in the success of which every one is therefore personally involved. It is conducted by private hands, yet on such a scale as to be practically and in the fullest sense public. The results in astronomy, magnetism, oceanography, zoology, botany, meteorology and other kindred sciences have already been magnificent, and what gives the movement its superb character is that almost every person in Norway appreciates it. You shall be put down at a lonely farm in the black angle of hills over which the sun does not glance through half the year, on the edge of a sea that almost freezes, and you will find the solitary cluster of human beings that inhabits it keenly and intelligently interested in the *Fram* and in its curious cargoes. This is real culture, and in a form that we may be satisfied to envy.

If one thing has interested the Norwegians as much as the

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Fridtjof Nansen Fund of late, it has surely been the National Theatre, which, at last, after so many vain efforts, was finally and successfully opened, amid salvoes of national gratulation, last autumn. The interest of the Danes in their theatre had always been marked. For a hundred and fifty years it has been one of the remarkable features of national life. The worship of dramatic art in Copenhagen has always been extraordinary, and has led to admirable results. Here, at all events, there has been a living art of drama, wholesome, elevated and yet vivacious. The Danes have never been too poor to subsidise their theatre, never too unhappy to delight in it. They have loved the business of the stage, and their zealous devotion has been rewarded by the steady excellence both of actors and dramatists. The Norwegians, of course, have not possessed these traditional advantages. They were long oppressed by the superior skill of the Danes ; until comparatively few years ago, none but Danish performers were seen on the Norwegian stage. But now all that is changed. Proud of possessing such illustrious playwrights as Ibsen and Björnson, whose works (especially those of Ibsen) carry more prestige in Copenhagen itself than those of any modern Danish dramatist, the Norwegians have determined to cultivate the stage for themselves. There has been a little difficulty, owing to the fact that Puritanism is much more rife in the northern than in the southern country. But what opposition there may have been has passed away, and, even in remote country places, it is astonishing how much pride is felt in the masterpieces of the national Norwegian theatre.

These examples might be multiplied, and the lessons which they offer are open to almost indefinitely extended commentary. But they have not been presented here for their own sakes, but for their value as illustrations of the importance of culture as an element in the life of a country. It is possible—it begins to seem probable—that the great nations may find little room for mental effort in their future scheme of existence. Wealth and power and colonial interests and the responsibilities of a complex empire do not leave leisure or opportunity for thought. The consistent Imperialist will say, Very well then, so much the worse for what you mean by thought, for the reflective faculties, the ingenuities of peace. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that in the colossal struggle for existence even the virtuous and the wise may be forced to come to this conclusion, and to admit that the energy of a really great nation must be given to national parts of life. We must be rich to live, and to be rich we must be mediocre. We must be strong to live, and to be strong we must be barbarous. Is this the future for England, for Germany, for Russia ? Very possibly it is.

If that be the load, 'well-nigh not to be borne, of the too vast orb' of the great nations' fate, it behoves us to watch with ever-

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increasing tenderness and encouragement, the serener progress of the small ones. To the reflecting observer, surely, the disappearance of the little independent states of Europe is no cause for gratulation. Weimar meant something when Goethe could sweep its frontiers with the fling of his romantic cloak ; what does Weimar mean now when the eye searches for it on the commonplace maps of Central Germany ? There will never rise again out of the Hohenzollern-trampled Empire the little clusters of foliage which have sheltered the poetry and music and drama of the Teuton so intimately in the past. All that is gone, with the moonlight of Novalis, gone to be merged in a vast imperial system, and boundless commercial wealth, and a 'colonial policy,' and a 'dominant navy policy.' But Denmark, to whom all these costly luxuries are denied, may still be pre-eminent in the arts ; Belgium may still produce poets like Maeterlinck and Verhaeren ; still may the Norwegian peasant, in his desolate farmstead through the interminable winter, follow with intelligent eagerness the science and the imagination of the world ; still may there be an appreciation of intellectual things in Helsingfors and Geneva and Leyden for which we look in vain in London or Berlin.

This determination of the small countries to enrich their culture runs side by side with the increased indifferentism of the large ones. It is no subject for extravagant eulogy on the one side or for violent satire on the other. A fatalist will admit that this must be the tendency. Steady occupation of the purely mental faculties requires leisure and repose. The great nations have no rest and they have no time for rest. The little nations, shut out more and more from participation in the giant work of the world, have a huge amount of time on their hands, and are naturally drawn to use it in imagination and reflection. Therefore, it is from the small nations that, in all probability, the literature and art, the philosophy and the poetry, of the twentieth century will come forth. They must feel it their pride and their salvation that, cut off from the rude and grandiose tasks of human action, they are left in charge of the world's sentiment, its fancy and its instinct for beauty. They must prepare themselves to carry on the lamp of culture which, if they fail in their duty, may well fall to the ground and expire. They will produce no eminent financiers or illustrious soldiers, they may dream in vain of wielding 'the rod of empire,' but they may find their reward where it was found in ages past by Athens and Florence and Weimar.

SOME MINOR MISERIES OF A BOOK-LOVER. BY THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK



and misery proverbially go together. There is a popular notion, which may or may not be a popular fallacy, that a lover could not get along without a little misery; and this peculiarity, which is said to attach to love in general, is not altogether absent from the love of books in particular; though the misery is perhaps of a less acute kind, and is for the most part more philosophically borne.

M. Edouard Rouveyre has recently expanded that useful work of his, 'Knowledge Necessary for a Book-lover,' from two volumes to ten. The new issue, which began in April of last year, and was to be continued monthly, dealt largely, in its preliminary volume, with these miseries of the book-lover. He divides his genus, exhaustively enough, into three species, which he calls respectively the Bibliophile, the Bibliomaniac, and the Bibliotaph. They all have their idiosyncrasies in the way of misery, and perhaps represent a sort of ascending—or shall we say *descending*?—scale in the minor mode. No doubt other grievances will have cropped up in the course of the next nine volumes—for I am only looking at the first, so far; but even the miseries therein contained are quite sufficient to fill an ordinary cup of woe: and the worst of it is they are confirmed by our own experience, in so far as we are in any degree book-lovers, to say nothing of bibliomaniacs or bibliotaphs. There is a nice funereal ring about that last term!

M. Rouveyre, in his first volume then, deals with the genesis of the book and its preservation in libraries or cabinets. Here we can part company with this author and go back to our own cornucopia of woe. I am not writing a review of the 'Knowledge Necessary for a Book-lover,' but merely touching on miseries which I have myself felt, and which I believe most other persons have felt if they have so far given hostages to fortune as to accumulate what can, by any stretch of courtesy, be called a 'library.'

In the first place, it sounds like enunciating a terrible heresy to say that the bibliophile is apt to be too consistent. He bears out the etymological import of his name by being too 'friendly' with his books. In no department of social life is the advice of Polonius so relevant as in the world of books: 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be'—especially a lender. You show your friend your well-filled shelves, filled at large expense of time and money and with the results of many an excursion among the second-hand 'rummage boxes' down the by-streets of London. In no respect are the thoroughfares of the great metropolis more wonderful than in the displays of these *bouquinistes*, either settled or nomadic. For a few

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pence, nay even sometimes for the fraction of a penny, clean uncut copies of books may be purchased, chiefly perhaps school editions of the classics. On the barrows of the costers that flank Farringdon Road curious old editions may be picked up for a song, as the saying is. Habitual book-hunters can boast of works thus purchased, the names of which do not appear in the cosmopolitan catalogue of the British Museum Library; and a British resident in Paris once informed the writer that when he took his constitutional in the Gay City he always turned his steps in the direction of the Morgue and along the quays where are to be found the stores of the *bouquinistes* analogous to the costermongers of Farringdon Road. Sufferers from acute book-mania may be seen any morning haunting the barrows of the literary costers, with carpet-bags in their hands ready to be filled with their treasure-trove. One old gentleman, who is nearly blind, comes with a guide whose duty is to inform him of any likely-looking volumes. A good many cases of acute book-mania may be observed during a brief sojourn in Farringdon Road. You wonder how the libraries of well-known men find their way to these Bedouin bookstalls.

But such a topic is apt to make one garrulous. It was not my purpose to chronicle lucky 'finds,' but to show how soon these acquisitions are turned into losses through lack of a little method in dealing—not with the bookselling costers, but with one's own familiar friends in whom we had trusted. As those friends scan the well-filled shelves, they are sure to find some volume of which they have—so they tell us—been in quest all their lives. They borrow that volume. In our superabundant friendship we are only too eager to lend it; and the result is that its place knows it no more. Morality is as lax in the matter of books as in the case of umbrellas. The borrower forgets to return the loan: very likely the lender forgets having lent the volume. How simple would it be to place a card in the *hiatus valdè deflendus* out of which that missing volume went, and on such card to inscribe the borrower's name and the date of the loan. That is what is done at the public libraries; and so long as that card bears its mute evidence to the transaction, so long the borrower is responsible for the volume thereon inscribed. Here, too, comes in another necessary caution. Many readers declare that they can never read a book, in the sense of thoroughly mastering its contents, instead of merely scamping the pages, without spoiling it by scoring favourite passages and recording their own opinion in marginal notes. The borrower, who sees these marks, will sometimes feel privileged to supplement them with his own. Such a borrower should never have the opportunity of repeating the offence. Let no such man be trusted. He fails to discriminate between *meum* and *tuum*. He is a kind of literary kleptomaniac. Our own remarks interest us. We like to recall

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the impression a book made on us. But we do not want *his*—or her—impressions, which, for the most part, seem fatuous to us. These unprincipled people will even scribble on the volumes they procure from a public library. The books in the reading-room of the British Museum are not free from such defacements. Every student who is privileged to read in that admirably managed institution should make a point of ruthlessly reporting to the authorities any person whom he detects in such an offence, just as he would refuse to lend a volume from his own library to any false friend who thus ‘de-decorated’ the pages of a borrowed book.

But the bibliomaniac has to be saved from himself as well as from his friends. He is frequently driven to the verge of distraction, and temporarily becomes a maniac in more than the qualified sense, through his failure to find a certain volume in his possibly not very copious collection. There is the ‘catalogue’ of course. With conscious pride he invested in a gorgeously bound and indexed MS. book when first his library began, as the elder Mr. Weller said, to ‘swell wisely.’ Say he has kept that index pretty carefully, by entering every volume under its proper letter at the same time as he pasted his book-plate on the inside of the cover. Alas, he soon finds that alphabetical index a delusion and a snare. He gets his books entered under the proper initial, true; but not in alphabetical sequence. He has gone in for classics, say. On an early line of his first page he has entered ‘Aristænetus,’ and in the next line ‘Aristotle.’ All goes merrily, and life seems really worth living, when in comes an ‘Aristophanes’ to claim a place between the two men in possession, and there is no line left for him. How simple that intercalation would have been if, instead of inscribing the names of his authors on the pages of a fixed register, he had entered each on a separate card and placed those cards in a case. Then he would simply have slipped Aristophanes in as a happy mean between the extremes of Aristænetus on one side and Aristotle on the other; and life would have gone back to its old channels once more.

Say he has done this, and the books in the catalogue obey the celestial law of order. How about the shelves? Of course, all the Aristotles—to stick to our Stagirite philosopher—should be together. But alas, one edition is in folio, another in quarto, a third in octavo. What a rude and undigested mass the shelves would be if these were placed side by side. True; but who suggested placing them side by side? Would not common sense rather prescribe a properly graduated set of shelves rising tier by tier from big folio up to tiny Tauchnitz volumes? Then select a *vertical* instead of a *horizontal* arrangement. Put the folio Aristotles at the base, that is, the quarto in the tier above, then the probably more numerous octavos, and on gradually rising tiers the smaller fry, however numerous or infinitesimally small they might be, and all your

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Aristotles would be within 'measurable distance' of one another. What a revelation it was when this *vertical* arrangement of books (advocated, it must be confessed, by Rouveyre) first broke in upon the writer's mind! It was a repetition of Columbus making the egg stand on end. Hitherto the books had been a chaotic mass, their owner next door to a bibliomaniac and quite a bibliotaph—a burier, nay, one's self a very cenotaph, of books. Now 'lucid order' supervened upon chaos.

The disadvantages of the present system are conspicuous in that colossal work the Catalogue of the British Museum Library, though it is difficult to see how, in that vast collection, such an arrangement could be avoided. Indeed, we may take it for granted that it was inevitable, or else it is quite certain some other system would have been adopted, since the very best bibliographic ability is brought to bear upon the work. With the constant accretions which must be tabulated some device had to be adopted in order to chronicle the daily additions. These are provided for by spaces being left between the titles, and also by the catalogue being double-columned. Separate volumes of 'Accessions' are also provided and placed on adjoining desks, where the expert reader of course takes care to look for them. But a 'search' at the British Museum is always a trial, and might be a 'misery,' were it not for the ready and courteous help of the authorities, each one of whom, from the superintendent of the reading-room down to the youngest attendant, seems to be a living, walking catalogue in himself. One wonders—at least, of course, I wonder—why these officers should be of one sex only? Surely there are some subjects on which a woman's guidance would be valuable? Indeed, among the 'readers,' technically so termed, there are several ladies to whom the attendants will occasionally refer inquirers when the subject seems to come well within the feminine purview. But anything like a search, even with all these aids, trenches closely on the frontier-line of misery.

Turning to the happier side, if only to bring the misery into fuller prominence, it is difficult to imagine repose more complete than that which supervenes when one leaves behind the distractions of outside Bloomsbury and passes through the jealously guarded portals labelled 'For Readers only' into Panizzi's splendid pleasure-dome. Then we seem to understand the position of Prospero, who identified his dukedom with his library and let his usurping brother have his way so long as he himself was left to his books.

The place that does
Contain my books, the best companions, is
To me a glorious court, where hourly I
Converse with the old sages and philosophers.

But there is a *beau idéal* even beyond the tranquil shades of the Poor Student's Paradise. If you write a ticket for some rare or

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costly volume, such, perhaps, as the *ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW*, your ticket comes back to you with the words 'Large Room' written across it. That means the volume in question will not be sent out into the domed chamber where the privileged three hundred sit daily in the enjoyment of what Aubrey calls 'happy delitescence.' There is a *sanctum sanctorum* whereinto you must adjourn if you would examine those volumes *de luxe*. It is in this inner chamber that the perfection of bibliographical happiness is realised. There are, it is to be feared, a few idlers—one must hardly say loafers—still about under the big dome, notwithstanding the commendable efforts which have been made for their exclusion. These are the minor, the almost infinitesimal, miseries of the reading-room. They walk about, having obviously nothing in particular to do themselves and hindering those who have. They converse with one another in irritating whispers, or they go to sleep and sometimes snore. But into the penetralia of the Large Room they do not pass. Why it is called the 'Large' Room it is difficult to guess, because, for a matter of fact, it is considerably smaller than the domed chamber. But it is very tranquil. The miseries of the outer world reach it not. The temperature is sub-tropical in winter and almost arctic in summer. An enthusiastic student was once heard to say that he would be perfectly happy if, in addition to seating him in that luxurious chair at a padded desk by day, the Trustees of the National Museum could see their way to giving him a shake-down in a sarcophagus at night. At present he has to pass out into Great Russell Street amid the evening shadows; and that exodus is to him a minor misery.

I am wandering somewhat far afield perhaps, and must not descant at any length on those modern institutions the Free Public Libraries, where a real misery is often inflicted by old gentlemen who use the current numbers of reviews and periodicals to aid them in their orthographical studies, so slowly do they spell over each separate word, while the anxious book-lover waits. Let us return to our privacy once more before we part company.

There is a besetting sorrow, a haunting misery of the book-lover's existence, and though it stands last, it is far from being the least. By one of those strange coincidences for which it is impossible to account, whenever the writer harks back to this bibliomaniacal trouble, it comes associated with Thackeray's ballad about Werther and his love for Charlotte; the lady, it will be remembered, being engaged, when she won his heart, in 'cutting bread and butter.' This misery is connected with the cutting, not of bread and butter, but of books. Why, O why—let modern publishers answer, with a full sense of responsibility—are books sent out with the leaves uncut? A single slice of the machine would cut these pages at a stroke and possibly save a mind from mania, a bibliotaph from sinking into an

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unnecessary tomb. Sydney Smith used to say that, though not habitually a cruel man, yet he always felt he should like to roast a Quaker. The writer, though by no means bloodthirsty, feels a corresponding desire for a publisher's gore, whenever a book thus comes with its leaves uncut. It is a minor misery, incidental to modern bookbinding, no doubt; but as trifles make up the sum of human life, so do these apparent trifles swell in the huge mass of the book-lover's misery. One has heard a good deal about 'pin-pricks,' chiefly in connection with matters diplomatic. This small portion of uncut leaves will, if we mistake not, one day lead to war, if it does not end in the summary extinction of the publisher.

The fact that the leaves are uncut, is, one knows quite well, an indirect compliment to the book. The contents are supposed to be so valuable that the book will one day have to be reprinted and therefore a margin must be left. A jaundiced eye might detect a veiled compliment to the discrimination of the publisher who issues such a valuable work. But the inevitable question remains, why was not a decent and durable binding provided at the outset? Take an old book and try to cut it up, not critically but corporeally. Try to get the sheets apart, and you will find it a tough job; whereas the loosely sewn covers of the volume sent forth by that discriminating publisher almost drop off in your hands at a first reading, and those who come after you have to endure the real and far from minor misery of a disjointed bundle of loose sheets. There is the sensation of the book having been put together in a hurry, not necessarily by the author, but certainly by the binder; and anything like hurry is offensive to the studious mind.

Second only to this misery of bad binding, and really another count in the same indictment, is the impertinence of a publisher binding up his own trade-catalogue with a book, thereby needlessly adding to its bulk and necessitating the excision of such foreign matter, which is most offensive to the average reader—so offensive, indeed, as to constitute a misery, and scarcely a minor one, in itself. Here occurs a second necessity for cutting. Take scissors and snip away those obtrusive advertisements. If the trade-catalogue is copious and its excision leaves a gap, fill it up with blank paper for MS. notes; but in any case let the bold advertisement go. It is a disagreeable necessity, a minor misery, no doubt; but it must be faced.

After all, the delights of books far outweigh any miseries, minor or major, connected with them.

Books should to one of these five ends conduce;
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use,

says dear old dry-as-dust Sir John Denham. Books stand the

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representatives of mental, intellectual pleasure as opposed to mere physical, sensual indulgence, and in the library that delight is focused and concentrated. More to the purpose still are the words of Sir John Herschel, who said, with special reference to a proclivity for literary study :

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for this. Give a man [why only a man ?] this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him.

It does, indeed, outweigh a large number of minor miseries, if only the man, or the woman, shall have attained the supreme happiness of being a book-lover.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN



From the engraving by

Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin

From the picture by John Opie R.A. now in the National Portrait Gallery

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN



HYÆNA in petticoats,' 'a philosophising serpent,' such was the description of Mary Wollstonecraft, written by Horace Walpole to Hannah More, a woman about as different to the subject of their criticism as one woman can well be from another.

Listen, however, to the historian Roscoe, who, after reading a life of Mary Wollstonecraft, says :

Hard was thy fate in all the scenes of life—
As daughter, sister, mother, friend, and wife.

It was, indeed, a sad life, that of Mary Wollstonecraft. When one reads of the domestic misery in which she was steeped from infancy, the tragedies of her mother's married life, her sister's, her dearest friend's, and that friend's mother's as well, it is easy to understand her horror of the marriage-tie and her determination to preserve her freedom at any cost.

Yet while she preached diatribes with unrelenting energy and no little force of argument against this hated tyranny, she was destined to exemplify in her own person all the fatal and irremediable disasters which are sure to ensue from any defiance of the ordinary conventions upon which human society is founded.

First Imlay—Captain George Imlay—was it the military title which captivated the Amazonian heart of the fair authoress? And then Godwin—the portentous, colossal prig, Godwin—as ardent an opposer of convention as Mary Wollstonecraft herself! What more pathetic incident can be imagined than that these two philosophers, man and woman, should stand hand in hand in secret marriage before the parson in Old St. Pancras Church on March 29, 1797! One would almost have had it otherwise, though it was for their child's sake that they did it, seeing that a short six months later Mary Wollstonecraft's wild impulsive heart had ceased to beat.

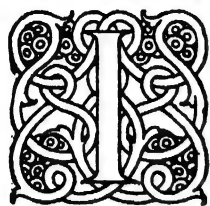
Two books have profoundly influenced the trend of thought in the nineteenth century, 'The Rights of Man,' by Thomas Paine, and 'The Vindication of the Rights of Women,' by Mary Wollstonecraft. Few persons living will have read them, though many will have talked of them. They were powerful agents in the great upheaval of the social surface, which dates from the French Revolution. Dying at thirty-eight, Mary Wollstonecraft left a legacy to her sex which has produced most startling developments. When, in 1899, the Women's Congress assembled in London, how many present gave a thought to Mary Wollstonecraft, the true founder and fountain of their cause?

Mary Wollstonecraft, like the Greek hero, defied society, and the lightnings of society destroyed her. She was, however, beautiful, true-hearted and unhappy. *Manibus date lilia plenis.*

LIONEL CUST.

HEROIC POETRY

BY SIR ALFRED LYALL



HAVE taken the words 'Heroic Poetry' to signify the poetry of strenuous action, the art of describing in vigorous, animating verse those scenes and emergent situations in which the energies of mankind are strung up to the higher tones, and where the emotions are brought into full play by the exhibition of valour, endurance, and suffering. It seems to me remarkable that modern English poetry, with all its splendid variety, should have produced very little in this particular form; because no one can deny that the latter-day story of the English has been full of enterprise and perilous adventure, providing ample material to the artist who knows how to use it. Nor can it be said that there is any lack of demand for this sort of poetry, and consequently little inducement to supply it. On the contrary, any one can see that hero worship is as strong as ever, that any striking incident, or example of personal valour, or exploit of war, brings out the verse-writer, and that his efforts, if only very moderately successful, are sure to win him great popularity.

But it must be admitted that most of these efforts fail rather lamentably, insomuch that at the present day we may seem to be losing one of the finest forms of a noble art. From this point of view there may be some advantage in looking back to the heroic poetry of earlier ages, and in endeavouring to mark, briefly and imperfectly, its distinctive qualities, to recall the conditions and circumstances in which it flourished, and possibly to hazard some suggestions as to the causes of its decline.

I do not know any recent book which throws more light upon this subject than Professor Ker's book on 'Epic and Romance,' published in 1897. It is, to my mind, most valuable as an exposition of the right nature and methods of heroic narrative, in poetry and in prose. The author has the rare gift of insight into the ways and feelings of primitive folk, and the critical faculty of discerning the characteristics of a style or a period, showing how men who knew what to say and the right manner of saying it, have shaped the true form of heroic poetry. We can see that its elementary principles, the methods of composition in verse and prose, are essentially the same in all times and countries, in the *Iliad*, in the Icelandic Sagas, in the old Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon poems, and to some extent in the French *Chansons de Geste*; they might be used to-morrow for a heroic subject by any one gifted with the requisite skill, imagination, and the eye for impressive realities. Professor Ker's essays are a brilliant and scholarly contribution to the external history of poetical forms, and it would be great presumption in me to attempt a review of his work. But it is so eminently suggestive, and to my mind so

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valuable as a study for verse writers of the present day, that I have ventured to place this book in the foreground of an attempt to sketch rapidly some clear outline of the conditions and the essential qualities of heroic poetry, which is too commonly regarded as an easy offhand kind of versification, largely made up of dash, glowing words, and warlike clatter, although in reality nothing is more rare or difficult than success in it.

We may say, then, that the first heroic poets and tale-tellers were those who related the deeds and sufferings, the life and death of the mighty men of earlier times; and that their verse was the embodiment of the living traditions of men and manners. They were bards and chroniclers who lived close enough to the age of which they wrote to understand and keep touch with it—an age when battles and adventures were ordinary incidents in the annals of a tribe, a city or a country—when valour, skill at arms and a stout heart were supremely important, being almost the only virtues that led to high distinction and a great career. Heroic poetry of the higher kind could not exist in a period of mere barbarism, for among barbarous folk there is no art of poetic form. It could not have arisen before the people were so far civilised as to have among them artistic singers or story-tellers who gave fine and forcible expression to the acts they celebrated or the scenes they described. The old heroic poets were neither too near to the time of which they sang or wrote, nor too far from it; and this gave them another special advantage—they had a good audience. The song, or the story, must have often been recited before listeners to whom the whole subject was more or less familiar, who knew the facts and ways of war, the true aspect and usages of a rough and perilous existence. They were too well acquainted, at any rate, with such things to be captivated by vague imaginative descriptions of fighting and refined chivalrous methods of dealing with a mortal foe, such as are found in the later romance; for among primitive folk there would have been no taste for fantastic, allegorical and extravagant, though highly poetical, accounts of valorous exploits by noble knights, with their tournaments and their adventures with giants, dwarfs or enchanters. The tradition was of a community encompassed by dangers for men and for women, where life and goods depended on strength and sagacity. And so the original hero was strictly a practical soldier, a man who knew his business, who had very few troublesome scruples; he was a man of war from his youth up, struggling with arduous circumstance; and he usually came at last, as in actual life, to a bloody though glorious end. For the experience of a rough age is that the drama mostly finishes tragically, not happily as in a modern novel. There was always a strain of romance in the heroic tale, and softer feelings were never quite absent, but all this was subordinate to facts; whereas romance seems to have prevailed and grown popular

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in proportion as the writer stood further away from the actualities, trusted to imagination rather than to authentic experience, preferred literary ornament to probability, and, indeed, took his readers as far away as possible from scenes or situations which they could recognise or verify.

It may thus be suggested that the essential quality of heroic poetry is this—that it gives a true picture of the time. Not that the poet was an eye-witness of what he narrated, or even that he lived in the same generation with the men or the events that he celebrated. On the contrary, the distance which lends enchantment to the view is needed to surround heroes with a golden haze of glorification. But the bard did live on the outer edge, so to speak, of the period which he wrote about; he was more or less in the same atmosphere; his audience kept him very near the truth because they could detect any exaggeration, absurdity, or very unlikely incident; just as we should mark and reject any particularly foolish story of the war that might appear in to-morrow's newspaper. They would, indeed, swallow strange marvels of a supernatural kind, the doings of gods and goddesses and of magicians; but I think it will be agreed that in all ages this has been a separate matter, because men will believe what is plainly miraculous when they will not accept what is merely improbable. So far as the natural world was concerned, the heroic artist worked upon genuine material transmitted orally or by fragmentary records, producing a right image of remarkable men and the world in which they lived. It was a world, in most cases, of small communities and petty wars, in which a good chief or warrior came rapidly to the front, and was all-important individually.

The word 'hero' is one of those Greek words which have been adopted into all European languages because they signify precisely a universal idea of the thing. He must be strong and able in battle, for a lost fight might mean the death or slavery of all his people; and if the hero does his living and dying in a noble fashion the folk trouble themselves very moderately about minor questions of religion or ethics, and are very moderately scandalised by occasional ferocity. Such a man is not to be hampered by ordinary rules; he is like a general commanding in the field, who may do anything for the preservation of his army, and the consequence is that he is seldom expected to moralise. He acknowledges and pays great honour to the cardinal virtues of truth-speaking, mutual fidelity, hospitality, strict observance of pledges. He is in many ways a religious man, though he is apt to break away from the priests when they interfere seriously with the business in hand. For the chastity of wives he has a high esteem; yet, although he and his people are constantly brought into trouble about women, he is tolerant of them, even when their behaviour is what might be called regrettable; he treats them

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in some degree as irresponsible beings, on the ground, perhaps, that they are the only non-combatants in the world as he knows it, and that this gives them special privileges. We can measure the importance of such a personage in ancient days by the noise which a first-class hero made in the primitive world. He became literally and figuratively immortal; he was regarded as a god, or at least godlike; the greatest of them were actually deified. He was seized upon by fable, myth, miraculous legend, and poetry; his name was handed down for centuries until the heroic lineaments were softened down, disfigured, and at last faded away in the magical haze of later romance. But in very rare instances he had the good luck to be taken in hand, before it was too late, by some man of genius who knew the temper of heroic times because he lived within range of them, and who has preserved for us a story, an incident, or a typical character—not, indeed, an authentic narrative, for the true story disappears under the tradition which is built over it; nor would such accurate knowledge be of much use to the poet, whose business it is only to give us a fine spirited account of what might have occurred. For the evidence that an ancient battle was really fought we must go to the historian; the poet will tell us how it was fought; he stirs the blood and fires the imagination by his tale of noble deeds and deaths. His strength rests upon the foundation of reality that underlies his artistic construction; he has never let go his hold upon sound experience; and the truth is felt in all the colour and detail of the picture, though the whole is a work of vivid imagination. We cannot verify, obviously, the facts and motives which led to the siege of Troy, although Herodotus appears to agree that the cause of that war was a Spartan woman's abduction, and only examines the point whether the Asiatic or the European Greeks were first to blame in the matter. Professor Murray prefers to believe in a myth growing out of the strife of light and darkness in the sky; but the rape of beautiful girls by seafaring rovers was evidently common enough in those times, so why should not the Homeric version be right? We can always be sure that the old poems represent accurately life, manners, and character; and from the analogy of those legends whose origin is known we may fairly infer that the root of a famous story, divine or human, is first planted in fact, not in fancy, just as the *Chanson de Roland* is founded on a real battle in the Pass of Roncevalles.

Such, therefore, were the conditions and fortunate coincidences which produced the finest heroic poetry. You had the popular hero, the noble warrior who knew his business, and you had also the poet or story-teller who knew his art, could give you a dramatic picture founded upon fact, and could always keep close to reality without crowding his canvas with unnecessary particulars; he gave you the ruling motives, actions, and feelings of the age. The

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excellence of the work lay in simplicity and directness of treatment, in a sureness of line drawing, in a power of striking the right note, whether of praise or sorrow, of glory or grief. There is no staginess or far-fetched emotion, or artificial scene-painting; the style strikes the right chords of passion or pity, and stamps upon the mind a vivid impression of situation and character. Moreover the heroic poet, as a composer, had this advantage in early days—that continual recital before an appreciative public must have had the effect of polishing up his best verses and polishing off his bad ones. As the theme was always some well-known story or personage, it was possible to omit details and explanations and to go straight to the points that repetition had proved to be the most effective, so that the criterion of excellence must have been immediate popularity with the audience, as in a play. It may be conjectured, also, that the metre, in length of line and cadence, formed itself to a great degree on the natural conditions of oral delivery and listening; for all poetry, I think, makes its primary appeal to the ear, and the modern habit of reading it seems to me to have thrown this essential test of quality somewhat into the background. The arrangement of metre and rhyme may have been gradually invented to correspond with and satisfy that natural expectation of the recurrence of certain tones and measures which always delights primitive men, and of which one may possibly trace some symptoms even in animals, as when the snake sways slowly to the simple sounds of a snake-charmer's pipe. The order of all modern versification (except in blank verse, which is never popular) depends on the echoing rhyme, which marks time like the stroke of a bell, and is waited for with keen anticipation by the sensitive listener. It is strange, to my mind, that such a beautiful creation as the beat of tonic sounds at a line's terminal should have been comparatively so recent a discovery in European poetry.

That a master of this art must have been very rare is shown by the very few pieces of first-class heroic poetry still extant out of the immense quantity that must have been attempted in different ages and countries. Yet the materials lie strewn around us, awaiting the skilful hand; they are to be found wherever a high-spirited warlike race is fighting its way upward out of barbarism, into some less turbulent stage of society that may allow breathing time for working the precious mines of recent traditions. The state of society described in some Icelandic Sagas, for example, with its hereditary blood-feuds and perpetual assassinations, with its code of honour making vengeance a pious duty, its tariff of blood money, and its council for adjusting civil and criminal wrongs, has a close resemblance to everyday life among the free Afghan tribes beyond the North-West Frontier of India. But the Saga writers flourished, I understand, when this state of things had passed or was passing away; while the Afghans

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are still a rude illiterate folk who have only songs recited by the professional bards. The best collection of these popular songs has been made by a Frenchman, the late James Darmesteter, who remarks that 'English people in India care little for Indian songs,' though one may reply that he has made use of English writers and collectors of frontier folk-lore; and he freely acknowledges his debt to Mr. Thorburn's excellent book on 'Bannu, or Our Afghan Frontier.' However that may be, we have here in these unwritten lays the stuff out of which is developed, first, the established tradition, and secondly, not only poetry but also the beginnings of history; for these lays are the oral records of contemporary events—*c'est le cri même de l'histoire*. They tell of the last Afghan war, and of the most famous border forays made by the English lords of the Afghan marches; they preserve the names and deeds of English officers and of the leading warriors of the Afghan tribes; they tell how Cavagnari 'drank the stirrup-cup of the great journey' when the English mission was slaughtered at Kabul in 1879, and how General Roberts, his heart shot through with grief, set out in fiery speed on his avenging march against the Afghan capital. Here then is for the modern historian a rare opportunity of comparing the contemporary popular version of events with exact official record; and the result ought to aid him in deciding, by analogy, what value is to be placed on similar material that has been handed down in the ancient songs and stories of other countries. He will be fortified, I think, in the sound conclusion that all far-sounding legend has a solid substratum of fact. As poetry, these songs render forcibly the temper and feelings of the people; they illustrate their virtues and vices, their worship of courage and devotion to the clan, their fanaticism and ferocity. The sense of Afghan honour in the matter of sheltering a guest is shown in the ballad which relates how a son killed his father for violating this law of hospitality. Like all popular verse, the Afghan songs have their recurrent phrases and familiar common-places; yet, says Darmesteter,

in spite of the limited range of ideas and interests, and a rather low ideal, all such defects find their excuse in the passion, the simplicity, the direct spontaneous out-speaking—that supreme gift which has been lost in our intellectual decadence.

The stirring events of the time have been immediately put into verse; the scenes and feelings are struck off in the die of actual circumstance; the heated metal takes a clearcut impression. It is in rough songs like these that are to be found the germs of the higher heroic poetry. The ballad, the short stories, the favourite anecdotes of remarkable men and their exploits, have the luck to fall, later, into the hands of a skilful reciter or verse maker; they are enlarged, knit together, and fashioned according to the ideas of the day, with an infusion of rhetoric and literary decoration. The

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heroic ideal, to use Professor Ker's words, is thus worked up out of the sayings and doings of great men of the foretime, who stand forth as the type and embodiment of the virtues and vices of their age, as it was conceived by poets who could handle the popular traditions. And we may guess that all anecdotes, words of might, and feats of arms that were current before and after him, if they were appropriate to the type, would cluster round the hero and be used for bringing his character into strong relief. We can even discern this tendency in modern society, where a notable personage, like the Duke of Wellington or Talleyrand, is credited with any vigorous or caustic saying that suits the idea of him, and may be passed on in another generation to the account of the next popular favourite. The literary habit of providing impressive 'last words' for great men at death's door, might be taken as another example of the magnetic attraction of types.

Of course, the perfect samples of heroic verse, of famous songs and stories woven into an epic poem, are to be found in Homer.¹ Nowhere, in the whole range of the world's poetry, can we see such splendid impersonations of primitive life and character treated artistically. Yet the plot is simple enough. Agamemnon, the chief commander of the Greek army, has carried off the daughter of a priest of Apollo, and flatly refuses to give her back; whereupon the priest appeals to the god, who brings the chief to reason by spreading a plague in the Grecian camp; and so the girl goes home with apologies. But Agamemnon indemnifies himself by seizing a captive damsel belonging to Achilles, who, being justly infuriated, will go no more to battle, but sits sulkily in his tent, until the Greek army is very nearly destroyed for want of his help by the Trojans.

Here we have at once a picture of manners not unlike those of the Afghan tribes, though very differently treated. The poet is at no pains to put on any moral varnish, or to tone down the roughness romantically; because he is writing, or reciting, for people of much the same way of thinking as his heroes, who are fierce chiefs quarrelling over captured women; and the whole plot is developed by sheer pressure of circumstance and character. Then on the Trojan side we have the figure of Hector, the true patriotic hero, who is naturally displeased with Paris for the abduction of Helen, which has brought a disastrous war upon Troy; yet what is done cannot be undone, and his clear duty is to fight for his own people. To Helen herself he is gentle and kind; and the religious men only irritate him when they interfere in military matters. But

¹ Few nations have attained, at the close of their heroic age, to a form of poetical art in which men are represented freely in action and conversation. The labour and meditation of all the world has not discovered, for the purposes of narrative, any essential modification of the procedure of Homer.—'Epic and Romance,' page 15.

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although he is far the noblest character in the whole poem, he is eventually slain by Achilles, for the plain reason that Achilles is the most terrible warrior of both armies. It was Hector's fate, which is the poet's way of saying that the inexorable logic of facts, as he knows them, must always prevail.

With regard to the position of women in Homeric poetry, they are mainly irresponsible creatures; how could they be otherwise, when everything depends on the sword, and a woman cannot wield it? As the equality of sexes implies a high state of civilisation and security, so in the old fighting times a woman had to stand aside; yet though she could not take part in a battle, there were incessant battles about her, and the fatal woman, who is the ruin of her country, is well known in all legend and romance from Helen of Troy to La Cava, whose seduction by King Roderick brought the Moors into Spain.¹ In the Iliad King Priam treats Helen with delicate consideration, as is seen in the beautiful passage that describes her sitting by him on the walls of Troy, and pointing out to him the leaders of the Greek army marshalled in the plain before them. Nor is any more perfect female character to be found in poetry than Andromache, Hector's wife, high-spirited, virtuous, and passionately affectionate. Yet Helen, the erring woman, is brought home eventually by Menelaus, and appears again in the Odyssey as a highly respected matron who has had an adventure in early life; while Andromache, having seen her husband slain and dragged round the walls of Troy behind the chariot of Achilles, is carried off, a childless widow, into dolorous servitude.

Here one may feel the tragic power of an artist who draws life from the sombre verities, not as it is seen through the romantic colouring of a softer moralising age; he never wastes himself on vain lamentations, never suggests that virtue will save you from bitter unmerited calamity; he gives the true situation. There is one short passage in the Odyssey where the poet, merely by the way and to illustrate something else, lets us have a glimpse of an incident that was probably familiar to him and his audience. He wishes to show what he means by a burst of grief, and this he does, not by a string of epithets, but by a picture.

So doth a woman weep, as her husband in death she embraces,
Him, who in front of his people and city has fallen in battle,
Striving in vain to defend his home from the fate of the vanquished.
She there, seeing him die, and gasping his life out before her,
Clings to him bitterly moaning—And round her the others, the foemen,
Beat her, and bid her arise, and stab at her back with the lances,
Dragging her off as a slave to the bondage of labour and sorrow.

'Odyssey,' viii. 523-29.

Ay Espâna

Perdita por un gusto et par La Cava.

'Romance del Rey Rodrigo.'

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From the historic books of the Old Testament, particularly from the Books of Samuel and the Kings, one might take some fine specimens of the peculiar quality distinguishing the heroic style, in prose that is very near poetry. Nothing can be more simple than the narrative, it is cool and quiet ; there are whole chapters without an unnecessary adjective ; and yet it is most impressive, both in the drawing of such characters as Saul, David and Joab, who stand out dramatically like Homeric heroes, and in the stories of their deeds and death.

Professor Ker's essays contain a masterly and luminous survey of the vicissitudes undergone by the songs and legends of Western and Northern nations in the course of transmutation from the primitive heroic stage into deliberate literary composition. The original material never attained the grand epical form ; the process was interrupted by the advancement of learning, by ecclesiastical influences, and by vast social changes.

Even before the people had fairly escaped from barbarism, before they had made a fair beginning of civilisation and of reflective literature on their own account, they were drawn within the Empire, within Christendom.

A similar fate, it may here be noticed, has overtaken, or awaits, the heroic songs of the Afghans : for Darmesteter tells us that as the oral tradition becomes written it falls into the net of translation and paraphrase, it is absorbed into the elegant literature of Persia, Arabia and Hindusthan, it becomes theological and romanesque. And another dangerous enemy has now appeared in the shape of the Anglo-Indian schools which follow and fix the English dominion ; for the primitive folklore has no more chance against systematic education than the wild fighting men have against drilled and disciplined soldiers. In Europe the Sagas of Iceland, which lay furthest from the civilising influences, had the luck of preserving the true elements of heroic narrative ; and the Anglo-Saxon poem of Beowulf, though it falls far short of the epic, has a certain Homeric flavour. The chief has Agamemnon's title of the 'folces-hyrde,' his people's shepherd ; and we have Beowulf, like Hector,¹ desiring that after his death a mound may be raised at the headland which juts out into the sea, 'that seafaring men may afterward call it Beowulf's Mound, they who drive from far their roaring vessels over the mists of the flood.'²

Let us turn now to the romantic poetry of England, which for some centuries ruled all our imaginative literature, and annexed, so to speak, almost the whole field of battles, adventures, and energetic activity generally. The subjects are much the same ; the gallantry of men, the beauty, virtues and frailties of women ; but the writers have got a loose, uncertain grip upon the actualities of life ; they

¹ 'Iliad,' vi. 86-90.

² Arnold's translation.

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wander away into fanciful stories of noble knights, distressed damsels, and marvellous feats of chivalry—in short, they are *romancing*. They care little whether the details accord with natural fact, whether, for instance, the account of a fight is incredible to any one who knows what a battle really is ; the heroes are chivalrous knight-errants, noble, pious, devoted to their lady loves ; but they are not hard-headed, hard-fisted men like Ulysses, David, or some old Icelandic sea-rover. The true heroic spirit shoots up occasionally, nevertheless the prevailing idea of the romance writer is to tell a wondrous tale of love and adventure, in which he lets his fancy run riot, rather enjoying than avoiding magnificent improbabilities. Undoubtedly the beautiful mystic romance of the ‘Morte d’Arthur’ does light up at the end with a true flash of heroic poetry, in the famous lamentation over Lancelot, when he is found at last dead in the hermitage ; but in this passage the elegiac strain rises far above the ordinary level of romantic composers. Meanwhile, as the English nation at home settled down into peaceful habits under the strong organising pressure of Church and State, and arms gave way to laws, the hero’s occupation disappeared from our every-day society, and the heroic tradition decayed out of imaginative literature, which was often picturesque, sublime, and profoundly reflective, but had parted with the special qualities of energetic simplicity and the vivid impression of fact. Nevertheless heroic poetry in this sense has never been quite extinguished in Great Britain ; it survived, naturally, wherever it could be preserved by a living popular tradition. And so it found a congenial refuge, though in greatly reduced circumstances, in the rough outlying regions where personal strength and daring were still vitally necessary—in the borderland between England and Scotland. An epic poem gave heroic poetry on a grand scale, it told the incidents of a great war : the ballad tells of a single skirmish or foray. Yet the difference is but one of degree, for both epic and ballad were composed for men and by men who were in the right atmosphere ; and so we have here very different work from that of the fanciful romancer. There are not many good examples ; yet the antique tone rings out now and then, as in the ballad of ‘Chevy Chase,’ which commemorates a fierce Northumbrian fight at Otterburne that must have stirred the hearts of the whole countryside. Here you have no knightly tournament, or duel for rescue of dames, but the sharp clash of bloody conflict between English and Scots borderers, the best fighting men of our island. Of course the genuine account, given in Froissart, is very different ; but the ballad-singer knows his art ; and whereas from history we only learn that a Scottish knight, Sir Hugh Montgomery, was slain in the medley, in the ballad an English archer draws his bow

An arrow of a cloth yard long
To the hard head hayled he.

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And then :

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his shaft he set,
The swan's feather that his arrow bare
In his heart's blood was wet.

In the compressed energy of these four lines, without an epithet or a superfluous word, we have a picture, drawn by a sure hand, of a man drawing his long bow and driving it from steel to feathers through a knight in armour.

Well, the border-fighting disappeared with the union of the two kingdoms, and as Great Britain became civilised and began to transfer her wars over-sea, the heroic verse decayed under the influence of the higher culture. For a civilised and literary society to have preserved its ancient lays and ballads is the rarest of lucky chances ; the enthusiastic collector, like Percy or Walter Scott, is generally born too late, for indeed all antiquarianism is a very modern taste. And poetry of this sort must decay under what Shakespeare calls the 'cankers of a calm world' ; while it also tends to disappear with the introduction of professional soldiers and great armies, where personal heroism counts for little. These may be, I suppose, the main reasons why great wars produce so little heroic verse ; it may be questioned whether even our civil wars of the seventeenth century inspired any genuine poetry of this sort. And when, in the eighteenth century, the clang of arms had completely died away at home, the battle pieces were done after an artificial literary fashion, by writers who were content to describe vaguely the charging of hosts, the thunder of cannon, the groans of the wounded, and other such mechanical generalities.

If anyone could have revived the true heroic style, it would have been done by Walter Scott, with his delight in the border minstrelsy and his martial ardour ; but the romantic spirit was too strong upon him. He had laid hold of the right tradition, could give picturesque scenes and characters of a bygone time, and 'Bonnie Dundee' is a ringing ballad ; yet his style in the longer metrical tales is distinctly romantic and conventional. If he had not been writing for readers to whom the rough-riders of the border in the sixteenth century were totally strange and unreal beings, he could never have said that they

carved at the meal with gloves of steel,
And drank the red wine through the helmet barred.

An unsophisticated audience would have laughed outright at such a comical performance. And we can see how Scott, as a poet of the battlefield, had become possessed with the idea that the grand style must be a lofty strain, something magnificently unusual, by his two poems upon Waterloo, which are fine failures ; though we may admit the impossibility of making a heroic poem out of a battle that has just been minutely described in newspapers. On the other hand

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his prose novels afford us a remarkable example of the two styles contrasted. When he wrote of the middle ages, as in 'Ivanhoe,' the 'Talisman,' and others, he was a pure romancer; whereas in his 'Tales of Scotland' in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in the 'Legend of Montrose,' 'Old Mortality,' 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' there are two or three rapid sketches of sharp fighting which are true and spirited, full of vivacity and character. On this ground he trod firmly, knowing the country, the times, and the people of Scotland; while the petty skirmishes at Drumclog or Bothwell Brigg were easier to manage artistically than a great battle. Poetry, indeed, like painting, can do nothing on a vast scale, cannot manage masses of men; and moreover it fails to deal effectively with a state of war in which mechanical skill and the tactical movement of large bodies of troops win the day. There may be as much personal heroism as ever, but it is lost in the multitude.

Nevertheless sea-fighting, where separate ships may encounter and grapple like two mortal foes, with the deep water around and beneath them, gives heroism a better chance; and the mariner is always a poetic figure. So Thomas Campbell did rise very nearly to the heroic level in his poem on the Battle of the Baltic, written when the true story of Nelson's famous exploit was still fresh; we have a clear and forcible impression of the British ships moving silently to the attack; and the closing lines touch the ancient, ever-living feeling of patriotic gratitude to Captain Riou and his brave comrades, 'so tried and yet so true,' who fell in the great victory.

With this exception, the prolonged conflict between England and France, which lasted twenty years up to its end at Waterloo, struck out hardly a spark of heroic poetry. Yet the Peninsular War is full of splendid military exploits, of fierce battles and the desperate storming of fortresses; it was a period of great national energy, when the people were contending with all their heart and strength against a most dangerous enemy; it was also a time when England was singularly rich in poets of the highest order. Nevertheless the only verses that may be assigned to the peculiar class which I have been attempting to define were written, not by one of the famous group of poets, but by an unknown hand; and they relate not to a great battle, but to a slight incident, not to a victory, but to a hasty retreat. I am alluding to the well-known stanzas on the 'Burial of Sir John Moore,' who was killed at Corunna in 1809; and my apology for quoting anything so hackneyed must be that it is trite by reason of its excellence; for a short poem, like a single happy phrase, wins incessant repetition and lasting popularity because the words precisely fit some universal feeling. Why have these verses made such an effect that they are familiar to all of us, and fresh as when they were first read? Is it not because the writer had one clear flash of imaginative light, which showed him the

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reality of the scene, so that the description speaks for itself without literary epithets, creating, as the French say, the true image. He struck the right note of soldierly emotion, brief, stern, and compressed, when there is no time for vain lamentation—as when in the *Iliad* Ulysses says to Achilles, who is inconsolable for the death of his friend, that a soldier must bury his comrade with a pitiless heart, and that in war a day's mourning is all that can be spared for slain men.¹

It may be allowable to suggest, therefore, among the reasons for the prevailing dearth and scarcity of first-class heroic poetry, notwithstanding the universal demand for it, the impossibility of thus handling war on a great scale, and also the serious difficulty of giving this poetic form to contemporary events, which are not easily grouped in artistic perspective because they are so accurately described elsewhere. This suggestion may derive support from the observation that whenever, in our own day, we have had brief samples of verse-writing with a strain of the genuine old quality, they have almost always come from a distant scene, usually from the frontiers of the British Empire, far away from the centres of academic culture and the fields of organised war. Two or three of Rudyard Kipling's short poems about life on the Afghan border and Indian camp life have the right ring; they are instinct with the colour and sensation of the environment; they stir the blood with a conviction of reality. If it be permissible for a moment to compare these rough energetic verses with the battle pieces of an immeasurably greater artist—with Tennyson's 'Charge of the Light Brigade,' for example—one may see that in the poetry of action the grand style misses something which has been caught by the eye that has seen the thing itself; the 'Charge' is a splendid composition, but the frontier ballad sets you down on the ground and shows you life.

Undoubtedly, also, the romantic literary style, which prevailed so long in this country, and which is the natural product of high culture, has been unfavourable, because it was radically unsuitable, to the poetry of energetic action. It is true that all the highest compositions of the heroic poet are set off by a tinge of romance, as fine drawing is perfected by superb colouring; but the drawbacks of romance lie in a tendency to vagueness of thought, and to the preference of archaic words and overstrained sentiments which were given as poetic mainly because they were far-fetched and did not sound commonplace. In fact the later poets adopted mechanically the strong natural language of those who wrote under the inspiration of actual emotion or events, and therefore they used it awkwardly and ineffectively; or else in their consciousness of not knowing how things really happened, they kept within sonorous generalities, which are the resource of artistic impotence. In our own day we have

¹ 'Iliad,' xix. 228-29.

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witnessed a sharp revolt against romantic verse, and a reversion toward those forms of art which reflect the actual experience of men, toward precision and accurate detail; Romance has been abandoned for what is called Realism. But here we are threatened by a danger from the opposite direction: for a clumsy realist is apt to suppose that his business is merely to describe facts without adding anything out of his own imaginative faculty, that he may bring his characters on the stage in their daily garb, in the dirty slovenliness with which they go about dreaming or acting in their own petty sphere,¹ and so he overcharges with technicalities or trivial particulars. Nevertheless one may say that the poetry of action has found better methods since it shook off the influence of fantastic romance, and is distinctly improving; though its strength lies in short pieces repeating some notable incident or dramatic situations bringing out character, which is just where it began originally, and where, indeed, it is likely to remain; for the epic poem, or heroic verse on the grand scale, may be thought to have disappeared finally.

To conclude a very brief and inadequate dissertation—We may, I think, lay it down as a principle of the art, that heroic poetry must be true to circumstances and to character, must have the qualities of simplicity and sincerity, combined with the magnetic power of stirring the heart by showing how men and women can behave when really confronted by danger, death, or irremediable misfortune. Its background, in skilful hands, is the contrast of calm Nature looking on at human strife and sorrow, at stern fortitude and energetic effort in tragic situations. We are reading every day of such situations in this South African war, where there has been no lack of brave men 'so tried and yet so true,' who have found themselves back again suddenly in the rough fighting world of their forefathers, and have felt and acted like the men of old time. There is abundant proof that the English folk can display as much heroism as ever men did; but we may look in vain for the poet who knows how to commemorate their valour and patriotic self-sacrifice in heroic verse.

¹ Lessing.

COLOUR-BLIND : A COMEDY OF TWENTY MINUTES.¹ BY HAMILTON AIDÉ

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MARCHESE DI SANT' ONOFRIO

IL PRINCIPE GUALDO

IL CONTE VENDRAMIN

LUCIA, MARCHESA DI SANT' ONOFRIO

LA CONTESSA GRIMANI

TIME 1740. SCENE : *Venice, during a masked ball. A room leading out of the ball-room, to which are two entrances, c. and l. To the left an archway, leading to balcony. Two or three chairs.*

Enter the MARCHESE SANT' ONOFRIO, c., in domino and masked. He looks round ; then unmasks.

MARCHESE. She is not in the ball-room. . . . I have looked for her everywhere. Yet she promised to meet me here at midnight, and come out with me on the balcony. It is strange her not keeping her appointment. . . . She is always so sympathetic. . . . I said we would watch together the stars dancing on the lagune, which is better than the dancing of men and women on a marble floor. . . . I said we would listen to the silences of the night, which is better than the chattering of fools. I said—but no matter what I said—she looked into my eyes and smiled, and yet . . . she is not here ! [*Sits.*] She is certainly a most attractive witch, but, I doubt me, slippery as an eel, elusive as water, changeable as a cloud at sunset ! Is she as sympathetic to other men, I wonder, as she is to me ? . . . I sometimes fear she is . . . I sometimes fear that she encourages the butterflies that flutter around her. The Contessa Grimani possesses just what my wife lacks. The Marchesa is handsomer and cleverer than the Contessa and she is a model of a wife, with no *cavaliere servente* at her heels, but—[*pauses*—she has not that—that something responsive which is like a rhyme in poetry. The ear asks for it. . . . Mine does, I know, and I find it in La Grimani. . . . Sympathy . . . what a thing sympathy is ! La Grimani understands my poetic nature. Lucia, good and clever as she is does not. [*He sighs and rises.*] Where can she be ? [*Looks R. and L.*] She said ‘A lilac domino.’ . . . It is true, I have no eye for colours. . . . To speak plainly, I am colour-blind. But I cannot mistake her graceful figure . . . the rhythm of her movements . . . I should know her anywhere . . . in any disguise. . . . Well, I must return to the ball-room, and pursue my search there, among the giddy throng. . . . [*He is about to resume his mask and turns towards door c. as the MARCHESA LUCIA DI SANT' ONOFRIO in a light blue domino appears*

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HAMILTON AÏDÉ

at it. . . . That must be she ! Her domino looks to me lilac . . . and her gait . . . her carriage. . . . 'Dritta sopra se, come una grua,' as Dante says . . . I cannot be deceived. . . . I'll risk speaking. . . . One word in reply will be enough. [*Approaching.*] Fair Mask ! are you in search of any cavalier ?

LUCIA. [*In assumed voice.*] I search for no one. . . . If he cannot find me——

MARCHESE. Ah ! He *has* found you, Contessa ! [*Raises her hand to his lips.*] Come upon the balcony, where the stillness of the blue star-spangled night is unbroken by the heartless noises of the ball-room.

LUCIA. What beautiful language ! So poetical ! It is a treat to listen to you, Marchese.

MARCHESE. Ah ! you, Contessa, are so appreciative. In crowds, we cannot hear our hearts beat in unison, but out here—[*points L.*]—on the balcony——

LUCIA. It would be delightful . . . if I were not engaged to dance the Chaconne with Count Vendramin.

MARCHESE. But you promised me——

LUCIA. To meet you here and I have kept my promise.

MARCHESE. [*Annoyed.*] It was hardly worth while, for five minutes !

LUCIA. Indeed ? Others think it worth while. But men seldom prize what they have obtained. . . . Their wives for instance.

MARCHESE. I prize *my* wife, I assure you, very highly.

LUCIA. [*Dryly.*] Do you ? . . . And does your mode of showing your appreciation commend itself to her ?

MARCHESE. Certainly . . . certainly . . . We have mutual confidence in each other.

LUCIA. [*As before.*] I hope your confidence may never be misplaced. . . . But I must really return to the ball-room, or Prince Gualdo——

MARCHESE. Gualdo ? . . . You said Vendramin, just now.

LUCIA. Did I ? The fact is, I am engaged to both, first to Vendramin and afterwards to Gualdo. . . . But now I come to think of it, I doubt Gualdo's remembering our minuet.

MARCHESE. One of the feather-headed tribe ! How can you stand such a man, Contessa ?

LUCIA. Arrows have feather-heads, and yet they wound.

MARCHESE. Pshaw ! . . . That barber's block !

LUCIA. He is not clever, certainly. He is not sentimental. . . . He does not write sonnets, but he has a charm of his own and he is a good fellow. [*Quietly.*] I can quite understand the Marchesa being attracted by him.

MARCHESE. The Marchesa ? What Marchesa ? Whom do you mean ?

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LUCIA. Your wife . . . The Marchesa Sant' Onofrio . . . He never leaves her side. [*Laughing gently.*] That is why I doubt his remembering that he is engaged to dance the minuet with me.

MARCHESE. [*Laughing forcedly.*] Ha! Ha! He will not forget you, Contessa. Make your mind easy . . . Is it really possible that this feather-headed arrow has struck you?

LUCIA. Oh! I am case-hardened. I know you all too well. I fancy the Marchesa is different. I have quite a friendly feeling for her, poor thing!

MARCHESE. I tell you, Contessa, that your Adonis will meet with no encouragement from my wife. [*He speaks with warmth.*]

LUCIA. And yet the world talks as if— Well! one can't help its talking! [*Laughs gently.*] Venice is so full of complaisant husbands!

MARCHESE. [*Irritated.*] Who dares to say that I am one of them? I know my wife better than any one . . . I know that she is incapable——

LUCIA. [*Laughing still.*] Oh! that is the mistake of so many husbands. A man neglects his wife. Is it surprising that she should find consolation in the society of another?

MARCHESE. I tell you, Contessa, my wife is unlike her sex in general. She is not susceptible—not even very sensitive. But she is very clever. She studied at Padua, she knows Latin—better than I do. She can even speak a little English.

LUCIA. What complete armour for repelling feather-headed arrows! I see Cupid retiring discomfited! [*Changing her tone.*] Do not suppose I wish to belittle the Marchesa's virtues and accomplishments. I believe her to be a most deserving creature.

MARCHESE. Deserving!

LUCIA. I mean deserving a better husband . . . Perhaps, in spite of all her learning, a little dull——

MARCHESE. No—no, not *dull* . . . only impervious to sentiment.

LUCIA. To all? Are you quite sure? Take it that she *is* dull, she is the better suited to Prince Gualdo. Though she has studied at Padua, and knows Latin . . . better than you . . . nay, though she can speak English (with a vile accent, I make no doubt) still, you see, being left so much alone, it is possible . . . I say it is just possible . . . that . . . she may not be impervious to the handsome Gualdo's sentiment.

MARCHESE. [*Impatiently.*] If she were constituted like you, Contessa, yes——

LUCIA. Thank you. Is that meant for a compliment?

MARCHESE. Hear me out. I say, if she had your chameleon-like nature, which makes you the despair of all who worship at your shrine, Lucia, in spite of all her learning, all her cleverness, might

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be in danger from the attentions of even such a blockhead as Gualdo. As it is, being of a cold temperament, and incapable of foolish jealousy—quite above that sort of thing—she will never flirt, believe me.

LUCIA. That is left to 'foolish' butterflies—like me. You are very confident, Marchese. Still you know you *may* be mistaken. Husbands sometimes are. What colour is the Marchesa's domino to-night?

MARCHESE. She told me it was light blue.

LUCIA. I thought so. Have you yet seen her?

MARCHESE. No. [*Smiling.*] To say the truth, I was searching for *you* all night.

LUCIA. Were you? How touching! [*Going to door c.*] Now look there. [*Points off.*] You see two figures on the marble seat yonder. The man is Prince Gualdo. Do you recognise the lady?

MARCHESE. [*After a pause, in a perturbed voice.*] Is that . . . ? No! it cannot be. . . . Is that a . . . *light blue domino*?

LUCIA. [*Laughing gently.*] Oh, if you can't see for yourself . . . I say no more . . . Here comes Count Vendramin to claim my hand.

Enter VENDRAMIN masked, in a gorgeous domino. His manner is affected, as he bows low and offers his hand.

VENDRAMIN. Allow me to have the honour, Mar——

[LUCIA puts her finger to her lips, and coughs. She makes a low curtsy to the MARCHESE, and giving the tips of her fingers to VENDRAMIN, goes out c. Minuet is heard, played softly.]

MARCHESE. [*Looking after her.*] What a coquette she is! But how fascinating! How seductive! Confound her. To leave me for that damned dancing-master—that posture-mongering, conceited ape! Oh, women, women! They are all alike—all except my wife. . . . My wife . . . and even *she* . . . no—no, I'll not believe it. It isn't possible. But . . . I'll . . . watch her. . . . It is only right I should watch her. . . . I'm not one of your complaisant husbands. [*Irritated.*] I am not going to stand any of that sort of nonsense. [*Goes to door c. and looks off.*] *Per Bacco!* They are gone. Where? I won't rest till I have found them!

[*Goes out quickly c. Minuet is heard louder for a minute or two; then through the CONTESSA's soliloquy, it is heard softly again.*

[*Enter from door R. the CONTESSA GRIMANI, masked, in a lilac and silver domino. She looks round, then unmask.*

CONTESSA. [*Laughing.*] Now, I call the Marchesa Sant' Onofrio a clever woman! She takes me into her confidence, and thereby disarms me. Not that I had any serious intentions on the heart of

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her sentimental husband. No ; he amuses me, rather more than a dozen other men, who pretend to adore me—that is all ; and I had no idea that what was sport to me was death to this devoted wife. Why *are* wives ever devoted ? It is a great mistake. It makes life so complicated. It is true I was devoted to my husband, as long as he was alive, but then the Count was an exception ; he never flirted. I know too much now ; I shall not repeat the experiment. [*Laughs.*] But I don't want to interfere with other women's property, and make them miserable—no ! So when the Marchesa came to me to-day, and showed her trust in me by asking me to help her in her little plot, I at once consented to play *her* part to-night, while she played *mine*, with what results we shall see. So far it has succeeded. Sant' Onofrio has been completely taken in by his wife, and believes her to be me ! Ha ! Ha ! If I can only play my part, as 'the Marchesa,' equally well, I shall have rare sport, and may do my rival a good turn.

[*The MARCHESE enters rapidly R. The CONTESSA has resumed her mask, and sits to the extreme L. as he enters.*

MARCHESE. [*Standing, arrested, watching her.*] Surely that is a blue domino ? I . . . I am nearly certain it is blue . . . and alone. Gualdo has left her then, for the Contessa. . . . It must be she. [*Approaches.*] Lucia !

CONTESSA. [*Imitating LUCIA's voice.*] Yes ? What is it ?

MARCHESE. [*Bringing down chair, and sitting beside her.*] I have much—very much to say to you.

CONTESSA. Indeed ? . . . You might have found me earlier.

MARCHESE. [*Sharply.*] You were dancing—or you were engrossed with the society of—another.

CONTESSA. [*Sentimentally.*] When the moon is obscured, we make the best of starlight.

MARCHESE. [*Surprised.*] I never heard you poetical before, Lucia !

CONTESSA. [*As before.*] You never listen. I am deeply poetical, if you only listened.

MARCHESE. Extraordinary ! Have I been quite mistaken in you, then ?

CONTESSA. [*Quickly.*] Quite.

MARCHESE. [*With warmth.*] Is it possible—to follow up your own simile—that instead of the fixed planet I believed you to be, burning so steadily, so immovably in God's heaven, you are a falling star, one of that wretched company of little flames that shoot across the sky, pursued by others ?

CONTESSA. It is very disrespectful to speak of any of the heavenly bodies in those terms.

MARCHESE. [*With more heat.*] And it is you—you the proud, the hitherto immaculate Marchesa de Sant' Onofrio who talks in this

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light flippant strain, and who permits her name to be bandied about among the gossipmongers of Venice! And with such an oaf—such a booby as Gualdo! Pah!

CONTESSA. Is there much to choose between Prince Gualdo, and—say, the Contessa Grimani? A philanderer, or—a coquette!

MARCHESE. The Contessa may be a coquette; I fear she *is*; but—

CONTESSA. [*Sharply.*] Oh! You think so, do you?

MARCHESE. Yes; but if you knew her better—

CONTESSA. Oh, I know her quite well enough.

MARCHESE. Then you should know that she is a generous woman—more generous than you, Lucia. She spoke most handsomely of you just now.

CONTESSA. Did she? Just like her. She had her own ends to serve, I feel sure. Still I am the last person to abuse the Contessa. My word would not be taken. I should be said to be jealous!

[*Affects to laugh angrily.*]

MARCHESE. [*Hesitating.*] Well, I fear the world would think so, though without cause.

CONTESSA. Jealous! The idea of being jealous of an ignorant creature like that, who could not conjugate the verb 'To love' in Latin if she tried ever so! . . . And then, such a gossip! Though you say she spoke handsomely of me, I'll be bound it was she who told you that [*affects to hesitate*] that Prince Gualdo was rather attentive to me?

MARCHESE. It was done with the purest motives. She warned me—

CONTESSA. Warned you, indeed! A nice sort of person to warn you! . . . Pray, have you no eyes?

MARCHESE. I assure you I could not believe them just now.

CONTESSA. Well, keep them very wide open in future. *I* do. You think I am blind, but I am not. Though my name is Lucia, I don't go about, like my patron saint, carrying my eyes on a plate!

MARCHESE. And what do you see?

CONTESSA. I see that you are making a fool of yourself, *Caro mio*. Or rather that the Contessa is making a fool of you!

MARCHESE. Pooh! There is nothing between us but a harmless friendship. You need not be uneasy.

CONTESSA. Oh! I am not uneasy. If the Contessa Grimani ever falls in love again—which I doubt—it will not be with you. It has amused her, I fancy, to hear you sentimentalise and swear that her eyes are as the first star of the morning. But, believe me, she has never taken you seriously.

MARCHESE. I do not know what you mean by 'taking me seriously.' [*Nettled.*] There is a great sympathy between us. She is

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interested in me—deeply interested—I know *that*—but as I have already said, there is nothing more.

CONTESSA. I am glad to hear that, because my position is so similar.

MARCHESE. Your position similar? What do you mean?

CONTESSA. I mean that I find Prince Gualdo a most interesting man. But I can assure you it is only a harmless friendship, founded on sympathy. Nothing more . . . at present.

MARCHESE. [*Starting up.*] Can I believe my ears! Do you mean seriously to tell me . . . That idiot? No—no—I can't believe it . . . Your vanity has been tickled . . . You have been carried away. . . . [*Angrily.*] But this must cease, Lucia. Such harmless friendships are dangerous. I tell you it must cease.

CONTESSA. [*Blandly.*] Why? . . . If the Contessa Grimani—

MARCHESE. [*Yet more angry.*] The Contessa Grimani has no husband. You will please to remember that you *have*.

CONTESSA. Hoighty-toighty! So the Contessa is fair game, is she? There can be no unpleasant consequences from a flirtation with her. That is chivalrous! All the same, I think the Contessa, poor woman, is to be congratulated. [*Laughs.*]

MARCHESE. [*Walks up and down, fuming.*] On what, pray?

CONTESSA. On not possessing a husband who, while he cultivates 'harmless friendships' himself . . . [*with a little gesture of deprecation*] (oh! perfectly harmless, I am convinced), objects to them for his wife. There is an English proverb I have learnt—how does it run?—'What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander!'

[*Laughs.*]
MARCHESE. You are not a goose—nor am I a gander! [*Still walking to and fro.*] All the world knows that a husband may do with impunity what a wife cannot.

CONTESSA. [*Innocently.*] What is—'impunity'?

MARCHESE. Pshaw! [*Stops walking.*] You know very well what I mean—without injury to his reputation—to his honour.

CONTESSA. So the injury to another's reputation—to another's honour does not affect his? [*Laughs.*] How funny you men are! Confess, *Caro mio*, that you thought—shall I say hoped?—that this foolish coquette of a Contessa was a little—just a little bit in love with you?

MARCHESE. [*Fatuously.*] Hoped? Certainly not. . . . The Contessa lays herself out to make every man she meets fall in love with her—

CONTESSA. Does she really? How very shocking!

MARCHESE. But I have resisted all her blandishments. I have looked upon her as a charming acquaintance—a fascinating woman. As to the idea of anything beyond that—

CONTESSA. You have distinctly discouraged what might have

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proved a fatal—an unrequited—passion on her part? . . . I am relieved. Prince Gualdo shall be informed how far our 'innocent friendship' may be carried on—with impunity.'

MARCHESA. [*Violently.*] It shall not be carried on at all! I won't have it. I have some regard for my wife's reputation, if she has none for her own.

CONTESSA. And the Contessa's?

MARCHESE. The Contessa can take very good care of herself.

CONTESSA. [*Laughs.*] Poor Contessa! . . . But I like you in this vein, *Caro mio*. It is better than the sentimental one, for it is more real; and I, not being poetical, prefer reality to fiction. [*Looks off, R.*] I see the Contessa coming this way—no doubt in search of you. . . Now that you assure me of your fidelity, *Caro*, I begin to feel quite sorry for that poor woman. An unrequited attachment is so pathetic!

MARCHESE. [*Hurriedly.*] I never said *that*. . . I never *meant* that. You misunderstood me, Lucia. You—

Enter LUCIA, masked, R., and stands at entrance.

CONTESSA. [*Speaking as LUCIA enters.*] Oh! No matter. Her miserable secret is safe with me.

LUCIA. [*Without advancing.*] Am I interrupting a matrimonial tête-à-tête? Forgive me, Marchesa. . . The gavotte is over, and as Prince Gualdo has not claimed my hand for the minuet (I expected as much!) I concluded he was with you.

CONTESSA. And therefore came in search of my husband?

MARCHESE. [*Nervously.*] Lucia!

LUCIA. The Marchese asked me to go on the balcony with him.

MARCHESE. [*As before.*] For a few minutes—only for a few minutes!

LUCIA. A few minutes? Oh! dear, no, Marchese. When I said 'a few minutes' you declared it was hardly worth while!

MARCHESE. You misunderstood me, Contessa. . . You really did.

CONTESSA. [*Dryly.*] Do not prevaricate. And pray do not incommode yourselves on my account. A wife in such cases is always 'la terza incommoda'! [*Feigning jealousy.*] Go on the balcony, Contessa—go with my husband, and listen to his avowals! Prince Gualdo and I can go upon another balcony!

MARCHESE. [*Going up to her, agitated.*] Absurd, Lucia! Monstrous! I tell you I won't have it. [*The CONTESSA pretends to sob, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, through her mask.*] . . . For Heaven's sake don't make a scene here! Do remember where you are. . . I'll . . . I'll promise not to go on the balcony, if—

LUCIA. [*Acting indignation.*] Not go on the balcony! . . . after all you said to me about 'the stillness of the blue night,

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unbroken by the heartless noises of the ball-room'? . . . About 'our hearts beating in unison'? . . . about——'

MARCHESE. [*Going rapidly to her, and sinking his voice.*] For Heaven's sake be prudent what you say before her. Another time——

LUCIA. Prudent, indeed! and another time! I am not used to be put off in this fashion, Marchese. [*Fans herself.*] Those to whom I accord the privilege of a *tête-à-tête*, even if it be 'for a few minutes,' never talk to me of 'another time'!

CONTESSA. [*Still affecting to sob.*] I shall not be here long to interfere with your flirtations. Go on your balcony—go!

MARCHESE. [*Running to her and trying to take her hand.*] Lucia! Listen to me! You will drive me mad if you go on like this!

CONTESSA. Don't touch me. Don't come near me!

LUCIA. I never was so treated in all my life! [*Fanning vehemently.*]

MARCHESE. [*Running to her and sinking his voice.*] Contessa! I beseech of you—consider my position!

CONTESSA. [*Curtseying to LUCIA.*] I wish you joy of your conquest, Contessa!

LUCIA. I congratulate you on the possession of such a model husband, Marchesa!

CONTESSA. He is, indeed, a pattern of fidelity!

LUCIA. So full of sentiment and poetry!

CONTESSA. So large-hearted!——

LUCIA. And yet so prudent!

CONTESSA. So jealous for my reputation!

LUCIA. And so indifferent to mine!

[*The MARCHESE, who has been running from one to the other, goes rapidly to back and looks off. Then,*

MARCHESE. [*Coming down.*] There are people coming this way. Stop! I implore you, stop, both of you. If you are heard wrangling——

[*Enter GUALDO and VENDRAMIN, c. GUALDO approaches*

LUCIA; VENDRAMIN the CONTESSA, both make obeisances.

GUALDO. [*To LUCIA.*] I have been searching for you everywhere, Marchesa.

VENDRAMIN. [*Affectedly to CONTESSA.*] This is the Minuet. May I claim the honour of your hand, *divina Contessa*?

MARCHESE. [*Affecting to laugh.*] You have been searching, Gualdo, but you have not yet found. Try again!

GUALDO. [*After a momentary hesitation.*] Nay, Sant' Onofrio, I know I am not clever—as you are, but I am not colour-blind. The Marchesa's domino is blue.

VENDRAMIN. And the Contessa's, mauve—my favourite colour!

MARCHESE. You are both mad! This is the Marchesa—[*points to CONTESSA*]—and this—[*points to LUCIA*]—the Contessa.

[*Both men and both ladies laugh: the MARCHESE bewildered.*]

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LUCIA. I am afraid our little game is up, Contessa. We must unmask. [*Both unmask, laughing. Then LUCIA, who has hidden her fan, turns to GUALDO.*] Would you mind looking in the ball-room for my fan, Prince Gualdo? I have mislaid it.

CONTESSA. And I have dropped a glove, Count Vendramin, on the balcony—or somewhere. Find it for me, please, I will await you here. [*Both men, with bows retire, c. and L.*] And now, Marchese, what have you to say to me?

MARCHESE. [*Looking from one to the other.*] Can I believe my eyes?

LUCIA. You had better not. They are the last things you should trust.

CONTESSA. Better trust your heart, Marchese. In spite of some folly, I know that is trustworthy.

MARCHESE. Folly? Folly is no word for all that I have said and done. Can you ever forgive me, Contessa?

CONTESSA. Oh! appeal to your wife. As to me, I am not vindictive. Though I am a coquette, who goes about seeking to entrap men, my wickedness is only skin-deep. I am really not a bad sort of woman, as the Marchesa had the wit to discover, when she asked me to help in the practical joke.

MARCHESE. [*Turning reproachfully to LUCIA.*] And so this was your plot then, Lucia? Well! . . . Really! . . . I must say——

LUCIA. [*Producing fan, and putting it before his mouth.*] Nothing. If you do, you'll make a mess of it. I wanted you to understand that a woman who knows Latin, and even a little English, may yet have the weaknesses that belong to flesh and blood. She may be so foolish—so unfashionable—as not to hear with indifference the rumour that her husband is transferring his affections to another lady. She may not, indeed, be so silly as to believe this——

CONTESSA. It would not be so *very* incredible, Marchesa!

LUCIA. [*With a malicious smile.*] Not for any other man—not for any husband whose affections were less firmly rooted. But mine, as you said just now, Contessa, was, I knew, true at heart. He had but one little defect; he was *colour-blind*. The delicate shades that graduate from pure white to grey, from grey, it may be, to . . . black, might possibly be lost to him . . . in time.

MARCHESA. Never, Lucia, never! I can always detect black. I have been a silly, vain fool, I know it——

CONTESSA. Thank you! That reflects on me.

MARCHESA. A thousand pardons, Contessa, but I repeat I have been a fool not to have understood you both better. You have read me a lesson I shall not forget. But a poet (or am I only a poetaster? You have taken all the conceit out of me!) lives in a sort of kaleidoscope. Unless his sight be keen—and you know now that mine is not—his moral sense often becomes confused. He

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mistakes the lilac of sentimentality for the true blue of steadfast love, and invests the shifting forms of the bright colours round him with a value and permanence which do not belong to them. [*Turning from the CONTESSA to LUCIA, with a change of manner.*] You are not going to dance the minuet with that ass—that barber's block, are you?

LUCIA. [*Smiling.*] How can I play the poor man false, after sending him on a fool's errand?

Re-enter GUALDO, C.

GUALDO. I regret I cannot find your fan, Marchesa.

LUCIA. It was in the pocket of my commode. . . . Thank you.

Re-enter VENDRAMIN from balcony, L.

VENDRAMIN. I would have leapt into the lions' den, Contessa, for your glove, like the knight in the ballad, but I have searched vainly for it on the balcony.

CONTESSA. [*Laughing, and holding up glove.*] Thank you. The five minutes I sent you away for have expired.

VENDRAMIN. Ah! They expired in torture!

[*Offers his hand, as the music of the minuet begins.* GUALDO, R., *offers his hand to LUCIA.* The MARCHESE, C., *looks from one to the other as they begin dancing.*

MARCHESE. I cannot stand this. . . . I must go on the balcony alone.

[*He rushes off, L., and the curtain descends as the two couples are dancing.*

THE LIMITATIONS OF ART

BY W. H. MALLOCK



HE observation is very frequently made that, throughout the civilised world, novels are fast becoming the principal form of literature. It is an observation in which there is a considerable element of truth. The novel has, during the whole of the nineteenth century, been not only growing in popularity as a form of literary entertainment, but also growing in importance as a vehicle of serious thought. It has taken the place which has been occupied by the epic in former periods, and especially the place which, in Shakespeare's time, was occupied by the English drama. It has often been said, and probably with perfect truth, that, had Shakespeare lived to-day, he would have written not plays but novels.

But when the great and increasing importance of the modern novel is insisted on, more is meant than this. It is meant that the novel has not only become a substitute for the drama and the epic, and all other serious forms of imaginative literary art, but also that it is becoming a substitute for the pamphlet, the polemical treatise, and for all other forms of the literature of speculation and controversy. Some people, indeed, have gone so far as to say that not only would Shakespeare to-day have made a novel of 'Hamlet,' but that Bacon would likewise have made a novel of the 'Novum Organon.' This is a caricature of the truth; but it, nevertheless, is an indication of it. Miss Harriet Martineau wrote a series of stories, of which the real heroes or heroines were the principles of political economy. And the achievement of this spirited authoress does not stand alone: it is an example of a literary movement which, in every European country, had begun before her time, and has, since her time, been extending itself.

One of the leaders of this movement was Goethe. 'Elective Affinities' and 'Wilhelm Meister' are novels; but there is in each a treatise held in solution—in the former, a treatise on a peculiar theory of the affections; in the latter, a treatise on art and the artistic life. Many of George Sand's romances are tracts on social reform. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was practically an attack upon slavery. Lord Beaconsfield's early novels were political manifestoes in disguise. The High Churchmen of Oxford had recourse to the novel to discredit the Anglican parson and exalt the Anglican priest. Cardinal Wiseman and Cardinal Newman used it as a vehicle of Catholic argument. Mrs. Humphry Ward has, with even greater success, used it as a means of popularising the results of New Testament criticism; and there are few sensible, and no foolish opinions, from those of the Socialist and the prophetess of New Womanhood upwards, which have not sought to recommend themselves in a similar way. Scandinavian and German fiction is largely

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controversial and propagandist, especially in relation to the vexed question of sex. Count Tolstoy, as a novelist, is the apostle of some new social order; and the novels of M. Zola are by their illustrious author intended to be expositions of the entire science of heredity.

But whilst on the one hand the art of the novelist is being thus increasingly used for purposes which are avowedly outside the domain of the artist, on the other hand the novel with a purpose has never been so vehemently denounced by a considerable body of critics as it is at the present day, nor has the doctrine of art for its own sake been preached with more insistent enthusiasm. What art for its own sake means is, in spite of all that has been written about it, difficult to define with precision, for the precise meanings attached to it by different critics differ. Certain general ideas or theories are, however, implied in all of them, and these may be summed up as follows.

The primary aim of art is to give pleasure, and the means by which it gives pleasure is the beauty which results from treatment. In other words, the subject of a work of art, whether this be a material thing, an incident, a succession of incidents, a moral situation, or an aspect of human character, need not, apart from treatment, have any beauty whatsoever. The beauty with which the artist invests it results primarily from a process of grouping—of placing its various parts in some special perspective and in certain relation to one another; from juxtapositions productive of certain contrasts, which give the things certain relative values; and from certain resultant effects of visual or spiritual chiaroscuro. The beauty consists also, in a secondary way, in the skill evinced by the artist in the technical process of reproduction—the skill with which even an ugly object is reproduced being itself an exquisite triumph, and delighting the reader or the spectator with a thrill of sympathetic admiration. The subject of a work of art may, of course, be beautiful intrinsically, but that it should be so is unnecessary. Indeed, complete beauty of subject in the greatest works of art is rare. What the artist has to do is to take good and evil, beauty and ugliness, happiness, pain, the deplorable and the horrible, indifferently; and arrange, unite, and present them in such a way that they shall, to the reader or the spectator, be something that is beautiful in its totality—something that in its totality can be contemplated with a sense of pleasure and admiration. It is, in fact, the function of the artist to place the reader or the spectator in a position analogous to that ascribed to the Creator, when, looking on the world that He had made, He saw that, in its totality, it was good.

With some critics or theorists the conception of art for its own sake ends here; but with others who think more deeply the conception is expanded further. With them this presentation of life in a form which it is pleasurable to contemplate has an end which,

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though it is reached through pleasure, is beyond pleasure. The presentation, according to them, has for its ultimate object not pleasure, but an enlarged and clarified insight. A work of art, they believe, is great and valuable in proportion as it offers to our contemplation not only an harmonious arrangement and a skilful imitation of certain of the things of life as the ordinary eye sees them, but also an arrangement and imitation of them effected in such a manner that we not only see the things, but also see through and into them. By means of what seems at first sight a mere reproduction of men living and acting, as we see them daily living and acting round us, great art in reality makes their figures transparent, and shows us their hidden connection with a world of causes and issues to which ordinary observation is blind, or which it perceives very dimly. Art, as thus understood, is a revelation as well as a reproduction, and the feeling which it is calculated to produce is of the kind which Lucretius tells us that he himself experienced when mastering the philosophy of Epicurus :

*His ibi me rebus quædam divina voluptas
Percipit atque horror ; quod sic natura tuâ vi
Tam manifesta patens ex omni parte relecta est.*

‘ Under the spell of these discoveries a certain divine pleasure seizes me, and a shuddering wonder ; because nature, by thy might, lying so bare to view, is uncovered from every side of it.’

Now, of the two schools of critics whose opinions have thus been indicated, it is, of course, evident that the former—the very terms of their theory show us this—regard any didactic, and, still more, any controversial purpose, as entirely incompatible with the functions of true art. But, although it is less evident, it is not less true, that critics of the latter school hold an opinion likewise which, in one respect at all events, practically coincides with this. Though the latter school, unlike the former, believe that the function of art is to instruct us as well as please, they hold that the artist is essentially false to his vocation if he sets himself personally to teach any particular thing. He must represent life in his works as truly and completely as he can ; but he only obscures the spectacle which he thus exhibits if he tries to make others see it through the medium of his own opinions. He must, so far as possible, sink his own personality altogether ; and, instead of teaching the world by dictating to it his own judgments, he must teach it by the impartial truth with which he exhibits the facts of life to it, thus supplying it with the means of forming its own judgments for itself. The supreme type of the artist who has succeeded in doing this is—as need hardly be mentioned—always said to be Shakespeare. The greatness of his genius is shown, we are told, by the fact that it is lost amongst his creations. It vivifies all equally. ‘ Others abide our

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question ; he is free.' And the kind of impersonal art such as his is represented to be, is regarded by critics of the school we are now referring to, as the kind of art to which all art should approximate.

Now how far is this principle sound? Such is the question which I propose to consider here—and to consider specially in its relation and application to the novel? In order to answer it, we must begin by taking note of another principle—a principle which forms the subject of much contemporary discussion, and on which, though the fact is not generally understood, the whole theory of art and its functions practically depends. This is the principle of realism. Realism as generally understood is contrasted with idealism as generally understood ; and by the one is meant a reproduction of life as it actually is, and by the other a representation of life in which its actual facts are altered, either by the elimination of some of its distinctive features, or by the addition of others to it which it does not really possess, or by the modification of others which it does possess, in order to enhance their beauty.

We shall find, however, if we consider the matter carefully, that nearly all discussion on the subject is vitiated by confusions of thought which leave the true point at issue obscured rather than illuminated. In the first place, critics do not sufficiently realise that the actual facts of life—the plain unvarnished facts—may be represented by the artist in two distinct ways. They may be represented by the method to which M. Zola attempts to confine himself—that is to say, by a photographic reproduction of detail—or they may be represented indirectly by some method of symbolism ; and the latter method may be practically no less realistic than the former. It may convey an impression no less scientifically correct of the motives, desires and appetites by which men and women are governed, and of the social circumstances by which their actions and characters are conditioned. Mr. Stevenson's 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' is essentially a piece of symbolism, and yet few stories have ever been written more nakedly realistic in their truth to physiological and psychological fact. Critics, forgetting this, are too apt to confuse realism and idealism as methods with realism and idealism as objects. As methods, though, of course, they are technically different, there is between them no more important contrast than there is between oil-painting and water-colour. Between realism and idealism the fundamental contrast is this—that the one aims, no matter by what method, at giving a representation of things as they actually are ; and the other aims, no matter by what method, at producing pictures of a life which is better, more beautiful, more enjoyable, than things as they actually are allow actual life to be.

This is the primary fact which critics tend to forget ; but their error does not end here. They not only confuse symbolism as a method with idealism as an object, but they also confuse two kinds

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of idealism with one another. These two kinds of idealism, though they are, no doubt, alike thus far, that they both aim at representing something that does not actually exist, are nevertheless fundamentally different and opposed. The one is purely fanciful. It aims at creating, or rather suggesting, a world which is not only different from the world that is, but is different from anything that that world can ever become. The other kind of idealism, though it likewise represents what is not, represents something to which that which is may approximate. It is true, or it aims at being true, to potential, if not actual realities. Idealism of this kind offers us characters and conditions of living which are nobler, less selfish, less susceptible to mean influences, which are healthier, wider, more attractive, than the characters and conditions amongst which we naturally live; but they are nevertheless in such vital relation to ourselves that we can take them as models, and, in greater or less degree, improve ourselves and our conditions by copying and taking hints from them. This kind of idealism, which is the only kind worth considering, involves a correspondence with fact not less close than that which is aimed at by the realism of M. Zola himself; just as an engineer who has discovered some new principle of bridge-building, and designs a bridge the like of which has never yet been built, is as true, in his own way, to the facts of nature as the man who merely gives us pictures of bridges that have been built already.

All art, therefore, that deserves any serious attention is, in the deepest sense of the word, realistic; and, other things being equal, it deserves attention in proportion as its realism is complete. Such being the case, it is easy to follow the argument by which those who preach the doctrine of art for its own sake, maintain that true art is never controversial or didactic; and that art with a purpose is not art at all. All controversy and teaching—all moral teaching especially—consists, they say, not in exhibiting things impartially and completely as they are, but in fixing the attention exclusively on one particular side of them; and in so selecting and arranging the things and the facts dwelt upon, as to turn them into diagrams which shall illustrate some particular theory. But the fundamental function, and the primary duty of art, is to represent not one aspect of things only, but all. True art will represent an Iago not only as he seems to others, but also as he seems to himself. It will represent the pleasures of a vicious life, and the excuses for it, with as much completeness and sympathy as it represents the pains and the evils. It will introduce into its 'counterfeit presentment' of human affairs as much retributive justice as experience shows us is to be found in them; but it will introduce no more. It draws the veil from reality, leaving it to tell its own tale, thus giving to each man such teaching as he is able himself to derive from it, and affecting him

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by stimulating his own thoughts, not by dictating to him those of another person.

Such being, then, the prevalent theory of art, the prevalent practice of it in its most popular form, the novel, presents a contrast to the theory which may well strike us as singular ; for the growing importance of the novel, as has already been pointed out, depends on its becoming false to the very first of artistic principles—or, at all events, what is held to be so. It depends on the novelist abandoning that impartial attitude which is said to be essential to the artist, and adopting the attitude of the lecturer, the specialist, and the partisan. It often depends, indeed, on his not presenting us with human beings at all, but merely with opinions entertained by them as to various subjects, or opinions of his own, which he puts into the mouths of some of them.

Accordingly, under these circumstances, it inevitably occurs to us to ask whether, in proportion as art grows in this kind of practical importance, and in the comprehension of many interests, and becomes, as the novel is becoming, a vehicle of controversial thought, it necessarily loses as art what it gains in direct utility. The first inclination of most of us will be to answer ' Yes ' ; and many of us will be inclined to add that, if it does so, it does not much matter. People who read a novel in order to be instructed by it do not care whether it is bad art or no. All they ask is that it should be instruction in a readable form. And, indeed, much of the criticism that is directed against novels with a purpose may be answered by saying that many novels of this kind—those in which the argumentative or didactic purpose is preponderant—ought properly to be regarded not as novels at all, but rather as argumentative dialogues, such as those of Plato, and be judged by the standards of philosophic rather than of artistic literature. If we do, however, set ourselves to judge by the standards of art those novels whose *raison d'être* is instruction, or the advocacy of some special opinions—novels in which the personages and the incidents are all subsidiary to this—there is no doubt that as art we shall be obliged unequivocally to condemn them ; and in proportion as the work of the novelist tends to assume this character, we must admit that the novel is entering on a period of corruption and decline.

This admission, however, must be taken with a very great qualification. We shall find that it applies to the didactic novel only, when we have that novel in its extremest and most complete form. We shall find that, though we are right in maintaining that the artist is false to his art, who is merely a lecturer, a preacher, or a partisan in disguise, yet those who maintain that the artist should personally teach nothing, that his own opinions and preferences should be altogether in abeyance, and leave no impress whatever on the representations of life which he offers

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us, are as false to the principles of true art in their theory as the most didactic of lecturing novelists is in his artistic practice. The theory that art should teach only by being an impartial revelation of facts—facts unjudged, unemphasised, and uncoloured by the medium of the artist's personality—though it does, no doubt, contain an element of truth in it, is, if we take it in the form in which it is usually stated, an utterly misleading falsehood ; and it is false because it is founded on one of the crudest of scientific errors. An art which is independent of the artist's personal character, of his opinions, and of his moral judgments, is an art which not only does not exist, but which from the very nature of things cannot exist. The popular idea that an example of it is offered us by Shakespeare is merely an empty superstition originating in the grossest ignorance.

That such is the case can be shown, in a general way, by calling attention to one of the most familiar facts of science. Everybody knows that what we mean by colour depends upon the eye that sees it. For men whose eyes are very slightly abnormal, the whole aspect of things, so far as their colour is concerned, differs from the aspect worn by them for the ordinary masses of mankind. A colour-blind signalman would be at once detected by his incapacity to distinguish the coloured lights. It is, therefore, obvious that, from a man's perception of colour, we can reason back to the condition, normal or abnormal, of his eyes. Now, what colour is in the sphere of material things, moral values or qualities are in the sphere of mental things ; and what the faculty of vision is in the former sphere, the faculty of moral judgment is in the latter. So far as the artist deals with human life, moral values and qualities are the pigments with which he paints, and from his use of these pigments we can discover what his judgments are ; just as from the manner in which the signalman distinguishes the coloured lights we can discover whether his vision is abnormal or normal. But between physical vision and moral judgment there is this great difference. In respect of the former, the masses of human beings are alike, the likeness being merely emphasised by the few, though notorious, exceptions. But in respect of the former the likeness is much less complete. Were this not the case, it would be as superfluous to insist on the fact that such and such conduct is good, as it would be to insist on the fact that such and such skies are blue. Moral teaching would be not only outside the province of art, but there would be no place in life for moral teaching at all. All it could teach us would be naturally assumed by everybody. In reality different men belong to different moral schools, and the moral retina is affected by the same conduct differently. Shakespeare, no doubt, never taught morality in the way in which it is taught by a teacher in a Sunday school ; but from the way in which, as an artist, he deals with human conduct, we can

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discover what his judgments as to good and evil were : we can discover that they were of a specific and distinctive kind as clearly as if he were sitting at a desk expounding the Church Catechism.

In order to realise this, we need merely consider the work of other artists whose moral judgments were different. We may take for an example the 'Mademoiselle de Maupin' of Gautier. In that book the cultus of chastity is represented as a barbarous superstition ; and pleasure, refined until it is as beautiful as one of the statuettes of Tanagra, is put before us as the supreme ideal of life. Now let us suppose that we ourselves adopt these doctrines of Théophile Gautier's ; and that, having adopted them, we read 'Measure for Measure.' We shall find that to us the whole play will have become meaningless. Isabella's heroism will be a piece of inhuman folly—of cruel and crabbed obstinacy. The whole moral issue involved will be a mere storm in a saucer. The fact that Shakespeare obviously did not mean it to be this, but accepted it as an issue of the most tragic and serious kind, shows us as clearly as he could have shown it, had he said so in so many words, that his own moral judgment differed from the moral judgment of Gautier—that what Gautier regarded as the way to the fullest and fairest life, Shakespeare regarded as the way to degradation and eternal death.

And with every artist dealing with human affairs the case is necessarily similar. Some distinctive series of moral judgments is implied in his work, though it may not be definitely stated. He cannot give us pictures of conduct as it is in itself, and apart from its relations to a man who observes and feels about it. Art can no more represent things in themselves than the human mind can view things in themselves. But this great truth, which, though it is the merest commonplace of philosophy, is yet neglected so completely by artistic criticism, is not evidenced only by what are commonly called moral judgments. It is involved in the whole process of art ; and at every step, and by every aspect of his work, some personal preference, some belief, some idiosyncrasy of the artist is exhibited.

In order to understand this, let us consider more closely the assertion that no art can represent life as it absolutely is—can represent no single scene, no single incident in its totality. More is meant by this than the mere philosophic truism that no man's art can reproduce what the mind of man cannot comprehend. It means, with regard to any object, scene or incident, that, of the facts concerned in it, of which any man might be cognisant, the same work of art can represent only a few. We shall find that this is true of all the imitative arts equally. Let us take a house or a man's face as represented by a painter. The painter can represent one aspect of each only. The face will be a front face, a three-quarter face, or a side face. Whichever of them it is, any number of contours or aspects which the original offers to our observation will be un-

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represented in the picture. The painter shows one, and he lets the others go. So, too, with regard to a house, there can in one picture be represented one surface, or set of surfaces, only; and these can be represented only as they appear at some given moment—tinted with colour and clothed with effects of atmosphere which in another moment will be gone. Moreover, of the interior of the house, of the disposition and the furniture of its rooms, the picture will be able to give no indication at all. It cannot give a house which we can enter or walk round. The art of the sculptor has a set of similar limitations. We *can* walk round a statue, as we cannot round a painted figure. A statue has many aspects, whilst a picture has only one; but the art of the sculptor has one limitation which the art of the painter has not, and there is another limitation which they both possess in common. The latter limitation is the limitation of time. Painter and sculptor alike deal only with the arrested moment, whereas actual life is essentially a current of ceaseless change. But sculpture, whilst, in common with painting, it is limited to the phenomena of the moment, is in one respect limited to an even greater degree. Let us take, for example, the statue of the Dying Gladiator. An actual gladiator whose form, expression and attitude corresponded to those which have been arrested and immortalised by the statue, would have exhibited to the eye of the beholder certain shadows and colourings, due to the light and atmosphere of the circus, at the particular corresponding moment. These would have been fixed by the painter's art, but they utterly elude the sculptor's. Both these arts, in short, represent realities by a selection, different in the case of each, of some of the facts of reality, not by a reproduction of all. Selection is the essence of each. And what is true of painting and sculpture is equally true of all art.

From painting and sculpture let us turn to the arts of literature; and let us turn first to the drama. If any kind of art could represent life completely—could represent all those aspects of it which are accessible to human observation—such a kind of art would be found in the acted drama. For, although we speak of the drama as a form of literature, it is, when acted, not one art, but several arts in alliance—those of the actor and the painter aiding those of the writer. But does any acted drama, however great, represent any portion of human life completely? When well put on the stage, it offers us a series of pictures; and the actors supply the element of solidity, like statues come to life. In addition to this, the drama endows art with a new dimension, giving to the facts represented by it movement and extension in time; and finally, it represents men and women to us, not only through their actions and appearance, but directly, through the expression of their feelings, their thoughts, and their ways of reasoning. All this is true; and yet no possible drama, however good as a work of literature, however well acted, however

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well put on the stage, could ever represent the story, and the persons with which it deals, under more than a few of the aspects which the same story and persons might offer in real life to the observation of anybody.

The scene-painter and the stage-carpenter may indeed reproduce the surroundings with an accuracy which, to the eye, is complete, but the result of their success will be generally to defeat its own ends ; for, instead of contributing to the effect of the dramatic action, the probable result of it will be to distract the attention from it. In fact, when different arts are combined, as they are in the acted drama, we shall find that they are just as likely to interfere with as to assist each other. The actor, again, contributes to the acted drama that element of solid form, with its endlessly varied aspects, which is reproduced by the art of the sculptor ; and to this he adds movement, manner, and voice. But, in thus doing what the sculptor cannot do, he loses what the sculptor does. In continual motion as he is, he cannot fix and emphasise any one special and supremely significant attitude. He is himself unconscious of his value at any one fugitive moment. Could he fix himself as the sculptor would fix him he would no longer be an actor ; and, instead of assisting the drama, he would instantly put a stop to it.

But a point far more important still remains to be noticed. The actor is strictly limited by the part assigned to him by the dramatist ; and the dramatist is limited by conditions inherent in the very nature of the drama. The dialogue and soliloquies of which a play, as a work of literature, is composed, can in no case be co-extensive with the whole of the conversations and reflections which the story implies, and which, in real life, would have been involved in it. The soliloquy shows us this with special clearness. Soliloquy is the process of secret thinking made audible. Now all the characters of a play, if they were people in real life, would be continually thinking about the incidents in which they were taking part. The thoughts of Rosencranz and Guildenstern would be as busy as those of Hamlet. But it is only from the thoughts of some few of his characters, and from these only now and then, that the dramatist, by means of the soliloquy, is able to draw the veil. Similarly, the characters of a play, if they were people in real life, would all have stories, and interests, and spiritual crises of their own ; they would all be the heroes or heroines of some set of circumstances or another ; and any of these might, in connection with such circumstances, be represented as elaborately as Hamlet is represented by Shakespeare. But in any one play, out of its dozen or more characters, this elaborate treatment, as a fact, can be applied only to two or three. With regard to the others, no completeness is even attempted. Of their actions and qualities only those few are indicated which happen to bear some relation to the actions and qualities of the protagonists.

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And finally these protagonists themselves—these principal characters—are revealed to us only in glimpses—on the occasions when they are actually on the stage—through a series of short selections, from a selected fragment of their lives. Even the dialogue is a selection merely. It is not what the speakers would actually say in life ; it is the quintessence of what they would say. It consists of what the dramatist regards as the most important parts of it.

Here we have the secret of all art : it is selection. And in making his selection the artist is necessarily a critic, or a social, or a moral philosopher ; for he shows us what, in his judgment, the important things of life are. And the relative importance he assigns to them indicates, and is a method of inculcating, the principles, moral or other, on which this relative importance depends. Without some personal standpoint no art is possible.

And now, having seen how this truth is exemplified in the other arts, let us return to the art of the novelist, and see how it is exemplified there. With the exception of the acted drama, which is not one art but several, of all forms of art that of the novelist is most comprehensive. And indeed, though it cannot, like the acted drama, invoke the aid of pictures, of solid forms, and of actual speech and movement, yet by means of description it can provide a substitute for all of them ; whilst, if we regard the drama under its purely literary aspect, the novel is incalculably the more comprehensive of the two. It is capable of dealing with longer periods of time. It can follow the simultaneous fortunes, acts or thoughts of persons who are in different places. There is no going off the stage, for the novelist has many stages. The scenery can be shifted at a touch. When necessary, it can be changing every moment ; and though the scenery of a novel be less precise than that of the theatre, the former can, by an artist like Dickens or Balzac, be invested with qualities which could never be possessed by the latter. A Todgers' boarding-house on the stage would be but a faint equivalent of those endless aspects of it which Dickens evokes in the imagination. So, too, with regard to the characters, the novelist can be constantly letting us see their inmost thoughts, as the dramatist cannot do, even by the most frequent asides and soliloquies. The novelist can exhibit these characters when they are alone during sleepless nights, and make us spectators of processes which take place in their minds—dramas without action, beyond reach of the dramatist, even when the actor aids him. Long processes of education, the influences of complex circumstances, or of one period of life or another, journeyings, protracted solitude, the excitement and stir of towns—the novelist in rapid succession can present to us all of these. It is, indeed, impossible to name any human fact or circumstance which the novelist might not reproduce by means of the appliances of his art.

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But though he might, conceivably, reproduce any one of them, he cannot, out of all those which are involved in the story told by him, reproduce more than a few. If he were merely to give a complete report of all the conversations of his principal characters alone, in which they engaged during the period of the action of his story, his novel would swell to the size of an encyclopædia, and every quality of a work of art would be wanting to it. Still more impossible would he find it to reproduce the whole of their actions, thoughts, peculiarities, and outward circumstances. He can only pick and choose certain salient points out of a multitude. And if half a dozen novelists were given the same story to relate, and if the actors in it were real personages, each of the novelists would indicate the story, and would describe the characters, by selecting salient points which in no two cases would be the same. Each would show things under a different aspect and invest them with a different meaning. Again, the story itself, in real life, would be intertangled with other stories; and another set of novelists might fix upon one of these, and take as their centre of interest some character and set of incidents, which the first set would hardly notice, or merely allude to as accessories.

Thus to come back again to what has been said already: selection is not only essential to art, but it is almost the whole of art; and the art of the novelist illustrates this more fully than does any other. The novelist represents life by giving us a few of its phenomena out of many; and the principle of unity which gives them a coherent meaning is his own judgment of life, his own theory of life, in accordance with which he assigns to things an ordered and graduated importance, a specific value and significance. A theory of life, therefore, being necessarily implied in the novel, and the novel being properly intelligible only in relation to this theory, this theory is of necessity commended to the reader; he is invited to adopt it as his own; and the novelist must, consequently, be in a certain sense didactic. He may not say to himself that he has a definite didactic purpose; but his work, whether he desire it or no, must have a definite didactic tendency. It is, therefore, obviously absurd to say that, if a novelist does with purpose something which he must do as an artist, whether he purpose to do it or no, his novel is for that reason false to the principles of art. A man with strong Christian convictions necessarily sees life in a light different from that in which it would be seen by a man with the convictions of Théophile Gautier; and in a novel he would, of necessity, represent it differently, though he might never so much as allude in it to any religious question. His novel would therefore be didactic, because a definite moral doctrine, opposed to other moral doctrines, would be implied in it. But to say that for this reason it would suffer as a work of art, would be to say that no Christian could really be a complete

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artist—indeed, that no one could be an artist who had any strong convictions whatsoever.

But now we must turn once more to the other side of the question. We have seen that the standard of art, founded on the idea that a work of art can exist independent of the personal preferences and personal convictions of the artist, is a false standard—a standard that is quite unreal; and that any work of art must, directly or indirectly, teach, assert, or reassert something. But, on the other hand, it is equally evident that there are some kinds of teaching, some kinds of assertion, which, instead of being essential to a novel as a work of art, are fatal to it. It would be easy to show that 'Measure for Measure' is practically a reassertion of the traditional ethics of Christianity; and that this reassertion, instead of being fatal to the play as a work of art, is essential to it. But it is so evident as to require no showing at all, that 'Robert Elsmere,' which is essentially a reassertion of the condemnation, by modern critics, of traditional Christian doctrines, has for that reason been prevented from being a work of art at all, just as surely as have the stories of Miss Harriet Martineau, which were written to indoctrinate the world with the principles of political economy. Where, then, does the kind of teaching, which is essential to art, end; and where does the kind of purpose, which is fatal to art, begin?

To a certain extent the question is one of degree, and depends upon whether the teaching which the work of art inculcates is a teaching accepted so generally by the world to which the artist appeals, that he can take its acceptance for granted, and can confine himself to emphasising and illustrating it, without arguing that it is true. Here we have the reason why great art has flourished in some periods more than it has done in others. It has flourished in periods in which certain convictions, religious or other, have been general—in periods when the artist has had no temptation to fight for them, and when his sole office has been to illuminate them by applying them to the facts of life.

But to a certain extent the question is a question of kind also. If purpose is essential to a work of art, when opinions are assumed by the artist in order to interpret life, it is fatal to a work of art when men and women are introduced mainly in order that they may illustrate and expound opinions. The novel with a purpose, moreover, has usually this further characteristic, which is equally and even more obviously injurious to its artistic quality. Opinions or convictions, however general and enduring, have from time to time applications which are in their essence transitory. But, in proportion to their transitoriness, they are for the time exciting. It is on this transitory application of opinions—their application to some quarrel in the Church, to the aspirations of some reforming party, or the effects or

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the justice of some important war—that the novelist with a purpose is specially apt to seize; and for so doing he often has his reward, either in the immediate popularity of his work or in its immediate practical influence. But with the occasion that gave rise to his work its popularity passes. It ceases to have any interest, and even to have any meaning—unless, perhaps, one which is historical. This want of permanence and universality in the main interests involved is perhaps the most obvious of the defects incident to the ordinary novel with a purpose; but it is not the fundamental defect. The fundamental defect is that which was mentioned previously. It consists in the fact that the ordinary novel with a purpose inverts, in dealing with its materials, the true artistic order. It exhibits to view the wrong side of the tapestry. It makes the writer's opinions play the part which should be played by his characters; and the characters play the part which should be played by his convictions. Instead of showing us how men's lives appear in the light of a presupposed theory of life, he shows us the adventures of some theory that is in dispute illustrated by the lives of men which are manipulated for that special end.

The novel with a purpose, if we understand the words in the sense which we are now attributing to them, may be invested by the writer with many artistic qualities; but he uses art for an end, and he achieves a result, which is essentially not artistic. When we have said that, we have expressed what is the conclusion of the whole matter. Such novels are works, not of art, but of quasi-art. As such they may fulfil many useful functions; and if we do not measure them by standards which are not properly applicable to them, we shall welcome their merits, without complaining of their defects. The only evil likely to arise from their popularity is, that this may induce writers, who might be real artists—such as M. Zola—to injure writings which might be genuine works of art, by making them vehicles of disputable and half-digested theories, and thus selecting, in accordance with some radically wrong principle, the phenomena by which they endeavour to represent life as a whole. It may also be added that, though the multiplication of these novels with a purpose does not otherwise tend in itself to interfere with fiction as an art, the fact of their multiplication does, beyond all doubt, indicate the prevalence of general mental conditions amongst which great works of art do not frequently arise.



the ring of the burial
place of Merca
in Holy Land



byzantine Ring



the ring of the burial
place of the Apostle Peter
in the Constantinian
showing from the face of life



the ring of the burial
place of the Apostle

the ring of the burial
place of the Apostle



the ring of the burial
place of the Apostle

Anglo-Saxon Gold and Niello Finger Rings of the ninth Century

ANGLO-SAXON GOLD AND NIELLO FINGER RINGS. BY CYRIL DAVENPORT



THE old English, or Anglo-Saxons, were an adventurous race of Gothic descent through the Saxons, and derived locally from the district of Anglen, in the Duchy of Schleswig. Somewhere about the fifth century these people came over to our island in large numbers; whether their object really was to help the native Britons against the Picts and Scots or whether they simply migrated from their own quiet corner of the world in search of new fields of adventure is now of small importance. The native Britons were quickly driven eastwards by the Anglo-Saxons, who established a government and eventually took possession of the whole of England. The influence of the Anglo-Saxons on our national character, literature, and arts was, and is, very strong, and its power to-day may be fairly gauged by the large proportion of Anglo-Saxon words and grammatical forms still used in our every-day language.

The adventurous love of conquest which is still so valuable a characteristic of Englishmen is largely inherited from this remarkable people, though in the matter of the fine arts and cultured tastes generally we are probably more directly indebted to our Norman ancestors, who at Hastings broke the Anglo-Saxon power which at that time had dominated over our island for some six hundred years.

For the present it is only a small portion of the goldsmith's art of this considerable period that I propose to notice particularly. In the main, no originality in the matter of personal jewellery can be claimed for the Anglo-Saxons; they were Scandinavian and so was their art. The styles of ornamentation of metal work which prevailed here before the Anglo-Saxon period have much in common with Scandinavian styles, their chief features being, indeed, derived from the same original source; but the Celtic art belongs to an earlier stage of development, and is generally held to be of a purer and nobler type. In the same way as the original shapes of the Roman letters of the alphabet were gradually modified until at last they finally became the Runic forms used in Northern Europe, so the fibulæ and other typical forms of Southern art development can be traced through their various changes until they reached their most ornamental stage in Sweden, Norway and Denmark, whence in turn they came on to England, not, however, changing their character any more, but gradually dying out before newer forms more consistent with the changed conditions.

The most distinctive object of Scandinavian as well as Anglo-Saxon jewellery is the fibula, or brooch, the fastening of which is exactly analogous to that of a common safety-pin. It is curious that we, in a far higher state of civilisation, should retain this pin in really

ANGLO-SAXON FINGER RINGS

its primitive form, while our comparatively uncultured ancestors used it as a basis for most elaborate and beautiful ornamentation. The fibulæ show two distinct types—one a long shape, generally with a rectangular top, and the other circular or rounded. Both these types can be followed up from the south of Europe through the art of the Merovingian and Teutonic races until they reach the north, where they found their most complete development.

It is a very interesting study to endeavour to trace the gradual evolution of the design of these curious brooches, from the simple cross with a pin of wire curled round it to the elaborate Scandinavian brooches of 'boar's head' form, which, except to a student, have no appearance of cousinship. Flat garnets play an important part in the ornamentation of many of these fibulæ, and at their best they are most exquisite and beautiful jewels, both in design and workmanship, the metal parts being always ornamented with geometrical or animal designs.

All this is, however, well-trodden ground, and the particular developments made by our own branch of the great Gothic race did not affect the fibula especially neither did the Anglo-Saxon fibulæ ever specialise in form from the Scandinavian type; they are almost indistinguishable except when their place of origin is known.

Numbers of pieces of Anglo-Saxon jewellery have inscriptions upon them in Runic characters only, but more commonly these letters are used promiscuously with their Anglo-Saxon equivalents which here gradually superseded them. These inscriptions are usually simply engraved, but now and then, whether on brass, silver or gold, they are filled in with niello.

During the ninth century the arts of the Anglo-Saxon goldsmith and jeweller made remarkable deviations from any already known lines. Not only do we find beautiful vitreous enamels set in filigree gold and pearls with exquisite skill, but also a series of gold and niello finger-rings the like of which are not known to have been made anywhere else.

Many of these treasures have close reference to King Alfred the Great, who is well known to have especially encouraged the fine arts; and during the period to which these enamels and nielloed rings belong Anglo-Saxon jewellers and *inclusores gemmarum* were indeed celebrated throughout Europe.

The 'Alfred Jewel,' now in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, is a *cloisonné* enamel representing a personage holding two sceptres; it is set in gold, and round the setting is an inscription to the effect, 'Alfred ordered me to be made.' And in the British Museum are treasured the splendid gold and nielloed rings of Alfred's father and sister; Ethelwulf, King of the West Saxons; and Ethelswith, Queen of Mercia. And in the South Kensington Museum is an Anglo-Saxon gold ring, without niello, with circular bezel, in which is a

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portrait of 'AUFRET,' which may possibly have belonged to the King himself.

Of course, when works of art of the importance of these nielloed rings are found to have been made within a very short period of time, it may always be possible that they are the work of some particular artist who invented that special method of working, which was not followed after his time. But although only a very few of these rings with niello have been as yet discovered in England, there is enough difference in their probable dates to make it likely that they actually represent a form of the jeweller's art which is quite peculiar to the Anglo-Saxons of the ninth century, and has little in common with the usual goldwork of the period.

Niello is a metallic amalgam which fuses easily under the blow-pipe, it is made of silver, copper and lead, in certain proportions, fused together, then mixed with sulphur, cooled and powdered. The parts of the metal to be filled with this substance are cut away with a graver, and the niello, melted in with a blowpipe, adheres very strongly. Niellure is then nothing more than a filling up of engraved designs, and is considered to have reached its highest development in the exquisitely engraved paxes made by Maso Finiguerra of Florence in the fifteenth century. In the works of Finiguerra and his contemporaries niello is the chief feature of the ornamentation, as it is also in the case of the Anglo-Saxon gold rings, but as a rule it is only used as an accessory to other ornamental workmanship, enamel, repoussé work or metallic inlays, and is also generally very small.

The Byzantine enamellers commonly used niello to fill in the lettering on their splendid gold enamelled plaques, some of the finest examples of which are in the Pal' d'Oro at Venice, and early Roman and Irish niellure is found in bronze, usually in conjunction with fine inlays of silver; but as a general rule in all cases it is used on silver, for the good reason that it shows best on this metal. On gold, whether Byzantine or Anglo-Saxon, niello shows a distinct blue colour which is never so evident on silver; the composition of the niello itself is probably almost the same in both cases, and I have not yet been able to find any really satisfactory explanation of the cause, though it is possible that the blue colour may be due to some optical effect caused by the yellow gold. Although blue superficially, Sir Wollaston Franks says that the fracture of this niello shows black, so the blue is some surface effect only. There is always a considerable amount of blue among the black of niello-work, and this becomes troublesomely obvious when a piece of such work is photographed, the apparently black lines hardly showing at all on the sensitive plate. Byzantine gold rings with niello work are not unknown, but they are slender, quite different to those of Anglo-Saxon origin, which are always remarkably massive.

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There are curious empty spaces left on some of these nielloed rings. Sir Wollaston Franks thought it possible they may originally have been filled with vitreous enamel or other coloured inlay not so strong as niello, which has chipped out. If the floor of such engraved spaces is roughened or cut with small irregular holes or ridges, it may be taken as an almost sure sign that something or other was intended to be melted into it, but if the incised lines are smoothly finished everywhere, I think the probability is that they are meant to be left empty so as to act as a foil to the other parts that are nielloed. The habit of engraving inscriptions on brooches and other pieces of small jewellery, which is often found on Scandinavian work, was largely followed by the Anglo-Saxons. It is often impossible to decipher these inscriptions, which are generally on the backs of the ornaments, because there is so much uncertainty as to the proper values of the Runic letters in which they are largely engraved. But on the later Anglo-Saxon work, where the Runes are less commonly met with, they are often quite legible. On rings the inscriptions usually take the form of a talismanic sentence or charm, and on several of them the same words occur. The talismanic rings are found in bronze, agate, and gold, so they were evidently valued by all grades of Anglo-Saxon society. Doubtless the inscriptions were unintelligible to the large majority of the people who owned them, but this would in no way lessen their fancied power, indeed, the more mysterious the letters appeared the more likely were they to impress the simple-minded with belief in their efficacy, and from the wide popularity of such objects in ancient times it may well be supposed that they had sometimes the effect of a 'faith' cure.

A gold ring with an Anglo-Saxon inscription upon it in Runic characters was found in 1817 on Greymoor Hill near Carlisle, and came into the possession of the Earl of Aberdeen, who presented it to the British Museum. The letters are simply engraved on the outside, and, not being sufficient room for all of them, three overflow to the inside—the ring is otherwise quite flat and plain, the meaning of the words is, *Whether in fever or leprosy let the patient be happy and confident in the hope of recovery*, and the same inscription, now happily showing the words divided by a small pattern, occurs on the rarer form of ring found in 1734 near Bramham Moor in the West Riding of Yorkshire. This ring is also of gold, and made in a similarly plain, thick fashion, but the letters instead of being engraved are left in relief, the ground being cut away and filled with niello. Shortly after its discovery it was preserved from the crucible by Mr. T. Gill of York, and sold by him for its weight in gold, one ounce six pennyweights, and ultimately found its way to the Royal Museum at Copenhagen where it now is. The record of the preservation of this ring from the melting-pot by Mr. Gill reminds

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us, unhappily, that such discoveries have not always been so fortunate, there is little doubt that in numberless instances priceless treasures have been thus ignorantly destroyed.

Very similar to this but much smaller is a beautifully finished little ring, a plain, square-edged band with beaded edge, on which is inscribed 'Ethred owns me, Eanred made me,' in Anglo-Saxon characters with a few Runic letters, the letters in relief and the ground nielloed. This was found in Lancashire and formed part of the collection left to the British Museum by Sir Hans Sloane. There is no division between words, but a cross before the word Ethred. The words which show in the photograph are 'EthreD MEC AN-EANRed.'

Burhred, King of Mercia, being hard pressed by his Welsh neighbours in A.D. 853, sent for his over-Lord Ethelwulf, King of the West Saxons and Kentishmen, to help him. Ethelwulf not only delivered King Burhred from his enemies, but as a further proof of goodwill he bestowed on him the hand of his daughter Ethelswith in marriage. In consequence of this marriage the Kingdom of Mercia presently fell under the Anglo-Saxon rule. Ethelwulf visited Rome a few years afterwards and is recorded to have taken magnificent offerings of pure gold to Pope Benedict III. I do not find any mention of where the gold came from, but it is possible it came from Wales. Judging from the splendid gold ring which belonged to Ethelwulf, it is not difficult to realise that his golden gifts to the Pope may indeed have been of great value and most interesting workmanship. In

this ring, the inscription is even simpler than that in the Ethreds specimen, 'ETHELWULF REX' is all. But artistically this ring is of much greater interest; the broad band is ornamented with



FIG. 1

the name in a cartouche, capital letters in relief on a niello ground. At one end of the cartouche is an interlaced scroll ending in an animal's head, and at the other a symbolical emblem, possibly a sun sign; a four-lobed cross within a circle divides these two last designs. The lower edge of the ring is beaded and the upper edge, above the name, is carried upwards in the form of a blunted triangle, the height from the lower edge of the band of the ring to the apex being $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. From the base to the apex of the triangle is a narrow column with bifurcated base; on the column are borne two circles containing rounded crosses. Flanking the column are two birds, confronting each other; and within the triangle formed by the base of the column,

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as well as in each of the lower angles of the large triangle, are heart-shaped ornaments. All these designs are left in the gold and the ground is filled with niello. The circumference of the ring is $2\frac{7}{8}$ inches, and the weight of the gold, which is close upon the English standard of currency, is eleven pennyweights and a little less than fourteen grains. (Fig. 1.)

The ring was found in 1780 in a field near Salisbury, in the parish of Laverstoke, by William Petty, a labouring man. It was lying in a rut and had been nearly flattened by a cart wheel, and some of the niello was then no doubt broken out, especially near the first few letters, where the roughened and strongly cut ground shows clearly. The finder took it to a silversmith in Salisbury who bought it for thirty-four shillings. From him Lord Radnor obtained it, and communicated a description of it to the Society of Antiquaries in 1781. He afterwards presented it to the nation.

The most beautiful of all the Anglo-Saxon rings is that made for Queen Ethelswith, the daughter of Ethelwulf. The bezel of this ring is circular and deeply engraved, the central design is that of an Agnus Dei with two Anglo-Saxon letters, one on each side, 'A,' and 'TH.' Sir Wollaston Franks considers these may be the first letters of the words $\text{APNO}\Sigma\ \Theta\text{EOY}$, and for want of better interpretation this may stand; it is, however, the only instance of Greek words represented in Anglo-Saxon characters that I ever heard of. These designs are all left in gold, the groundwork being filled in with niello. An outer beaded ring encloses the lamb, leaving a broad border divided into semicircular and curved triangular spaces, each ornamented with deeply engraved designs, those in the triangles being further filled in with niello. The bezel is flanked on each side by a semicircular continuation, also having a beaded edge, in the centre of each of these is an animal figure left in the gold, the ground being filled with niello. Inside the ring are engraved the words 'EATHELSWITH REGNA' in Anglo-Saxon characters. (Fig. 2.)



FIG. 2

This ring was ploughed up between Aberford and Sherburn in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and the finder was so pleased with it that he tied it on to his dog's collar as an ornament. It afterwards became the property of the Rev. W. Greenwell, F.S.A., who exhibited it before the Society of Antiquaries in January 1875, it then passed into the hands of Sir Wollaston Franks, who eventually presented it to his own department in the British Museum. It weighs about 312 grains.

Ethelswith's ring in many small ways resembles that of her father Ethelwulf and it is likely enough that they are the work of the same goldsmith. From the Anglo-Saxon chronicle we learn that she died in A.D. 888—and *Queen Æthelswith, who was King Alfred's sister, died on her way to Rome, and her body lies at Pavia.*

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These two royal rings are the only ones to which a definite ownership can be with certainty attributed, the next ring in importance bears only a name, which was not an uncommon one, but by reason of other circumstances connected with its discovery, is with tolerable



FIG. 3

reason considered to have belonged to Alhstan, Bishop of Sherborne, between A.D. 817 and 867. (Fig. 3.)

The design is simple but rich in effect, it is a band of alternate circles and diamonds, each with a broad beaded edge, and the centres filled with Anglo-Saxon letters and designs on a niello groundwork. In the circles are the letters of the name, and in each of the diamonds is a conventional animal figure. It weighs about an ounce, is $1\frac{1}{8}$ in. in diameter and is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. It was found in Carnarvonshire and was brought before the Society of Antiquaries in December 1773.

The last of the rings figured has no inscription upon it and is of a much commoner form than any of the others. The bezels are flanked by three small beads of gold; this method of joining a ring bezel to the band of the ring is commonly found in Anglo-Saxon, Teutonic and Merovingian work. In the case of this particular ring the pattern is carried out with unusual richness; as there are two bezels, on each of which is a different design, on that shown in the plate are three interlaced triangles and on that shown in my sketch, cleverly interlaced curves. The triangles are probably symbolical, but I do not imagine any abstruse meaning is attached to the curves. This ring was found in the River Nene, near Peterborough, and is now in the British Museum, it measures about $1\frac{1}{8}$ in. in diameter. Between the bezels, on the band of the ring itself, thick and circular in section, are scrolls inlaid with niello and a zigzag line is also engraved and nielloed along the edges of each of the bezels. (Fig. 4.)

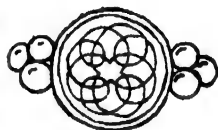
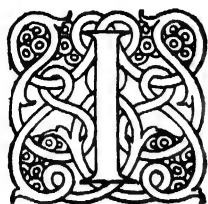


FIG. 4

The thickness and solidity which are such noticeable characteristics of all Anglo-Saxon gold rings, whether with or without niello, indicate that the metal must have been plentiful, and we cannot but think that it was probably found in Wales, Ireland, or England itself.

FEDERAL CONSTITUTIONS WITHIN THE EMPIRE.¹ BY R. B. HALDANE, Q.C., M.P.



I HAVE written this paper with a somewhat selfish object. My purpose was to try to get plainly before my own eyes, quite as much as before the eyes of those who are so good as to come here to-day, certain phenomena pertaining to those derivative constitutions of our Empire which have been created by the Crown and by Parliament. The phenomena to which I refer arise out of and vary with certain relationships to the parent Government. These particular relationships are nowhere expressed in writing ; but they none the less form part of the body of custom of the Imperial Constitution, and, like the rest of that body of custom, they are constantly, though slowly and silently, undergoing a process of modification and development. Just for this reason they are elusive and difficult to express. In this respect they resemble other principles of our unwritten and progressive constitution, the statement of which, adequate and accurate for the generation in which it was made, has become untrue for the next. Such statements do not the less represent reality, because the reality is constantly changing.

We are, then, to endeavour to get some light on the nature of the unwritten relations of the Imperial Government to the derivative constitutions which have grown out of the parent stem, as these constitutions stand in the year 1900. The practical interest of the search is that with the consolidation of derivative constitutions upon so-called federal principles, which is beginning to be so much talked about, a new set of problems is emerging for solution. This process of consolidation began with Canada in 1867. To-day we are the witnesses of another instance of it of the most striking importance.

Let us start on our path of inquiry from a very obvious illustration. The form of the enacting clause of an Act of Parliament is framed thus : 'Be it enacted by the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in this present Parliament assembled ; and by the authority of the same.' Suppose an intelligent stranger, knowing nothing of the realities of our system of government, were to sit down to its study and begin with this clause, what would he conclude ? He would picture to himself the Queen sitting at Windsor or Osborne or Balmoral, evolving in the Royal mind what is called abroad a project of legislation. He would picture her

¹ An address delivered before the Society of Comparative Legislation by R. B. Haldane, Esq., Q.C., M.P., at a meeting held at the Royal Colonial Institute, on Friday, May 4, 1900.

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Majesty as then summoning, to begin with, the Lords Spiritual, the Bishops, and requesting first their advice and then their consent. He would next imagine a procession of the Peers Temporal to the Royal presence, and a similar council being held. And finally he would figure to himself, as a formality at the finish, the Commons being asked whether they had anything different to say. Now our stranger student would have drawn his inferences correctly enough. In them there would be only one shortcoming : his picture would be one of the English Government as administered, not by Queen Victoria, but by Henry VIII. and the other Tudors. The form has survived while the substance has changed.

There is a passage which admirably describes what that substance is to-day in a letter written by no less a personage than the Queen herself to the Emperor Napoleon III., in which she explains her constitutional position. I quote it, translated from the French in which it is given, out of the third volume of Sir Theodore Martin's 'Life of the Prince Consort.' Her Majesty writes :

I am bound by certain rules and usages. I have no uncontrolled power of decision. I must adopt the advice of a council of ministers, and these ministers have to meet and agree on a course of action, after having arrived at a joint conviction of its justice and utility. They have, at the same time, to take care that the steps which they wish to take are not only in accordance with the best interests of the country, but also such that they can be explained to and defended in Parliament, and that their fitness may be brought home to the conviction of the nation.

As the outcome of a slow process, the Sovereign has ceased to govern, and now only reigns. In England this was brought about chiefly by the control of the Parliament over Supplies. This is not necessarily so, nor has it always and everywhere been the case.

In other parts of the Queen's dominions it is through different means that a similar result has come about. The Channel Islands are the remaining portion of the territories of that Duchy of Normandy which King John lost. The kings and queens of our country have held them as dukes and duchesses of Normandy. The people of the Channel Islands have succeeded in establishing the right of constitutional government in their islands. It is true that the question whether the Crown can properly claim to legislate there by Order in Council without the advice and consent of the States or local Parliaments was nominally left open in the great case which was heard before a Special Committee of the Privy Council in 1894, and in which a pile of constitutional documents was brought together, of which it is surprising that no historian should as yet have given any account beyond the rather meagre one in a late volume of State trials. But practically the Privy Council, in recalling the obnoxious Order in Council upon minor grounds, intimated to the home advisers of the Sovereign that never again ought the larger and more interesting claim to be brought forward. It may therefore

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be safely assumed that, for example, in Jersey, not less than in Great Britain, the Queen reigns without governing. I was of counsel in that case, and had to study a series of documents commencing at a date a century before the Conquest, and I remember being struck with the difference between the ways in which this result had been attained in England and in the Channel Islands. Here the concession has by degrees been wrung from the crown as the price of financial assistance. There it was by degrees obtained as the reward for assistance in the various wars with France. The charters and other documents, which disclose the story of the process, were laboriously collected and arranged in several bulky volumes, which are none the less worthy of the attention of an enterprising historian because they repose in a lumber-room at the Privy Council office, covered with dust and neglect.

Another more familiar, but not less instructive, instance of the binding force of an unwritten restriction which has slowly come into existence is the constitutional impotence of the House of Lords, or any other upper chamber subject to the usages of the British Constitution, to amend a Money Bill. The House of Lords has full legal power to make such an amendment, and every court would be bound to take cognisance of and give effect to it. But as the result of the development of our constitution amid a succession of struggles over the Commons' claim to the exclusive title to grant Supply, the Lords have become bound hand and foot by chains which are not the less real because they are invisible to the legal eye.

It is just this type of unwritten restriction on powers which theoretically are perfect from a legal point of view that I want to say something about this afternoon in connection with the various forms of colonial constitution—something very imperfect, for the subject is new, but something of which the reality is becoming in each generation more clearly recognised by the statesmen who have to administer the Colonial Office under successive governments. To the modern student of constitutional development in Colonial Government it is, for instance, astonishing to read such despatches as were very properly written thirty years ago by the first Governor of Queensland, Sir George Bowen, a man of real ability, and to reflect that they were written with the full assent not only of the Duke of Newcastle, the Colonial Secretary of the day, but apparently of the people of Queensland. Sir George claimed, among a multitude of other rights which now seem to us very odd, a constitutional right to revise the decisions of his Ministers about such matters as appointments to public offices. A claim like this may have been, and possibly was, constitutionally correct in those days. But since 1860 a great evolution has taken place in the position of a Colonial Governor. It is still true that he is freer to act on his own initiative than is the Sovereign at home, who has delegated to him his powers.

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If he has none of the divinity that doth hedge round a king, if, as was established by the Privy Council in such cases as *Hill v. Bigge* (3 Moore P.C. 465), *Cameron v. Kyte* (3 Knapp 332), and *Musgrave v. Pulido* (5 Ap. Cas. 102), he is, unlike the Sovereign, liable to be sued in the courts of the colony for acts that are illegal and done in excess of his authority, still he is something more than a mere part of the colonial constitution; he also represents the Imperial Government, and he is therefore free, in cases which seem to him to touch the Imperial interests, to act on advice other than that of his ministers. He may, for example, veto a Bill where, in an analogous case at home, the Sovereign would not be free to veto. He may, under the Colonial Office Regulations of 1892, obtain the advice of the Imperial law officers through the Secretary of State. But these exceptions arise out of a distinct reason—the inherent and necessary title of the Imperial Government to the decision of such questions as really concern the Empire generally, and for this purpose to have its interests watched over by its own representative Governor, who has thus a double duty to perform. So far as his position is merely that of Governor under a constitution permeated by the usages of that British model after which it is fashioned, so far must he in every practicable case act upon the advice of his ministers. This, at least, has become true to-day, whatever may have been the case in those days of Sir George Bowen, in which the colony of Queensland had only just received its separate constitution.

I have dwelt on this topic as an illustration of the extent to which the constitutions of our colonies have of late years developed, after the very fashion of the general constitution at home. Like the latter they are really in the main unwritten. The Acts which constitute them are but the skeletons which the practice of governors, ministers, parliaments, and judges have to endow with flesh and blood before the dry bones can live. The process of endowment may be gradual. The stature of the living model is not attained at once. A set of constitutional and legal precedents has to be established in each case, and this takes time. Changes of view may and do occur; and this is because, even where the Acts of the Imperial Parliament calling our colonial constitutions into life are never so elaborate and precise, the true substance is unwritten. No stranger could make out the real position of, say, the Governor-General of Canada from the words of the British North America Act of 1867, any more than he could, in the illustration already given of the enacting words of an Imperial statute, ascertain the real position to-day of the Queen. It is not merely that the common form of the modern Colonial Constitution Acts confers on the colonial legislatures large powers to alter the constitution conferred on them—powers which, for example, were in a striking fashion exercised by Manitoba in 1876, when her Parliament abolished the Upper House

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of the Legislature, and her Governor decided that he was not even entitled to reserve the Bill, so clear was the constitutional right arising out of the principle of responsible government; it is because the British Constitution is in its essence neither rigid nor even written, and because every constitution which is modelled after it tends to resemble it in every point where the express provisions of an Imperial statute do not stand in the way.

We may thus expect to find in the various forms of constitution which obtain throughout the Queen's dominions this process of silent approximation to the parent example manifesting itself. We shall expect to find this not less in the relationship to the home Government than elsewhere. For, subject always to this, that the home Government is and must remain charged with the burden of Imperial interests, and must act on its own initiative through the Governor who represents it in the colony, the relationship in all other respects of the Colonial Parliament, not only to its Governor, but through him to the Imperial Government and Parliament, must tend, whatever it is in the eyes of the theorist and the lawyer, to become in the eye of the statesman similar to that of the Imperial Parliament to the Crown. This is the direct and inevitable work of our familiar machinery of responsible government wherever put in operation; and its attainment can, under British traditions, never be more than a question of time. So complete does the growth become that there may even, in certain cases, as I will presently show, arrive a time at which courts of law can and do take cognisance of the developed relationship. Let us, in order to get the conception of this growth clear, begin by glancing at certain of the forms of government, outside Great Britain and Ireland, of the Queen's dominions.

The earliest of these forms in point of origin is that which one finds with varying characteristics in those constitutions of a feudal origin which obtain in the islands adjacent to Great Britain, Jersey and Guernsey (the latter, for this purpose, including Alderney and Sark), and the Isle of Man. The relationship of the Crown to the islanders, so far as the active business of government is concerned, has varied enormously. If it is using loose language to say that the monarchy has changed in these islands from an absolute to a limited one, it is at least approximately true. In Jersey, for example, a progress of charters, to which I have already referred, granting privileges to the people in consideration of the assistance rendered by them in successive wars with France, has helped materially towards the establishment of constitutional government. At last, in 1771, a code for this island was assented to by the Crown which is not the foundation, but one of the expressions, of its constitutional liberties. Under the provisions of this code it was laid down that no laws or ordinances should be passed unless by the States or Parliament of the island. It was further provided that all warrants and documents

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manifesting the executive will of the Crown should be registered by the Royal Court of the island. It is not probable, in view of the decision of the Privy Council in 1894, already adverted to, that the home Government will nowadays refuse to recognise the right of the States to consider and give or refuse its assent to every projected law, whether it originates with the Crown or, as in future it is likely always to do, with the States. If Jersey—and the same thing is true of the other islands referred to—had been larger and more important and at a greater distance from London, there is little doubt that under this form of constitution she could have obtained for herself a freedom as complete as she could have gained under those parliamentary forms where, theoretically and in the eyes of a court of law, the Imperial Parliament can do everything, while constitutionally in local matters it can do nothing. What is interesting is that in the case of an appanage of the Crown, such as Jersey, tribunals of justice can do, what they cannot do where there is a so-called statutory constitution—take notice of the very important unwritten limitations on the theoretical powers of the home Government, which remain binding so long as an Act of the Imperial Parliament is not invoked. Thus the validity of Orders in Council, which, so far as the Imperial Parliament was concerned, the Crown was free to make for the Channel Islands, has been impeached, and successfully impeached, before the Privy Council, on grounds which no court of law could have taken cognisance of had such a case arisen in regard to Canada or Australia. Of such cases some are reported in the Law Reports, while of others, not so reported, I have had personal cognisance in the Channel Islands cases in which the Privy Council has treated constitutionality and legality as though, in dealing with the constitution of these islands, they were equally within its capacity to notice.

A still more striking illustration of the capacity of a court of law to take notice of what, in its inception at least, seems to have been properly a constitutional restriction on the powers of the Crown, arises in the case of the next form of Colonial Government, that of a Crown colony, where the privilege of holding a legislative assembly has once been granted by the Crown in its charter. In such a case Lord Mansfield, in a judgment the authority of which has never been questioned, held, in a common law action tried at the Guildhall in 1774,¹ that a court of law would treat the grant of the privilege of making laws in a representative assembly as irrevocable and exclusive, and would declare void a subsequent Order in Council purporting to levy a tax. Of course Parliament could have validly legislated, but the point was that the ordinary and natural paramount authority was held to have committed legal as well as constitutional suicide, and put itself in the position of being unable to recall its

¹ *Campbell v. Hall* (1 Cowper 204 ; 20 State Trials 239).

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own Act. The constitutional reason for this it is easy to see; the legal reason is much more obscure. But there it stands established by great authority that such legal reason exists.

I turn now to the ordinary type of statutory constitution established in the most important portions of the Empire by Act of the Imperial Parliament, where the right of self-government granted is of responsible as well as representative government. Here the courts confine what they take cognisance of to the provisions of the Statute. The Imperial Parliament they of course treat as supreme, and where the language of the Statute leaves the Crown nominally free to act on its own initiative, the courts decline to take notice of these constitutional restrictions on the exercise of that power which we all know to exist. But these constitutional restrictions have other than legal sanctions, and they have become much more definitely recognised, as the theory of colonial government has developed during the last quarter of a century. A striking case of the manifestation of a desire that they should exist in full force is to be found in the preamble to that British North America Act of 1867 which gave Canada her present Federal Constitution, and which I take to mean that the statutory framework was meant to be filled up from the storehouse of unwritten tradition. 'Whereas,' so runs the preamble to the Statute, 'the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick have expressed their desire to be federally united into one dominion under the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with a Constitution similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom.' The Act goes on to declare that the executive power of the Government of the Dominion is vested in the Queen, to establish a Privy Council for Canada, which is to advise the Governor-General, to constitute a Parliament for Canada, to set constitutions for the provinces, and to distribute legislative powers under the famous 91st and 92nd sections between the Dominion and Provincial Parliaments, conferring, however, on the Dominion Parliament the general common form power of making laws for the peace, order, and good government of Canada, and reserving to it all powers not expressly given to the Provincial Parliaments. Now from the very first the words which I have quoted from the preamble made it clear that in the Constitution of Canada the Crown, except as regards Imperial matters, which were not delegated, and to which that Constitution consequently did not extend, was intended to be in just the same position towards the Canadian Parliament in point of constitutional usage as is the Crown to Parliament at home. Not only responsible government, but responsible government free from interference from Downing Street, was intended to be granted so far as purely Canadian affairs were concerned. That this was no small matter will be realised quickly by any one who consults the learned work of

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the late Mr. Todd, the Librarian of the Canadian Parliament, who has written a treatise on Parliamentary Government in the Colonies of an authority which places it alongside of that of Sir Erskine May's great home book. One has only to contrast the principles laid down in the despatches from Lord Carnarvon and his successors to the Canadian Governors-General with those written from Downing Street by the Duke of Newcastle only seven years previously, to see how remarkable was the advance recognised. Besides what the preamble expresses, and what, though not new or necessary to be expressed now in any analogous case, was new in 1867, there was another remarkable feature about the Act of 1867.

Not only is the power of giving or withholding the Royal Assent to Bills passed by the Provincial Legislatures and Lieutenant-Governors conferred on the Governor-General, but by ss. 58 and 59 the appointment and dismissal of the Lieutenant-Governors themselves were placed with the Governor-General, as distinguished from her Majesty in person. Now this is a remarkable provision, for a reason which I will point out. Soon after the Act passed, the Supreme Court of Canada—which was established with a view to obtaining an interpretation of the Constitution upon the spot, and which has done much valuable work of this kind—began to show a tendency in its judgments which caused suspicion and friction in the Provinces. This court laid stress on those provisions in the Act which seemed to point to the principle of union of the Provinces, and they laid down principles which if accepted would have placed the Provinces in the position of subordinate governments. A series of questions emerged sharply, of such delicacy that it was essential that they should be decided by an arbiter holding an absolutely even hand between the contending parties, and simply interpreting the words of the Dominion Act in the light of that British Constitution which its object was to reproduce. Such an arbiter was found in the Imperial Privy Council. A series of cases was presented to it, some by way of appeal from the Supreme Court of Canada, and some by way of special reference under special Acts passed concurrently by the Dominion and Provincial Parliaments. In the end the Privy Council settled that the true view of the Act was that it established a federal distribution of not only legislative but executive powers, and that in the matters delegated to them the Provincial Governments had an authority as high as that of the Central Government. The relationship was, in other words, held to be one of strict co-ordination, and that in executive as well as legislative matters. On this principle one burning conflict after another was stilled. The control of the liquor laws, the limits of direct taxation, the Government titles to gold and silver, the right to appoint Queen's Counsel, the control of the fisheries in the great lakes and rivers, the exact provincial boundaries, the adjustment of

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debt—these and many other issues were peacefully resolved as between the Dominion and the Provinces. But while to the legal principle of construction which the Privy Council established there is no real exception, a remarkable exception to the constitutional principle has, by the combined operation of the language of the Act and of the usages which it imported, been created in regard to that office of Lieutenant-Governor to which I have adverted. In the eye of the courts the Lieutenant-Governor of a Canadian province, when appointed, holds directly from the Crown and exercises, where necessary, on provincial advice, all prerogative powers within the scope of the Provincial Constitution. The distribution of executive power is federal. But under ss. 58 and 59 of the British North America Act the power to appoint and dismiss every Lieutenant-Governor rests with the Governor-General. Accordingly, when the majority of the Dominion Parliament and the Dominion Ministry desired to dismiss Mr. Letellier, the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, although supported by a majority in the Provincial Parliament, the Home Government advised Lord Dufferin, the Governor-General, that he must act on the request of his Dominion Ministers if pressed.

The Constitution of Canada sprang at once into full life and vigour because the Imperial Parliament was in 1867 simply giving effect to exhaustive resolutions passed by the federating provinces. The South Africa Act of ten years later, which proceeded on no such definite impulse from within, was stillborn. There is, indeed, another reason why it is not likely ever, as originally framed, to come to life. It was in the main a mere copy of the Canadian Act. Now the Canadian Act has been, between the Supreme Court of Canada and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, interpreted with a view to the circumstances of Canada. The (relatively to the Central Government) absolutely equal authority and status which has been attributed by the decisions of these tribunals to the Provincial Governments is an illustration of this. If the similar language of the South Africa Act had to be applied, it would, however, inevitably be found that the courts were hampered in their interpretation of it by the tradition which had grown up under Canadian decisions, and the Constitution it established would probably prove to be unfit for South Africa as it is to-day. From this danger the latest and most interesting example of a constitution framed after the British model for a distant but great portion of the Queen's dominions has been happily, in large measure, delivered. The Australasian Commonwealth Bill, so much in the minds of all of us at this moment, is the outcome of no scheme elaborated in Downing Street, but of the deliberations of Australasian statesmen conferring on the spot. Like the scheme worked out by a similar process for Canada, a scheme from which it is not unnatural that it should differ

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in very important respects, it proposes to do much more than establish a statutory Colonial Constitution of the old-fashioned type. Of the constitution contemplated by the Commonwealth Bill it is not too much to say what was said by a distinguished Canadian lawyer, Mr. Justice Gwynne, in delivering judgment in the Supreme Court in the case of *The Maritime Bank v. The Queen* (4 Cartwright 421):

We make a very great mistake if we treat the Dominion of Canada, constituted as it is, as a mere colony. The aspirations of the founders of the scheme of confederation will, I fear, prove to be a mere delusion if the Constitution given to the Dominion has not elevated it to a condition much more exalted than, and different from, the condition of a colony, which is a term that, in my opinion, never should be used as designative of the Dominion of Canada.

If by 'colony' the learned judge meant a part of the Empire where there is a mere delegation for local purposes of Imperial authority, constitutionally alterable without consultation of the inhabitants, a mere stage in advance of the old-fashioned plantation, his words are clearly true. One aspect, at least, of the view for which he was contending finds confirmation in the words used by Lord Selborne about a case which falls far short of the level of constitutional government reached in Canada—the case of the Legislature of India. In his judgment in the Privy Council in *The Queen v. Burah* (3 Ap. Cas. 904) Lord Selborne said:

The Indian Legislature has powers expressly limited by the Act of the Imperial Parliament which created it, and it can, of course, do nothing beyond the limits which circumscribe these powers. But when acting within those limits, it is not in any sense an agent or delegate of the Imperial Parliament, but has, and was intended to have, plenary powers of legislation as large and of the same nature as those of Parliament itself.

Time will not permit me to linger over the topic, fascinating to a constitutional lawyer, of the novel and original scheme of the Australasian Commonwealth. I can only draw attention to one or two of its features. In the first place s. 51 limits the power of the Federal Parliament to make laws to certain very important, but none the less restricted and defined, matters, giving this Parliament no general legislative powers. In this point the Bill approximates more nearly to the precedent of the United States Constitution than to that of Canada, which gives general powers to the Dominion Parliament and only specified powers to the Provincial Legislatures. Indeed, the scheme of the Australasian proposals, as disclosed by the very words of s. 106, is to leave the State Constitutions as they are at present, only subtracting from them such powers as are necessary for the erection of the Federal Constitution. This section is followed up by the 109th, which provides that, in case of a conflict of laws, those of the new Commonwealth are to prevail. There is no such express provision in the Canadian Act; but the Privy Council had decided, in *Union Bank*

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v. Tennant (1894 Ap. Cas. 31) and other cases, that it is implied. There is no provision, such as gave rise in Canada to the constitutional dispute over the Letellier case, enabling the Governor-General of the Commonwealth to appoint the State Governors. Such a provision would, indeed, have been hardly consistent with the scheme of the new Constitution, which is to leave State rights intact except where expressly interfered with. S. 70 provides for a federal distribution of executive power. SS. 53 to 56 inclusive enact and make written provisions, most of which exist similarly in the parent British Constitution, but are there unwritten. S. 57 contains an ingenious and novel provision for reconciling the two Houses of Parliament in case of serious differences by making them, but not until after a dissolution, vote together. The final section of the Bill provides for the alteration of the Constitution and for the preservation, in a decision on such alteration, of State rights by means of a submission of the new law to electors in each State. The analogy to the United States Constitution stops very soon. The American Constitution knows but little of what we Britons mean by 'responsible government.' It makes the Executive in a large measure independent of the Legislature. But the Australasian Commonwealth Constitution breathes in every clause the spirit of true responsible government. The Executive really flows from, and is controlled by, the Legislature in this as in any constitution of the British type. Truly it looks as though a man-child were about to be born of the Imperial Parliament.

I have indicated the fashion in which the functions of the Crown and of the Colonial Governors have by degrees become circumscribed by the silken bonds of constitutional usage. I have sketched what, in other words, may be described as the operation of responsible government in cutting down the prerogative, and in making local the advice upon which it is to be exercised. But there is another tendency which is equally apparent. The Imperial Parliament does not coerce her children. The bonds of empire are the bonds, not of any law, written or unwritten, but of a common heritage of history, of interest, and of blood. The result is that the problem of when the Imperial Parliament is justified in interfering is getting to be a more and more deliberate one. Fortunately it rarely arises; and I am convinced that it will arise yet more rarely as soon as the people of those distant dominions of the Queen where our Constitution has been reproduced realise that there is no desire to interfere with their absolute right of autonomy in their own concerns, but only an aspiration to keep the Empire together and to pervade its institutions with a spirit that is Imperial in the noblest sense. For the existence of the existing Constitution of the Empire I am persuaded that it is desirable, and indeed essential, that the Home Parliament should remain in theory and in law supreme. Constitutionally we are all

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getting to understand how this relationship of the mother to her children is tempered. No doubt it would be possible for the Imperial Parliament to renounce this supremacy, to delegate some authority to Colonial Legislatures, and the rest to a purely British Legislature. She might put herself, so to speak, to sleep, and the Parliaments which had taken her place would be co-ordinate only, like the Legislatures which exist side by side in Canada, and are to do so in the coming Commonwealth of Australasia, with no supreme authority among them. Any one who desires to see how as a matter of law this could be done has only to turn up the chapter in 'England's Case against Home Rule'—the ingenious book written by Mr. Dicey on Mr. Gladstone's Irish proposals of 1886. Mr. Gladstone's Bill was not intended to do anything of the kind, whatever its language may have suggested to Mr. Dicey. But he has shown how the thing can be done. Now I have always disliked the words 'Imperial Federation' just for this reason. It is all very well to use the word 'federation' when you are speaking of the consolidation into a dominion or commonwealth of a group of derivative constitutions, such as those of which I have been speaking in British North America and Australasia; but is it appropriate to use it of any conceivable relationship between the Imperial Government as the keystone of our Empire, as it is now, and what are called the colonies? You could create a federation of the Imperial and Colonial Governments, no doubt; but in creating it you would, if you followed the principle which the word implies, break up the Constitution of the Empire and substitute—at least, so I think—what would in the main be a rigid and inelastic Constitution for the unwritten and developing one which has so far worked well. The ideal of Imperial Federation is a fine ideal; but I think it will have to be attained by other means than federation in the legal sense. While the Imperial Parliament remains legally supreme, and consequently a most useful tool for effecting ends in which all concerned have concurred, we are rapidly recognising that it is constitutionally bound so far as the colonies are concerned, just as the Crown has recognised that it is itself analogously constitutionally bound. The real meaning of the new doctrine of continuity in external policy seems to me to be the recognition that in colonial affairs Parliament is a trustee of its powers not only for the electors of Great Britain and Ireland, but for the Empire at large. More and more do successive Parliaments seem to tend to be guided by the Ministers of the day in their proceedings with regard to these foreign and colonial affairs. The constituencies at home are beginning to recognise this. I am certain that those whom I myself represent would rebuke me for disloyalty to the principles of representative and democratic government if I asked them at an election to let a party issue be raised about the policy of our Parliament with regard to, say, the

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internal government of Australasia. This, they would point out to me, is by your own principles for Australasia herself, and your business as representing us is merely to see that the Colonial Office, in applying to the Imperial Parliament for powers, is acting in accordance with Australasian wishes.

In the nature of things all this must become yet more apparent. It will inevitably be accompanied by closer and more frequent consultations between the Queen's ministers in London and the Queen's ministers in the other and more distant parts of her dominions. Some form of council may grow up, some form even of representation in our common Parliament. But it is not the machinery that matters : indeed, the less we have of it, in all probability the better. What is wanted is such a sense of responsibility and constitutional usage, checking the hasty exercise of legal power on the part of the Houses of the Imperial Legislature, as shall make its relationship to the distant subjects of the Crown become as easy as is that of the Crown itself. This appears to be the true notion of a closer Imperial connection, a connection the form of which it is useless to try to define in advance or express in terms of abstract principles. Events in the past have so ordained it that the centre of the Empire is London, and not Sydney, nor Ottawa, nor Capetown. If the past had been different, this too might have been different. If the Empire continues to cohere, it may still be otherwise. Who can say that at some future period the metropolis of the British people will not be found at some spot to-day reckoned remote, but then become the centre ? What is important is that, come what changes may, the unity of our race and of that link which is its precious possession should never be impaired or lost sight of.

And this leads me, in conclusion, to say a few words about a topic which, I cannot but think, appears more thorny than it really is.

The inevitable outcome of the growing importance and magnitude of the more distant parts of the Queen's self-governing dominions is that they will more and more rely on their own tribunals for the administration of justice. This is as it ought to be. It is a tendency implied in the very notion of self-government, in that very power of making laws for peace, order, and good government which is the common form of the instruments under which our fellow subjects beyond the seas rule themselves under the Queen's flag. But there is a class of question, a class small in number, but large in importance, which reaches beyond the analogy of ordinary litigation. Some of the questions which belong to this class concern the ascertainment of the true principles which underlie the type of British Constitution, unwritten as much as written, under which all of us who are subjects of the Sovereign live. Some others of such questions concern topics such as the great principles

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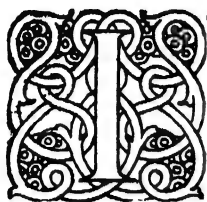
of that system of Common Law, itself elastic and developing, which is our common heritage. In an Empire such as ours surely there is room for a great and final arbiter, a tribunal chosen not from one locality nor from one people, but selected from the best brains of the various peoples and various localities which compose that Empire, a tribunal to which appeal might be made in the last resort for the sake of uniformity in great and governing principles. The institution of such a tribunal seems to grow, almost as of necessity, out of our common Constitution. It should be invoked, not frequently nor as of course, but only on grave occasions of general interest. It would not interfere with the finality in ordinary cases of the judgments delivered by the various High Courts of Appeal in or out of England ; but it would remain as a unifying influence, a bond corresponding in judicial matters of Imperial importance to the unifying influence where Imperial interests are touched, of the executive powers of the Crown. It is not difficult to conceive a Court of Imperial Justice, such that the Empire as a whole would be proud of it, as the greatest of ancient or modern times, and would feel its rule a benefit and no burden.

But this is a speculation lying beyond the scope of a paper which has already become too long ; and I have only touched on it because it seemed to me that no discussion such as that which has engaged us this afternoon would have been complete without a reference to it.

AT THE VILLA

BY JULIEN GORDON

I



T was not convenient for me to stop long in Tuscany, but I had two reasons for desiring a few days in Florence. One was to see a bride; the other to visit a tomb.

The bride was my ward, Camilla Howard, who had, much against my judgment, married an Italian. The tomb had a double interest to me: its monument covered the remains of an old friend; it was the work of another—the last, and the *capo lavoro* of poor Bob Taintor. After the completion of this tribute to his dead chum his scalpel fell from his hands. Three months afterwards he himself died. He and I and Fithian—Fithian Haldane—had been intimate at college, bound by peculiar ties of comradeship and affection. I alone survived. They had always said that I was the virtuous one of the trio—God help me—and that as a respectable member of the community all earthly benefits were bound to be my portion. The only one which seemed to accrue to me, however, was the gift of longer life. Whether this be viewed as a blessing is a matter of opinion. I confess that I have felt life to be at least interesting, if not satisfying. Certainly my friends have both been blessed in some measure as I have not. Fithian married a very rich lady, and Bob a beautiful one, while I remained companionless. It was said the former had found little peace with her fascinating husband. Bob's relations with his fair spouse were supposed to have been tender. Both women had assuredly been sorely tried. Fithian's widow had speedily re-married. If she had felt regret, if she had shed tears, they had been facile and hurried.

The monument upon her first lord's grave had been erected after her change of name; its conception and execution being left entirely to the mercy of Taintor's talent. I had heard so much of this bit of art that I felt a melancholy pleasure in taking a look at it before returning to America.

On a very warm afternoon in early June I hailed a cab and was driven to the little quiet cemetery perched above the street, where two English poets sleep, a king reposes, and an orator and philanthropist's virtues are recorded. A brief parley at a grated gateway, the promise of a lira, and the *custode*, who assured me that I could not enter at that particular hour, unlocked the portals, and prepared to show me the way. I explained that I wished to see the last resting place of a *signore americano* called——

'Basta,' he said with a smile, 'I know.'

We walked up a straight path between stiff hedges, then, in a

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rapid turn to the right, threaded our way through tangled grasses, to where abruptly rose the cenotaph. Upon its side was a medallion of Fithian's profile ; above it stood the female figure of which I had heard so much.

'*Questa tomba,*' said the custodian, 'was for long neglected, although strangers often stopped to admire the sculptor's skill. But for the last few months its plot has been put in order, and the signora who visits it has given me money to plant these flowers, which you see blooming about its base.'

So an unknown deity came here, mysterious and hidden, to perform sad rites to memory. This cast romance—a not altogether unnatural one—on the lonely spot. Fithian had been attractive to women ; it was evident that one at least did not forget him. I leaned forward to search for the likeness in the half-remembered features which gleamed white and clear-cut before me. Yes, this was he ! The refined, sneering, beautiful lips, the finely chiselled, sensitive nose, the discerning brow, the clustering hair, the perfect ear—Fithian in all his perversity and power. None of the weakness that we all have for the defenceless had caused Bob to deviate from the truth. He had accorded the dead man no grace of spiritual insight, while leaving him exactly as he had trodden the streets, smiled, sinned and fallen by the wayside. Something clutched at my throat, and I looked up. A draped creature soared above me in the twilight—soared between dark cypress growths, against a sky of pallid purple dyes. One hand gathered her clinging garments about her with gentle firmness ; the other, extended with a gesture full of dignity and clemency, seemed to beckon from her great height to some departing spirit of the night.

Taintor had refused to name the statue. If she represented Silence, Death, Pity or Consolation, who could say ? If the portrait was very human, the statue was divine.

'Well done ! Well done !' I could not help ejaculating. I noticed that at her feet were three red roses. As I turned, 'The Signora,' said the attendant, 'placed these here yesterday ; last night's dew has kept them fresh.'

I asked no question, at which he seemed surprised and disappointed. A lack of curiosity is a qualification incomprehensible to the Italian mind.

I gave him his tip, and after a few moments of *recoiement* at Mrs. Browning's shrine, I wandered back to my cab and the empty thoroughfare.

What an odd coincidence it was to be sure that my ward Camilla should have married the very man who had so speedily consoled Mrs. Fithian Haldane for the deceptions of her first marriage ! At her own death she had left her immense estate at the disposal of the Count. It was said that she made him entirely happy, and that

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he mourned her with faithful sorrow. He had been a widower many years when he met and loved Camilla. It was not because he was a foreigner that I found fault with the alliance. With all the lustiness of my American Eagle, I do not consider a Wall Street broker the only possible *parti* for a lovely Yankee girl; and, failing an English duke, am willing she should make her selection from among the nations of the earth. I did consider, however, that the disparity of years was a serious, and even a dangerous, objection. American women are fond of freedom; Italian gentlemen are jealous and exacting when enamoured.

I still called Camilla a bride; yet the honeymoon was, indeed, well over. It was more than a twelvemonth since her marriage and eighteen months since that evening when Count Savignano fell a victim to her shoulders. She was in mourning then for her father—my partner at the law—and the Count had been allured by that swan-like throat and bosom, as they emerged pure and pale from the blackness of her bodice. That Camilla should attract sensually seemed apocryphal, so refined and intellectual, so vaporous and shadowy, was her personality. Nothing more subtly delicate than the smile upon her always slightly open lips. I confess that to me Camilla was not sympathetic. I prefer more human and warmer types; yet the Count had told me, with his rather *bruyant* laugh, that her shoulders had ‘fetched him.’ He prided himself on his English, which was, in fact, excellent, and was especially delighted with himself at an occasional slang word. I had been their *vis-à-vis* at that dinner party where the elderly man and the slight girl sat side by side. The random shaft that had hit him straight in the heart was not quite concealed from my interested observation. It was apparent to me that Camilla had made a conquest, and a serious one, before I draped her in her opera cloak to depart. The Princess Doni, who had taken Camilla under her wing during her stay in Florence, asked her as we drove homeward:

‘Well, my dear, and how did you like Savignano?’

Camilla replied, as girls do, in vague terms of perfunctory politeness, that the Count seemed to be an agreeable man enough.

‘He is a good fellow,’ said the Princess, ‘and he was an admirable husband. He made Mrs. Haldane noble amends for the life his predecessor led her. Fithian Haldane was a dissipated scamp.’

‘Hold,’ I said, ‘my dear lady, he was a great deal besides.’

‘I grant you his intelligence and admit his fascination.’

I laughed. ‘Women have before burned their wings at the light of that burnt-out flame. Fithian, I confess, wasted his talents. They were, however, decided. He was a scholar, a student and, outside of a few amiable vices, a gentleman.’

‘You ought to feel flattered, my dear,’ said the Princess to

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Miss Howard; 'you are the first woman I have seen the Count look at since his wife's death.'

'I did not remark it,' said Camilla coldly, while I guessed the haughty flush which came and went so easily in her cheek. 'Did you know Mrs. Haldane?' asked the Princess of me, after a pause.

'Very slightly. Haldane once introduced me to a large, good-natured blonde who, he said, was his wife. She seemed a kindly person. It was at Nice, I remember. I left the next day and never saw her again.'

'She and the Count suited each other exactly,' said the Princess, as we drove under the archway of her courtyard. 'He is, as I have said, a noble fellow, in spite of his materialism. This robustness did not shock Mrs. Haldane. She was desperately in love with him. Of course she was of too ordinary a mind to appreciate her first husband's cleverness. Savignano is not troubled with too much brains. She was a most amiable, sweet woman, and I have never seen her irritated except by Haldane. His irony seemed to get upon her nerves.'

'His words could be trenchant,' I said.

'But she and the Count,' the Princess rambled on, 'were absolutely contented in each other, their luxurious homes, their indolent existence.'

'What a pity the poor lady died,' said Camilla, with a faint yawn.

It was six months afterwards that she married the Count.

II

They wrote me their town *palazzo* was closed, but that I was to come up by the afternoon train to the villa, where I was expected to pass a few days. I found myself free, however, and ready before eleven o'clock, and decided to go out earlier. I should pick up a trap at the station no doubt, and I promised myself a certain amusement in surprising my hosts. I decided not to telegraph them my change of plan.

When I reached the picturesque old town it was exactly a quarter before twelve. I jumped into a large *calèche* which resembled the cast-off chariot of a duchess. It was lined in faded crimson satin, and its wheels were painted yellow. The Jehu jerked over two hardy ponies, ridiculously small for the stately vehicle, reins of scarlet worsted cord. He whistled and shouted to his nags as we dashed through the narrow streets and passed the Cathedral. Erected in the twelfth, remodelled in the thirteenth century, I knew it contained frescoes of interest by Giovanni Christiani, and fine mosaics by Robbia. We emerged into those plains where Cataline was slaughtered, once the centre of frightful struggles. To-day fertile and peaceful, watered by the gentle Ombrone, a mile through

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their quiet *podere*, *au grand galop*, another mile of steep ascent up a rugged roadway, and we had arrived at Acquaviva.

During my journey, passing the Lago di Bientina, Tassignagno, Altopascio, San Salvatore, and now, while whirling up the mountain, I had ample leisure for reflection. My thought turned to conjectures on my ward's odd marriage and odder nature. She had from childhood seemed to me a strange girl. *Pétrie de chimères*, mystic, unpractical, under a calm, unruffled exterior. I fancied in her, curious psychic phenomena, restless, nervous exaltations, but, of course, being a dull male, I might be mistaken. Somehow I could not imagine the title of Countess, however it may please young ears, the coronet of an ancient house, the dazzling decoy of large bank accounts, would have determined, even if they had enticed, to her peculiar marriage. She never had appeared to me calculating. On the other hand there was much in the personality of her spouse—although of decided attraction—to jar on her rather *farouche* susceptibilities. Long a bachelor, a man about town, his first brief married experience had not eradicated a certain streak of what the Princess called 'materialism.' A slight grossness was expressed in his robust, juicy person, by loud laughter, a tread that shook the house, a yawn which stretched his handsome mouth somewhat too widely, a sneeze that produced earthquake. Passed middle life, his vigour was remarkable; he was a man to his finger-tips. Savignano had that strong animal nature which repels when it fails to attract. He sometimes listened to stories, and even passed them on, which might well ruffle maidenly modesty; but his temper was so merry and boyish, his gaiety so sane and wholesome, that the dross fell, and only the humour remained. Generous and simple, he had managed—perhaps by the incendiary force of his virile wooing—to win Miss Howard. What his first wife's tougher fibre had not objected to had perhaps been the very quality which captivated her far more fastidious successor. It is a fact that hypercritically refined women are frequently charmed by bluff men. I had no reason to believe the Count's conduct coarse. He had the reputation of honesty and cleanliness. Of course the gossips will tattle. There had been rumours that before Fithian's demise, the Italian's devotion to the neglected wife had been over warm. Indeed, some enemies of Mr. Haldane's mischievously insisted that he was not over fond of the Count who was presently to wipe away his widow's tears. The lady, however, was of such spotless virtue that the slander fell. Poor Fithian! He would rather have died than shock the sensitiveness of a lady's ear. He had with men great personal reserve and dignity; they never twice indulged before him in barrack-room tales; yet in his life were those afflicting contradictions which stagger friends and give some justice to the calumnies of enmity.

Bent on my project of a surprise I did not ascend the flight of

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stone steps which rose from the terraces at the front of the house, but, almost furtively, took a circuitous path to the plateau behind it, thus reaching the windows which here opened to the grass. They were open now, and, softly treading on the mossy carpet, in a moment I was peering into one of them. I was not disappointed. This lofty apartment proved to be the library, the favourite morning room, of the Count and Countess. It was a charming picture that met my gaze.

I had not seen Camilla since that morning twelve months before, when, with the aid of our Ambassador, I had given her away under the ægis of our embassy in Rome. It was therefore with some curiosity that I now saw her again, with that mysterious change which wifehood brings. I noted that she still looked more like a girl than a woman, although there was a richer glow, if one may so speak, about her ethereal presence, whose bloom had never been salient or pronounced. Still extremely slender, almost to thinness, her soft white gown fell about her like a cloud. She was sitting surrounded by scattered books, in front of a high case filled with volumes, in her old childish fashion, on the floor. Her tossed-up hair shone in a sun-ray that illumined the matchless distinction of her head and throat. She was entirely absorbed in her reading, with that utter ignorance of the presence of others which renders a woman whom one has usually seen in society and on her guard, peculiarly seductive. At a table, a white boating-cap tipped over his eyes, in a short blue jacket and duck trousers, smoking a cigar, sat her husband. He looked superbly, bronzed by the air of his native hills. He was turned a little away from the window, and so, although I could see his face distinctly, he did not immediately see mine. I was struck by the expression of his countenance. Savignano was not only looking at his young wife, he was watching her—the attitudes are not synonymous. She, on her part, did not appear to notice that he was near. Had he too, like myself, come unawares to catch some fugitive development of her unconscious grace? His keen regard was bent upon her in a sort of voiceless wonder. In the depths of his dark eyes I read more than love's delight—its pain. They were the eyes of some dumb creature seeking to solve a human riddle: baffled, yet worshipful.

The room was full of flowers, and in its lofty fragrance, its large stillness, one could almost hear the heartbeats of its silent occupants. Suddenly he pulled open a drawer of the table on which he rested his arm, and I saw him take out a miniature.

'*Bambina mia*,' he said, 'you asked to see this portrait. I found it last night in my old desk, and tucked it in here. Will you look at it now?'

She dropped her book with a start, and turned, smiling up at him very prettily.

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‘Why, Raymond,’ she said, ‘were you there?’

‘Yes, my darling, I was there.’ In his tone, somehow, I guessed more than heard a note of sadness.

She came and leaned lightly upon his broad shoulder. With a loving movement he covered her slight fingers with his great palm.

‘Here it is.’

She swept the picture he held out to her with her grave, grey eyes.

‘Were your father and mother very much in love with each other, Raymond?’

‘Not too much, not too much,’ said the Count, shaking his head.

‘But why do you ask me that question, *bambina*?’

‘Because,’ she said, ‘this looks like a child of love.’

‘Ah,’ said the Count, scrutinising once more the picture, ‘and how do they look—children of love? What curious ideas you have, *petite*!’

‘They look as you must have looked, Raymond, when you were little, with those roguish dimples and that wild shock of wicked black curls.’

‘*Dio mio*, how the priests pulled them!’ said the Count. ‘And what a monkey of mischief I was, to be sure, and how often my tutors boxed my ears! That is why they are so big.’ And he gave one of his leonine roars.

‘Why, Raymond, your ears are not too big for such a big man,’ and she just touched them with her hand under his thick hair.

He flushed with pleasure, drawing her to him with sudden passion.

‘So love-children look like this portrait, little one?’ and then he whispered something to her, at which she laughed nervously, throwing up her head, extricating herself a trifle coldly, I fancied, from his detaining arm.

I coughed, she screamed, and they both came forward with warmest welcoming.

‘Why, Milburn,’ said the Count, ‘this is entirely delightful. *Brava! brava!* Just in time for breakfast, which for some reason best known to our *chef*, is a half-hour late.’

In fact, at that moment a liveried lacquey announced that madame was served.

III

At the table she told me that the Princess and her husband and Mrs. Macgregor were coming to dine and sleep at the Villa, invited to do me honour. ‘So you will be among old friends.’

Mrs. Macgregor was an American widow, who, having married her daughter to a Florentine, resided in Italy.

‘There will also be Don Alberto.’

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Don Alberto was a retired diplomat, *persona grata* in the best world of European cities—an intimate of my host's.

'I have always heard Acquaviva laudèd as a perfect place,' I said with my mouth full of *pâté*—'but it quite overshadows my imaginings. It is a royal abode, and I want to see all or most of it, just as soon as possible, as my stay here has to be brief. I must catch the steamer at Genoa on Saturday.'

'Very well,' said Camilla, 'while you gentlemen are at your coffee, which I never take, I'll put on a shorter frock, get my hat, and we will at least do the shady walks before our friends arrive.'

'This place,' said the Count, 'has been in my family since the fifteenth century. My father was a large landed proprietor. My first wife's fortune enabled us to spend upon it enough to beautify and adorn what was tumbling into decay. I am glad to remember the pleasure she took in it. I had not intended to remarry, but this syren was too much for my good resolutions.'

I looked to see if the doubtful taste of this sally annoyed Camilla. But she made no sign. Later, however, when he told us an extremely witty, but slightly *risquée* anecdote about a priest and a *contadina*, although she laughed, I thought she winced a little. The fun in us sometimes smiles at the vulgarity which jars. This encourages the joker while it discourages us.

I remember no walk more delicious than the one I took in the early afternoon. We paused for a moment on those great terraces flanked by sunken gardens, under which the whole of Tuscany seemed unrolled before us in its amphitheatre of hills. The house, high, like all Italian country dwellings, turreted, with its great clock-tower and wide wings, hung on the mountain side like a bird in flight. Behind it was a circular plateau shaded by splendid trees. We visited the aviaries, the kennels, the wine-presses where the wide vats stood ready for the vintage. She took me to what she called the *coullée*, showing me how a torrent stream was turned into the wash-room, where two or three stout women in blue aprons and coifs were at their *lavatura*. They hastily wiped off their strong arms, and came forward in turn to kiss the padrona's hand. The place, filled with the pleasant odour of soap-suds, and an agreeable vaporous warmth from a large white stove, had stone floors and huge rafters. It looked more like a church than a laundry.

She took me to visit the private chapel which had a pulpit of Giovanni Pisano's, and a Saint Sebastian, attributed to Ghirlandajo.

'Express no doubts to Raymond,' said the Contessa laughing, 'or he will put arsenic in your wine.'

She led me to the circular labyrinth, where, in the centre of a box-bordered court, was the bust of the Cardinal 'who came very near being Pope, but just missed it,' she explained, 'because some

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playful colleague is supposed to have done exactly what Raymond will do to you if you question the authenticity of his Saint Sebastian.' We stopped in the grove where the jurist and poet Cino was supposed to have composed some of his verses, and where indeed he himself, or an admirer, had caused an improvisation to be there carved in stone. She stooped and pushed away with her parasol the mosses and vines which half concealed the slab. Together we tried to decipher the quaint inscription, an ode to the peace-giving influences of the spot. Above our heads, in the dark tree-tops, amid which trailed pale roses, sang the nightingales.

We visited the mimic lake, where she herself unmoored her boat and rowed me to the grotto under the waterfall. We rambled down the deeply shaded lanes which led into the valley, resting a moment on the porch of an airy kiosk, where she told me they sometimes breakfasted. Here we could see the houses of the Count's tenantry, and the many thousand acres of his vast estate.

As she walked she was rather silent. Camilla had never been a chatterbox. Oh, why will women endlessly talk! If only they could guess the might of such repose! We went along in quiet mood, and only now and then spoke when we had something worth the saying.

I had, indeed, begun by a panegyric on her husband, his *bonhomie*, his frank forgiveness of my opposition to her marriage. His cordial hospitality had touched me as distinctly magnanimous, and I felt myself bound to some honourable amends. I launched forth, therefore, somewhat awkwardly, in praises of the Count. I have always noticed that such exaggerated encomium of her husband rouses in a woman a certain antagonism. There always seems some doubt as to her satisfaction. She seems to have to remind herself that her husband or lover does this or that for her, once crossed the ocean, soiled his shoes in her service, wears good clothes, isn't stingy, and doesn't contradict. Camilla compromised on,

'He has been amiable enough not to tease me to change my religion. I couldn't get up enough faith. It's as much as I can do to believe—anything.'

'He is a clever man,' I said smiling. 'The admirable condition of this property is a proof of his ability.'

She dismissed the subject with, 'Raymond is able.'

'He won you,' I said gallantly.

She turned and looked at me narrowly.

'Was that intelligent?' Somehow her answer gave me a slight shiver.

She then abruptly turned the subject, as if a further discussion of her lord's virtues fatigued her. It does, in fact, require energy to dilate upon qualifications which do not necessarily make us happy.

Later, after a lengthy pause, I spoke again—exclamatory now.

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We had just reached the poet's nook, we were breathing in a thousand smells and listening to sounds of intoxicating sweetness.

'What a paradise you live in !'

This time she answered with enthusiasm : ' I adore it !'

' I am more than pleased,' I said very seriously, ' to hear you say so. It will be a pleasant thought to me, a pleasanter word to carry to your friends.'

' How far they seem ! Yes, I adore Acquaviva. It appeals to my imagination.'

Then I ventured : ' You never regret home ?'

' After papa's death—no—it was finished.' She sighed. ' This is home now.'

' You are right and wise.'

' I go and see the tenants. We have only two families of our own class near by. I don't care for them. I find Italian women dull. The peasants really entertain me more. One expects less and is often amazed at their astuteness. And then, I can be useful to them.'

This was admirable and I said so.

' Raymond's first wife,' she continued, ' never went near them. She never could learn enough Italian to speak with them ; and as she took no exercise she must have died of inanition.'

I was going to remark that she was reputed to have found the Count all-sufficient, when Camilla used the very same words.

' I suppose,' she said, ' she found Raymond all-sufficient.' She laughed.

Again, there was that sudden chill at my spine. By-and-by, ' And the intellectual life,' I said, ' which used to be so much to you. What do you do for that here ?'

The fitful flush which always added much to Camilla's loveliness suffused her cheeks and rose to her forehead under her garden hat. She frowned as if the sun troubled her vision.

' Ah—yes,' she said. And no more.

We walked on, and I again reflected that the muteness of some women was more suggestive than their confidences.

Just before we returned to the house, as we stopped for an instant to cool ourselves at the fountain, close to the parapet where the breeze blew up from the plains, she spoke again, rapidly and low.

' Did you know Fithian Haldane ?'

' Know him ! Bless me ! He was one of my best friends.'

' Was he such a saturnine person ?'

' He had those moods. Fithian was not plain sailing. But there was a spell about the fellow no one ever resisted. He carried off every honour at college, and was not only remarkable in mind but king of all the sports, and the model of the other boys who envied his fashion and elegance, yet liked him.'

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'I now remember,' she said, 'to have heard you speak of him in the past.'

'Fithian,' I said laughing, 'in spite of his pranks somehow always managed to be on top, to get the upper hand of other people. I don't know how he did it. It is a trick that psychologists must discover. I have never forgotten how he once settled a brawl between two fellows. Just the matter of a hand laid on combatant shoulders. They slunk away ashamed, while he remained master of the ground.'

She did not answer me. She moved to the house and I followed her. I went to my apartments, refreshed myself with a bath, and did not emerge again until five o'clock. The great house seemed asleep. We were to have tea at six under the trees, when the guests arrived, and were not to dine until nine o'clock, that the ladies should have ample time to rest, and make their evening toilette. I lounged through the fine rooms—the yellow ball-room with its mirrors and statues, the smaller suites of salons, and cordons of boudoirs. Finally I returned to the library, which seemed to me the most witching one of them all.

There on the floor still lay the books which had fallen from Camilla's lap when her husband had called her to see the portrait. Here they had lain ever since; forgotten by mistress and by servant. The weary summer wind blew in at the long French windows, fluttering their leaves. The bookcase was still open; a drawer underneath it, filled with periodicals and papers, was half drawn out.

I stooped and picked up a stray volume. It was one of a handsomely bound edition of Voltaire. As I opened at the title page I started. There, in his perfect handwriting, fine and clear-cut as copper-plate, was the name—Fithian Haldane, and a date. At random I reached for others. All had the same name in them. What, indeed, was there astonishing in the fact that Mrs. Haldane had inherited her husband's library, and that it had passed—she being childless—into the possession of the Count? Among those at my feet lay a sort of album, with red morocco cover. It looked like a diary. I carried it to the light. It seemed a rambling collection of terse phrases, either culled from books or springing from the writer's own train of thought. Unnecessary to say, its entries were all by Fithian's pen.

These were some of the sentences :

'Will the gods above add to this day's reckoning the martyrdom of a to-morrow?'

'When we are not there, people are not quite so disconsolate or so merry as they would have us believe.'

'The restrictions of Puritanism, so revolting to free spirits, were necessary forces to a new civilisation—the "come to Jesus" of the

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missionary: the "for the Lord's sake" of the Calvinist, which antagonises the young sceptic were the lever which reclaimed cannibals and redeemed continents. No progress without exaltation.'

'I love delicacy. For me love would be its highest expression.'

'Shelley, that supreme lyrist, understood, but never reached, love.'

'A lack of imagination does not preclude irritable nerves which cause violent crises.'

'Antipathies are insane. I once heard a woman say that a lady who wore a red hat must be wicked.'

'We must not always judge others by the way they impress us. They may have a hidden visage.'

'Our salient superficialities are what we are judged by. If they appeal to Philistia we will suffer no injustice.'

'A position only attained by submitting to indignity, is well lost.'

'The thing I did not pay for I found most expensive.'

'I was not accorded those moral characteristics which enable men to shut their eyes to doubt, and to act singly in emergency.'

'We admire, we lift a mask, we find deformity where we had expected beauty, we have deceived ourselves, the lesson is final and beneficent.'

'No obstacles, no circumstances, not death itself, can separate lovers, only the weaknesses of character.'

'The test of courage is to accept responsibility; without this no conspicuous achievement is possible. I lacked this valour.'

'There is a time to be blind, and one to see.'

'It is the woman we shall never meet who is beautiful. How we dream of her in those ideal moments of fadeless flowers, perfumed airs, eternal youth!'

All this was arresting enough; to me doubly so, as a voice from that other realm into which our curious eyes peep and penetrate so feebly, and which stifles us with its secrets. But far more interesting to me than these records of an undisciplined, and possibly perfidious character, was the fact that Savignano's young wife spent her leisure moments with this dead philosopher, who was so strangely interwoven with her fate. On the margin of the last sentence I have quoted I was startled to find some words scrawled in pencil in her well-known careless chirography. They were these:

'Two wounded eagles meet in desolate space, and exchange their cry of anguish.'

A little farther she had scribbled:

'An impression of great sadness, but of a pride and elevation which knew how to suffer and be silent.'

This was all.

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A heavy tread disturbed me. My host was upon me. I dropped the *cahier* with, I know not why, a sense of guilt. I need not have felt disturbed. His broad smile met my embarrassment with entire cheerfulness.

'*Dio mio, caro amico,*' he said, 'what confusion is this. I must scold that lazy Natale for his neglect. Everything here in disorder, and the carriage with our guests must have already entered the gate.'

He rang.

'My little wife passes hours at the bookcases. God knows what she finds there to amuse her. But I like to see her there, sitting on the floor, at home in Acquaviva. I was lonely, it makes me happy. I myself'—he laughed, a trifle shamefacedly—'admit I am content to study men and things. I give books a wide berth. I doubt if I ever have even opened one of these.'

He ordered the recreant Natale, who now appeared, to put things in order, close the cases, and bring in fresh roses.

It has, in fact, not escaped my notice that persons who do not read never finger books. I once heard a lady say that if she did not wish her husband to find a letter, she hid it in a book. I could not help wondering if my host even knew to whom this library had belonged. Of course, he must have done so once. Had he forgotten?—or had he indeed, as he said, never touched them? And just then the wheels crunched the stones.

IV

The ladies came in, talking glibly, with a rustle of petticoats. Don Alberto, whose red moustache bristled like a flame under his nose; the Prince, tall, with his sunken cheeks, his perfunctory smile, his polished manner, his habitual *ennui*. His wife had so often done the honours for Savignano during his widower days that she perhaps felt that pique it gives one to be received with ceremony where one has played lady of the house. It is always provoking to mature matrons to find a young girl they have patronised spring full-fledged into a woman of the world. Mrs. Macgregor and the Princess may have felt this when, with entire simplicity, but with perfect assurance, Camilla, exquisitely dressed, came down the stairs to receive them.

At any rate, after dinner that evening, as we sat out under the stars, the women sipping their mint and smoking cigarettes, the men at their chartreuse and cigars, the feminine chatter, to which I always draw, took on a turn which seemed to me not entirely devoid of malice.

'I have not been here since——' Mrs. Macgregor stopped affectedly.

'Since what?' asked the Princess.

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Mrs. Macgregor lowered her voice somewhat, but took care it should reach Camilla.

‘Since dear Helen reigned.’

‘You don’t say so,’ said the Princess. ‘Savignano always made me play hostess when he was alone. I used to arrive—with my husband, of course—the day before his house parties. I am glad to find my place so charmingly filled.’

Camilla had perched herself on the parapet, her white satin gown trailed to the turf. There were pearls in her hair.

‘Helen loved this place,’ said Mrs. Macgregor.

‘Above all she loved Savignano,’ murmured the Princess.

I looked to see if Camilla winced. Her face in the dim light was as unmoved as the surface of a mountain lake.

Mrs. Macgregor was not romantic. She was one of those persons who like the truth. It must be told even about dead ladies who have been polite to one.

‘It was a pity she grew so fat, poor dear. She couldn’t get about here much. It is so steep, you know, and so hot. And she was afraid of horses.’

Other people’s villas are frequently felt to be steep and hot.

‘It was undoubtedly disease. How kind he used to be to her!’

‘Yes. It seemed extraordinary he should have married her.’

This conversation was a whispered *tête-à-tête*. I sat close to the Contessa, and was supposed to be chatting with her. I could not, however, succeed in making her talk to me. But if she was listening to the other women’s prattle she gave no evidence.

‘Oh, my dear, they were perfectly congenial. She had the sweetest disposition; he had long been an *ami de la maison*. He pitied her, and——’

‘It was perhaps more extraordinary that Fithian Haldane married her—he who so adored beauty.’

‘Why, my dear, Mrs. Haldane—Miss Davies—was handsome in her youth.’

‘Is it possible? I always fancied he married her money.’

‘She had a throat and hands like milk. Such pretty hair. Haldane admired these beauties excessively.’

Camilla sprang from the parapet. Her eyes gloomed upon me in the night.

‘Were you speaking of Raymond’s first wife?’ she raised her voice. ‘He has shown me a picture of her. It is far from fair—quite brown. She must have changed.’

‘How beautifully your gown fits, my sweet dear!’ said the Princess deprecatingly. ‘Paquin, of course.’

Camilla sauntered away up the terrace. ‘I am looking for the little new moon,’ she cried back at us.

‘I will help you,’ I said, and joined her.

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As I came up : 'They lie,' she said, 'they lie. He hated her, he hated her.'

I was speechless.

'She never could understand him. Of course with Raymond it was different. Any child could read *his* heart. But that other . . . she broke. She taunted him with his poverty, with having married her for her money. Perhaps he did—I hope he did. She killed him.'

If ever jealousy found savage cry, it was here. I was aghast. Something must be said if on the morrow she was not to detest me. It is difficult to pardon those to whom we have unwittingly exposed ourselves.

'I can imagine nothing less pardonable,' I said, 'than the idle gossip of those two women.'

Then I sacrificed my native gallantry to the situation. 'They are nasty, spiteful old harpies and repay you ill for your hospitality.'

Camilla, who had a quick humour, laughed. We returned to discuss less personal topics. Nevertheless, the actual state of affairs at Acquaviva seemed so incredible that I carried them to bed with me, and they gave me uneasy slumbers. Was Savignano's young wife in love with Fithian's wraith? Was she living in intellectual and spiritual communion with this shadowy inhabitant of Acquaviva? Was she jealous of Helen, not for the living, but for the dead lover?

Before I left the villa, on the next evening, my host and I were left alone for an hour. With the Countess on this last day of my sojourn my intercourse was purely superficial. Administrator of her slender fortune, we had some business to discuss, some papers to sign. After which she pleaded a headache, and left us alone. I had then an opportunity of studying more closely the peculiarities of this unusual couple. That they were ill-assorted I could no longer doubt. The Count, who, like the generality of his nation, was expansive, almost immediately after Camilla's disappearance, spoke with directness.

'You advised Camilla against marrying me,' he said.

'I knew you less well than I do now.'

'All very pretty,' he answered, 'and I thank you for your compliments; but I am not so sure that you were not right.'

I looked at him amazed.

'She ought never to have been asked to so sacrifice herself'—his occasional mistakes were picturesque—'to sacrifice herself to me.'

'But my dear Savignano, she herself assures me that she adores Acquaviva.'

'That is possible,' said the Count, with an expression, half melancholy, half quizzical, 'what does that prove? She did not, I imagine, assure you, that she adored me.'

I should have liked to tell the dear fellow, for whom I was beginning to entertain a great respect and regard, not unmixed with

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a sentiment of pity, that she had done so. It being impossible, I remained silent.

He shook his head and sighed. 'I have not, as you can imagine, Milburn, the presumption to hope to awaken passion in an exquisite creature like my present wife. Helen loved me devotedly. I now know I repaid her with a poor, mean affection. Do you know—don't ridicule me—I sometimes feel a remorse when I realise that what she inspired in me was only friendship—tenderness, if you will. While what I feel for this *bambina* there'—we were sitting outside, he raised his eyes to the house—'is the maddest, craziest love that ever devastated a man's spirit.' He spoke with the heat, the ardour, of his race. I was touched.

'If you express yourself to her with such eloquence, I am sure she must respond.'

'I found words with which to win her,' he said. 'I forced her, galvanised her, into taking me. More fool I! Silly old infatuated fool! Since she is mine I am powerless. I have no further power or influence. I am a slave, timid and afraid. I fear to be repugnant to her. It is a frenzied fear that torments my brain day and night. She is dutiful, gentle, but eludes me. She slips through my fingers . . . so'—he made a motion as if dropping water from his palm.

Shocked and grieved I could find no word to utter.

'Sometimes I think. . . . Sometimes I fear——'

'Think what?' I asked sternly.

'You knew her past. Has she ever loved—over there—in America?'

I met this question with a smile. 'No—certainly no—I am sure of it. Why, she was a schoolgirl, and always indifferent, cold.'

'We think the women cold we fail to rouse,' he said, with that insight of the Latin, which pricks more bubbles than Anglo-Saxon analysis. 'Could there . . . can there be anybody now?'

'No, not even Don Alberto,' I said, laughing, but uncomfortable, and thinking his confidences, while deeply absorbing, might more safely cease.

'What would you do?' he said, leaning back in his garden chair, and lighting a fresh cigar, 'if a woman played you false?'

'Give her an ample alimony, and hand her over to the other fellow. That is the good American's prescription.'

'We are less amiable: we kick them out of the house here.'

'That is old-fashioned, and not gallant.'

'With us marriage means marriage. We think women should be better than we are—raise us, not stoop to our standards. That is what our religion teaches. Even if a husband prove unfaithful, what does a woman gain by roaming the world alone, or even by making a collection of undesirable husbands? A married woman had better remain mistress of her home. That position, if she be

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honest, is always honourable. And believe me, we are capable of fidelity. As for me, I should kill the woman who betrayed me.'

'There will be no killing here,' I replied lightly.

The servants brought us liqueurs and iced beverages, and with his mercurial changes of mood, and the Italian's fear of being *seccante*, the Count drifted to other topics.

I wondered, as I looked at him a half-hour later, telling stories with jovial good humour, how deeply wounded he really was. With simple minds like Savignano's, the query remains for ever unanswered. Only sometimes an unexpected tragedy proves to us the depths of elemental natures.

The following morning I left them. Left them standing together on the plateau, enveloped by the same sunshine, waving farewells to me from their height as I drove away through the cypresses to the misty valley below.

V

I had a day to waste in Florence. Not over fond of sight-seeing, which I have always preferred administered through the pores of my skin, I wandered aimlessly about the streets. Rambling about at twilight, I came, with a sort of shock, upon the gate of the cemetery I had so lately visited. The *custode* was smiling at its grating. 'Would the Signore'—he remembered my *douceur*—'like to take another look at the graves before he closed?'

But, with a protesting denial—'Not for worlds!' I cried to him in English. The mere thought of Fithian's face, and the beckoning figure made me cold.

Through the growing darkness I seemed to see them, in their white proximity, and on the dead man's mouth I fancied the triumph of some posthumous and sinister revenge. Above his head, at her feet doubtless, still lay the three red roses, like drops of blood from a human heart.

I walked on. Then suddenly I stopped. I went back. The man had locked the portals. His sharp eyes were still staring at me through the bars.

'The Signora,' I said, 'who comes to the tomb where you took me, is she—er—young?'

'*Che! giovane, giovane, e bellissima,*' he said, enchanted at my return, delighted to chat, scenting centimes.

'Like a spirit—*un'angelo. Che piedini! Inglese? No. Americana forse.* The English ladies wear bigger shoes.' He laughed. 'Her lips are red. *La bocca sempre aperta.* Always open, like a flower.'

It was enough.

'Her roses,' he added, 'were quite black yesterday. I swept them away with my broom. She will bring fresh ones soon.'

I gave him his *lira* and moved away into the dusk.

**MRS. SAMUEL ELIOTT AND HER
DAUGHTERS**



From the original photograph by
 J. W. Elliott, Esq.

Mrs. Samuel Elliott, with her three daughters, Mr. Crosby, Maria, Louisa, of Emmet and Bernard de Bismarck.

From the painting by J. W. Elliott, Esq. in the collection of the Earl of Essex.

MRS. SAMUEL ELIOTT AND HER DAUGHTERS



AT a time when so much interest has been aroused by the exhibition at the Royal Academy of the great painting by Mr. Sargent, representing 'The Three Daughters of the Hon. Percy Wyndham; Mrs. Adeane, Lady Elcho, and Mrs. Tennant,' one of the most surprising achievements in modern portraiture, the mind reverts with pleasure to the varying methods with which other great painters have treated the same fascinating subject of sisters in the same group, containing those delightful resemblances and divergences in type and character which such a relationship displays.

Students of the 'old masters' will recollect 'The Three Sisters' by Palma Vecchio at Dresden, matchless for their voluptuous beauty, and perhaps the more sedate, but none the less engaging, group of Sofonisba Anguissola and her sisters, painted by Sofonisba herself, now in the Raczinski Gallery at Berlin.

The most familiar of such groups is the famous 'The Three Ladies Waldegrave,' painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, a painting challenged with great daring, though not quite victoriously, by Sir J. E. Millais in his 'Three Misses Armstrong, Playing Cards,' in which the painter, vigorous and masterly as regards the painting, falls short in delicacy and refinement of his great precursor in the Presidential chair.

The picture, reproduced here, is one little known to the general public, since it has seldom left its native home. It was also painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and represents a rich lady, 'Mrs. Samuel Elliott of Antigua with her Three Daughters.' The young ladies did well for themselves, becoming respectively Mrs. Crosby, Baroness Le Despenser, and Countess of Erroll. Though it may not attain the same high level as 'The Three Ladies Waldegrave,' it is worthy of the great painter's reputation, and an interesting addition to the series of such pictures as those already mentioned.

LIONEL CUST.

ECLOGUE OF THE DOWNS BY JOHN DAVIDSON

LUCIAN

URBAN

EUSTACE

URBAN



EST by nor' west, fresh, virile, young
and bold,

A very splendid wind, renascent
Spring !

Skirting the southern seaboard, over-
land

He tramples from the Atlantic, drums and gongs
Aerial, the music of his march.

Their spiny branches busked with coral buds,
The pregnant spiceries of leaf and flower,
Stark hedges ruffle bravely when he comes ;
On this hand and on that the forests bow ;
And harvests, newly sprung, a shallow tide—
The emerald down of golden crops to be—
Ripple and press about his shining steps. ~

EUSTACE.

This way—across the valley.

URBAN.

Look behind !

For half a year I've seen no widespread world.
The sea. . . . Be patient, now ; and wait ! The sea
Leans up along the towering firmament ;
In crisp resplendent curves the mail-clad wind
Advances channel-ward with echoing tread ;
Against the silver main your Norman tower
Looms black ; with ebony the sharp clouds zone
The belted sun ; and shadows overscore
The dazzling waters.

EUSTACE.

Under Erringham,
Up Thundersbarrow Hill, through Mossy Bottom
Past Crooked Moon and over Truleigh Top,
Behind the tree-shorn Downs, by Small Dole, Beeding,
Bramber, and on to Steyning, where we dine.

JOHN DAVIDSON

LUCIAN.

We range from height to hollow, storm to calm ;
And vent our hoarded or our new-come minds.

EUSTACE.

I met a starling yesterday. . . . I swear
By Æsop, then, I did ! High on a pole,
Above the humming wires he sat : the sun
Gilded his damascened and burnished vest ;
He quivered like an artist as he plied
His castanets, his yellow, clattering bill :
An ostracised and rebel bird, alone
Where myriads of his friendly kind abide.
'Hillo !' I cried. 'What ails you ?' 'Who are you ?'
He snapped disdainfully. 'I am,' I said,
'Acquainted with the tongues of beasts and birds,
A wandering understander, well disposed.
Tell me the matter.' 'Oh, it's simply this !'
The creature grumbled, flouncing to the hedge.
'I'm more intelligent and capable
Than any other starling on the Downs.
I proved it to the world in countless ways ;
Impressed my unapproached pre-eminence
On every mind, and claimed authority.
They would have none of it ! In me behold
A most ill-used, unhappy passerine !'
'But did you, in and out of season, point,
Illustrate, and extol your gifts ?' said I.
'Oh !' went the bird, 'importunately.' 'Then
You failed, perhaps, on the offensive side.
Did you ?' I said, 'with resolute assault,
Unflinching hardihood, and poignant skill,
Attack, expose, deride, and hold to scorn
The faults and foibles of the other birds ?'
'Profound observer—for a man ! I did,'
The starling cried. 'Twas meat and drink to me.
And all day still, though no one hears, I scold
The deep depravity of aviankind.'
'What brought about this ignominy, then ?'
'My awkwardness,' the bird said ; and became
More unctuously familiar. 'I'm so wise,
So able, and transcend so far the bounds
Of starling sense, that my attempts to share
The social duties of my kind, abused
Opinion, and the stigma stuck ! *A gauche,*

ECLOGUE OF THE DOWNS

Impertinent, disgraceful bird, they said,
Whom nobody gets on with. Man alive,
I was a seraph, struggling hard to dwell
On any terms at all with Hottentots !'
'True ; gaucherie,' I said, 'is vanity—
Quintessence of conceit in man and fowl.'
'Vanity ?' said the dubious starling. 'Yes ;
A bird abandoned, who conceives himself
The centre of the universe, records
The highest tide of vanity. You know
You have no soul.' 'No soul ?' the starling barked.
'No soul,' I said ; 'and hence your gaucherie.
You think yourself of paramount respect,
And like a stranded grayling misbehave,
Having no soul ; for soul alone concerns
The Universe. Now man, of yore enfeoffed
In absolute monopoly of soul,
Without effrontery may claim to be
The core of all creation. What I say——'
'The pot said to the kettle,' croaked the bird,
And sought at once a more secluded perch ;
While I began to brood of what and why.

URBAN.

Of what and why ? Nay, here and now, below
Among the gables dip and mount the masts
Of coasting schooners ; from the chimney-tops
The smoke, spun-off, and woven by the wind,
Is looped across the harbour.

LUCIAN.

What and why :
Conundrums all men ask, before the world,
Or shamefaced and in secret.

URBAN.

Here and now,
Uncatechisable, the fieldfares, blown
About our ears, like withered foliage whirl ;
Thrushes and starlings in the roaring wood,
The swarthy-purple elms that gird the town,
With gusts of shrouded music pink and lace
The thunder of the wind ; and skylarks crest
The heaven-high tempest fitfully. In all

JOHN DAVIDSON

The precincts of the land, the sea, the sky,
The wind of spring comes triumphing, and sings
His triumph like a conqueror unashamed.

LUCIAN.

I saw, *not* here and now, but in a land
That lies to windward of our crowded sail,
A hero build a palace roofed with gold,
The panel-work of sandal, and the walls
Of orient alabaster. Genii,
Obedient to his talisman, adorned
The chambers, galleries, and courts
With beauty fetched from ancient treasures,
Elaborate looms and caves of earth and sea !
A goddess loved him ; left her bower in heaven
To marry him ; accomplished all his heart,
And bore him sons and daughters happily.
They lived in sweet contentment with their friends,
Gods, demi-gods, heroes, and men and women ;
They studied all there was to know ; they pleased
Themselves with art ; and fought and overcame
Titanic rebels. Yet he dwelt alone ;
For in his tower at midnight, ' What ? ' he said,
' And why ? ' and many folios filled with words
That never caught an echo of the truth.
One night when he was old an inner power
Bestirred him in his wistful solitude,
And drew him down through all his garnished halls,
His colonnades, and fragrant arbours, out
By a little postern where a pit was dug—
For him, he knew at once. Before he laid
Him down to take his ease eternally,
Remembering all his thought, he yearned to speak
A word that might resolve the doubts of men.
So lifting up his forehead to the night
Instinct with stars, he cried out, ' Live to die ! '
That very moment of his upward look,
And anguished utterance, from a wicket-gate
There issued opposite a hermit old,
Expelled his poortith by the selfsame power
That drew the hero from his pageantry.
Marking the pregnant words, inane to him,
The hermit raised his voice and called aloud
With wrathful eyes and gesture, as they fell
Into the pit together, ' Die to live ! '

ECLOGUE OF THE DOWNS

URBAN.

I hate your destitute antinomies
That paralyse the will ; and better love
The labourer busy in the bottom there,
Than airy palaces of wiseacres,
Or living tombs of envious eremites.
He stumbles on behind the plough, as stiff
And rusty as his team ; the share, disedged
And out of date : an elvish urchin jerks
The bridle ; and at either furrow-end
Perforce he scrapes the clumsy blade, so thick
And greasily the heavy soil adheres.
An ancient implement, unhandsome work :
The numbers of the peasant's poem halt
A little on the sheet of earth he scores.
But showers and summer sunshine, time and tide
Were never known eclectic : golden crops
When autumn reigns delight to decorate
The shaky scrawl of overlaboured hands,
As well as rigid lines of tireless steam.

LUCIAN.

Yes ; but we cannot fling these questions off :
They're in the blood, not fashionable wear,
And drive the simplest and the subtlest mad.

EUSTACE.

And each of us makes answer as he must,
In life and death, in every aim and deed,
Unwittingly—and gallantly.

LUCIAN.

Nay, some,
Beside themselves, attempt to solve in speech
What hearted action only can atone.
Fantastic things men dream and do, distraught
By rebel sense, usurping soul, remorse,
Incongruent appeals and challenges—
The conflict in the tissues and the blood
Where age subdues the tyranny of youth.

URBAN.

Let youth and sense be tyrants still : accept
The sign—The Fox and Hounds.—What nook is this ?

JOHN DAVIDSON

LUCIAN.

The least of hamlets, all unknown in maps ;
Disdained in county-guides ; a forge, a store,
Three dwelling-houses and a wayside inn,
Behind the Downs ensconced.

URBAN.

A dingy room :
The smell of stale tobacco ; a cribbage-board
With pegs of Swedish matches ; almanacks ;
And taproom sawdust ! Oh, escape, escape !

LUCIAN.

But taste the Sussex ale before you fly ;
And, for a reason, keep the room in mind.

EUSTACE.

Why, this is honest malt ; and in these times
Of eager cent.-per-cent. that's something still.

URBAN.

But watch the skyscape through the drabbed panes !
The livid clouds, o'errun with glittering light,
Shrivel and flicker up the firmament
Like tinder in a chimney or shadowgraphs
Against a sheet ; and the blue welkin, domed
And mantling with its watchet dust, the flower
Of azure, overhangs the world. Out ! Out !

EUSTACE.

The wind has fallen ; not a whisper stirs
The brimming silence ; earth, enchanted, waits
A counter-spell.

URBAN.

I love that litter, strewn
About the stithy-yard ; machines and ploughs ;
Old toothless harrows ; rollers, rusty, cracked,
And clotted o'er with tell-tale soil ; wheel-tyres
Of sorts in bunches on the gable : all
Reposeful, genial and luxurious.

EUSTACE.

A prying woman opes a door and peeps—
But not at us, she makes believe. She turns ;

ECLOGUE OF THE DOWNS

She hesitates ; she saunters purposeless,
Then grasps her gown foothot across the way,
And punctuates the broken silence so.

URBAN.

A smothered, gurgling sound ; a scarf of smoke
Hung out upon the chimney-stalk ! The bellows
Coughs and rumbles, sooty cobwebs blown
To tatters in its throat ; the muttering flames
Burst from the drenched and close-raked dross ; the shoe
Cries on the anvil as the dull clang rings
Of dead, on living, iron, every blow
A bruise. A rustle in the hedge : some full,
Round notes, like water-drops that slowly plunge
In a deep, mossy fount, the blackbird pipes ^{over}
With saffron bill ; the assembled starlings scold
In budding tree-tops ; and the brazen catch
And madrigal of fifty chanticleers
In fifty farms responds and dwindles wide
From knoll to knoll round Chanctonbury Ring,
That copes with sable crest the silvery air.

EUSTACE.

Now for your memory of the Fox and Hounds.

LUCIAN.

When first I came on this forgotten den
A year ago, I met a savage oaf
That skulked and tippled in the frowsy room
So little liked by us. His eyes, deep-sunk,
Shifting and fiery, special menace held :
The internecine war of youth and age
Embroidered him, soul and body. 'Sir,' says he,
Waving his tankard, 'did you ever hear
The Cat-call of the Universe ?' 'Not I,'
I said. 'A time may come,' he hisses. 'Weeks
And months the beast is silent. Suddenly at night,
When the club-bore is doling anecdotes
And pallid waiters yawn ; or in the House,
Just on the stroke of twelve, as Mister Smith
"Ventures to think," while a sub-secretary
Sole on the Treasury-bench for supper frets ;
Or on a stair in some perspiring crush,
Where wit and wealth compete for elbow-room
Awaiting all who reach the fabled top,

JOHN DAVIDSON

I hear the Cat-call, and forsake the world.'
'What do you mean by Cat-call?' 'Don't you know?
The Cat-call of the Sphinx, the Universe.'
'I know the ancient guess :—Four feet at dawn ;
At noon, a biped ; triple-legged at night.'
'Not to the purpose, sir,' he cried, enraged.
'And nothing can compel me to believe
It took a parricide to find it out ;
Or that the sphinx fell down and broke her crown
When Œdipus made answer. Sphinx is now
A symbol of the Universe ; her Call,
The queries *what* and *why*, intolerably
Hurled into my ears at inauspicious
Times, with subtle craft and iteration fell,
More vehement than a tunnel-nearing train,
A factory whistle at the break of day,
Or siren of a liner in a fog.
Here, in this upland public-house I hide,
As you will—mark it !—when you hear the Call.
Strange sights you'll see—as I do now ! Look there !
On Truleigh Hill a huddled city, built
Of blackest marble ; houses, spires and towers,
Without a door or window ; pinnacle
And buttress furred and coated with a nap
Of soot—a rusty black upon the hewn
Or burnished marble's dense or glossy tint ;
Between the courses swart smoke coils, crushed through
By stifling pressure. Hark ! The city reels
With heavy noise of voices numberless,
Shouting in unison—the muffled roar
As of a thousand bulls of Phalaris,
The bellowing of men in agony.'
'Come out,' I said. 'Too much tobacco, beer,
The rancid room'—'No ; here I stay,' he cried,
'Until that roar becomes articulate.
Then will the Cat-call of the Universe
Be shouted down for ever.'

URBAN.

Mad, I think.

LUCIAN.

A humorist in Hinnom, rather ; scorned
By fame ; by fortune jilted ; flayed and raw
As to his vanity ; bankrupt in love ;

ECLOGUE OF THE DOWNS

But by a habit soldered into life,
Transmuting pain to pity, grudge to grin,
And solving all in morbid fantasy.

URBAN.

Some natures cannot leave the City of Dis.

EUSTACE.

And few escape a bitter sojourn there.

LUCIAN.

But here are we at Steyning—reticent,
Antique ; a tranquil place of oaken beams
Bow-bent with age ; of gables, shingle roofs,
Of wooden houses, gardens, hanging eaves.
The railway came, but kept its distance ; past
Is present here ; old homeliness, a sense
Of room, and of an actual ease in life
Deliver and refresh the jaded thought,
Like a new image or a well-dreamed sleep.
Nor is an air of mystery wanting : doors
Withdrawn in shadowed entries, windows broad
And low, or high and secret, keep account
Of whispers, vigils, burning glances, tears,
Known only to themselves, mute witnesses
With meaning stored and memories of men.
Oh, towns and houses are your only ghosts !
Unlaid by Time that tosses ruthlessly
In hallowed bournes his plume of brindled steam,
Finger on lip, this Steyning haunts the flank
Of Chanctonbury Ring, a phantom town,
Forlorn a little, waiting by the way,
With silent welcome for the wanderer.

OUR COLONIAL KINGDOMS (KINGDOMS OF THE COMMON CROWN) BY HAROLD G. PARSONS



AN obvious parallel may be drawn between the position of Dr. Franklin, as agent in Paris of our revolted colonies, towards the end of the last century, and that of Dr. Leyds, at the close of this, as Continental agent of the Boer Republics. The special conditions of the case have not permitted Dr. Leyds to administer an impromptu Navy Department from French territory : perhaps because he has found no modern Paul Jones ready to his hand. But the supply of Creusot guns, taken with, for example, the intercepted letters of January 10, 1900, from Philipp, an official of the French Admiralty (now in America) to Sir Edmund Monson, points to a state of affairs very similar, in essentials, to that existing during the War of American Independence, when cannon, muskets, uniforms, and powder were consigned to the provisional Government of the insurgents, not merely with the connivance of the French Government, but by the French Government itself, masquerading as a private firm.

Dr. Leyds [wrote Philipp] with whom I am in relations, has asked me to enter the service, temporarily, of the Transvaal Government, to look after questions concerning supplies, ammunitions, and bills of lading. I accepted, and have obtained six months' leave from the Admiralty.

A French staff-officer, also on leave (from the Fifteenth Division), has lately been discovered serving in the Transvaal. The supply of recruits of every grade, from ex-non-commissioned officers accredited by Leyds (Franklin complains in his 'Works' of the number of such introductions it was necessary for him to write) down to the untrained needy Tartarins in elastic-sided boots who have filled the second-class of every available boat from Marseilles, has been abundant ; and (suburban Anglo-phobes and Ancient Pistols alike) they have been received, if all reports are true, with as disconcerting a want of respect by the burghers they hoped to inspire and to lead as were their predecessors by Washington's Provincials. The part taken by the European Dutch now, as then, has been less conspicuous : though their underhand encouragement of disaffection in South Africa has probably been as persistent as their intrigues are known to have been, in the eighteenth century, amongst the Doppers of their older lost province of New York. At all events, it is certain that our good neighbours of France, with a finer historical sense than our own, recognised, early in the present disputes, the possibilities of Villebois-Mareuil as Lafayette's imitator ; while our pro-Boers were willing to play the part of Tom Paine. The crisis, in fact, had recurred with remarkable exactness ; and all Europe hoped that we

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were about to lose South Africa in the same way, or as the outcome of much the same methods, as those to which we owe the loss of the United States. The final result this time, however (thanks, in great part, to the moral effect of the support given us by our colonies), is different. Instead of the ruin, we may look for the consolidation, of our Empire as a result of the war. For which happy issue we are indebted less to any goodwill on the part of the nations than to the success of our arms; and, in some small degree, to the failure of Dr. Leyd's negotiations: Franklin having been a more effective ambassador of treason, as he was in every way a greater man, than the Javanese diplomatist. But the very success of his French intrigue, ranking him as perhaps the most successful, as well as one of the most bitter, of all our enemies, has obscured his position as a critic, in the years immediately preceding the war, of our Imperial constitution. We are content to remember him, apart from his rebellion, as Poor Richard, the sententious printer, the people's philosopher, the Franklin of the kite and the copy-book. And his political writings are never read: though they contain the key (so far as I can gather, the only key) to the difficult problem of Imperial Federation.

It is, indeed, a strange revenge of Time that we should find in Franklin the preacher of the most vital doctrine of our Imperial polity; in our very bitter enemy, the discoverer of our implicit constitution; in the austere republican, the greatest champion of our Common Crown; and, in the American Revolution, the guide to that lost formula by which we may now hope to attain to the union we desire. Yet the fact is that in the collected works of Benjamin Franklin there lies ample evidence, not only that he, better than all other men of his time, understood the essential principles of the British Constitution (in conformity whereunto the British Empire can only exist as a union of free states, each with its independent legislature, under the Common Crown); but that he pressed upon the Government and the public of England with the clearest arguments, and in language which now appears to us both temperate and convincing, a policy, or a constitutional theory, which if adopted then would have saved us America, and our failure to adopt which now must again bring about the disintegration of our Empire. The crisis of the last quarter of the eighteenth century having, in short, recurred, if we deal with it without having learned from our old mistakes—if, that is, we are either led by uninstructed sentiment to try to set up a new legislature over the British Parliament (or to give the colonies a proportionate representation in the British Parliament), or are pushed, by a desire for efficiency, to attempt to subject them to any real control¹ by a legislature in which they are not represented,

¹ Except in matters connected with the dominion of the seas, and that only so long as the Navy remains the exclusive property of the United Kingdom.

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disaster will probably overtake us, as on the former occasion, with quite extraordinary suddenness.

‘It is because,’ I wrote in *Blackwood* last November, ‘the only true link of the three Commonwealths (African, Australian, and Canadian) to our existing Empire must be through the Common Crown ; because the present attempted, or assumed, control of the Empire by our British Parliament is unhistorical, unreasonable, and must before long prove to be inadequate ; because, in short, a Parliamentary Federation of the Empire is impossible, that we must be careful, in considering the Australian Commonwealth Bill, not to allow the connection of the colonies with the Crown through the Privy Council to be, even potentially, impaired.’

The amendment of Clause 74 of the Commonwealth Bill has subsequently been pressed upon Australia. The High Court of the Empire has practically, therefore, been established. And it is a significant fact that even Mr. Haldane’s plausible scheme for the absorption of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the House of Lords has failed to meet with acceptance ; failed, in reality, for the precise reason that the House of Lords is a House of the British Legislature, and practically, as well as historically or constitutionally, is incompetent to stand in the place of the Common, or Imperial, Crown.

Remains the Executive : the problem of the evolution of some central controlling body. Here the war, while making the difficulty acute, has shown us its cure. Since November the colonies have made their demand for admission to our counsels ; a demand voiced first by Sir Wilfred Laurier and by Richard Seddon, but backed since by every colony engaged in the war. We are confronted, then, or we shall, on the cessation of hostilities, be confronted, with a constitutional question, the answer to which, to judge from the present goodwill and affection of all parties concerned, is likely to be favourable to our union. Fortunately, when we are considering the terms of peace, or of a lasting settlement in South Africa, to call a conference of the Premiers of the Empire will be in accordance both with recent precedent and with the actual needs of the moment. Now the six Australian colonies, we are to remember, have really, though not avowedly, been governed, for the practical purposes of a joint policy, during the several-years period of the incubation of their commonwealth, by an informal occasional committee ; by successive conferences of Premiers, that is, meeting as circumstances required. Bearing this in mind, and remembering, also, the increasing tendency of all our legislatures, in these latter times, to put themselves into the hands of their Cabinets ; the unimpaired authority of the Crown in matters of foreign politics ; and the general recognition of the vital necessity to our Empire of a continuous foreign policy, we are clearly justified in regarding it as a characteristic of modern Anglo-

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Saxondom to trust the Executive ; to rely with confidence, that is, in the case of the United Kingdom and, ultimately, of her colonies, on the Crown as trustee for the nation. And it is precisely this tendency to government by unrecognised committees representing responsible authorities—this inspiration of constitutional forms by the spirit of effective business combination—which, combined with the feeling of racial solidarity, will cause us, in practice and almost immediately, to revert to that elder constitution of our Empire with which our statesmen are, for the most part, frankly unacquainted. But the situation, it must be admitted, is peculiarly delicate and dangerous : the more so, perhaps, for this ingenuous unconsciousness of our politicians. If we are ripe for a return to the older and better conditions—if in fact we have already returned to them—the reversion has come upon us unrecognised ; as the result of a change of temper, not by the force of argument. We stand practically once more where we stood a century and a quarter ago, before the loss of our first Colonial Empire. And if our mental attitude towards the Colonies is, fortunately, this time very different, it is doubtful if our constitutional position in regard to them is any better understood.

‘We have not yet,’ said the late Mr. Gladstone, in his speech on the second reading of the Bill giving constitutional government to New Zealand in 1852 :

We have not yet arrived at the just and normal relation between a colony and the mother-country developed in former times. The system which Burke studied—the sound Colonial policy—reached its climax in Tory times. In 1662 the Charter of Rhode Island was granted. . . .

And in 1852, Mr. Gladstone might have added, self-government by the English over-sea was an innovation : chiefly because the sound Tory system which Burke studied was neither understood by Burke, nor, as we shall see, by any English statesman of his age.

It has been generally forgotten that in the decade of years which preceded the War of American Independence we were nearer to achieving Imperial Federation than we have ever been since until now. Just before the Great Lesson, indeed, the case for a union was in some ways even stronger than at present. Twenty-five thousand colonial troops had fought their way to victory beside our regulars in the Seven Years’ War. Our sovereignty of the seas was unquestionable ; was so unquestioned, in fact, and so clearly recognised as being to the general advantage, that in consideration thereof Imperial Customs Houses were commonly submitted to in the Colonies. An efficient and time-honoured system moreover existed, by which, on the occasional suggestion of the home Government, moneys were voted, as required, by the colonial Assemblies, to be applied to the purpose of common defence. The Royal Navy was full of American officers : at least two admirals, several captains, and numberless lieutenants and midshipmen, had been born on that side of the

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Atlantic. By far the greater part of our trade was with New England and the West Indies. The influence of the colonies in commercial circles at home was consequently very great. The House of Commons was so full of retired colonials (chiefly West Indians) that the chief argument employed against the Imperial Federationists of the period was the plea, always futile, but always recurring under such circumstances, of 'virtual representation.' A strong party in favour of actual and immediate Federation existed in the country. During the war itself, Fox and his friends wore the Yankee buff, the homespun colour, the rebel khaki of the day, in the House of Commons. Representation for the colonies was a commonplace of the pamphleteer; was suggested repeatedly in England; and was demanded as often by resolution of the colonial Assemblies. Such representation, too, it is worth remembering, was actually granted soon after this time by France to her dependencies, in conformity with American arguments and with particular reference, probably, to the considerations originally adduced by Franklin. More than one Colonial Secretary took office with every desire for conciliation. 'We are yet one empire,' wrote Lord Dartmouth so late as 1773, 'whatever may be the opinions of the Massachusetts Assembly.' In a word, a closer union with the colonies seemed to have every chance in its favour, but was wrecked at the last minute on the alternate rocks (1) of the dumb Imperial, or dominative, instinct of the British people (particularly strong for several reasons in that generation), and (2) of that 'touchiness' of colonial sentiment which is no more than our ancient Anglo-Saxon centrifugal tendency, or impatience of a necessary central government. The real moment of danger thus comes (now as then) at the very time when success is possible. The question becomes acute when the colonies have given their aid, have felt their strength, and begin to feel simultaneously the need for a common organisation and their claim to a voice in its control. Again, as a century and a quarter ago, twenty-five thousand colonials have been fighting the battles of the Empire. Again, the necessity for consolidating that Empire has become acute.

America was lost because the only alternatives presented to the nation were (a) Parliamentary Federation, or (b) the utter subordination of the colonial legislatures to the British: (a) (that is) a full proportionate representation of the colonies in the British Parliament; which, for reasons I have set forth fully elsewhere, was, and is, impossible; or (b) the over-lordship of the legislature representing the inhabitants of the United Kingdom over those of our free fellow citizens beyond sea. The latter alternative amounts, strictly, to a tyranny, in the Hellenic sense of the word, of one community over another, or others; is essentially opposed to our true Imperial constitution, which permits of no more than a naval hegemony to England, under the Common Crown; and is, more-

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over, both unbusinesslike and, as applied to any but the most rudimentary communities, impossible. No statesman arose, in George III.'s time, to point out a practicable way whereby, while the requisite unity of action should be secured, the hegemony of England, and the self-government of the several over-sea communities, should alike be maintained. Such a system must be based practically on the continued control of the royal navy by the British Admiralty (and its consequent support, in the main, by the British taxpayer—on the retention, that is, by England of the sovereignty of the sea); and, politically, on the recognition of an equal citizenship, and of the freedom of the separate legislatures in the several dominions of the one State in subordination to the Common, or Imperial, Crown. The means whereby we may attain this ideal compromise are clear enough to us now; lying, as they do, in a development of the businesslike principle of committee-government, which is also (by no fortuitous coincidence) a return to our most ancient constitutional principle of government by Committees of the Privy Council advisory of the Crown. But, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, such was the unfortunate thoroughness with which the nation had become soaked by the ideas of the Whig Revolution of 1688 (a completeness only comparable with the utter prevalence of Liberal ideas, even amongst the staunchest Conservatives, in the period from which we ourselves have but just emerged) that Pitt, Fox, and Burke, to mention no others, were all alike hopelessly incapable of comprehending any authority of the Crown which should not be the authority of the Crown-in-(the British)-Parliament. The personal position and power of George III. merely heightened their mental and constitutional confusion. He was, in a phrase of the time, his own Prime Minister. He turned, that is, the game of the Whig magnates against themselves, and governed by superior Parliamentary corruption, or by a crushing Parliamentary influence. The King's interest, indeed, was supreme. But he governed always as the Crown-in-Parliament: and the very Tories, who believed themselves to be supporting the royal prerogative, were really supporting the Whig encroachment.¹ The concept of the Common, or Imperial, Crown (to which Mr. Gladstone referred, in his 1852 speech already quoted) was lost. It had been clear, as we saw in my November article, to the statesmen of a former age; and even in the time of Charles II. It became clear, as we shall presently see, to Franklin, directly he brought his penetrating intellect to bear on a matter as to which it paid him to discover, and to proclaim, the truth. And it has fortunately become clear to us again to-day; not by argument, nor as a result of investigation—for your modern British statesman, like

¹ Boswell's 'Johnson,' 1770. 'A Prince of ability should be the directing soul and spirit of his own administration; should be, in short, his own Minister.'—*κ.τ.λ.*

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the British public, lives, intellectually, from hand to mouth—but rather by the mere drift of circumstance. Upon the whole, the contemporaries of Pitt are not for a moment to be blamed if they declined to receive the pure doctrine from Franklin (a colonial agent, as they held him, of shady antecedents, of mean character, and of a loyalty worse than suspected) in face of the utter inability of their own most trusted and revered leaders, of every shade of opinion, to grasp it. The nation (through its aristocracy, in fact ; in theory, through its Parliamentary representatives) had absorbed the powers of the Crown, and with them, it was supposed, the power of the Crown over the Colonies. Cromwell's Parliament itself, indeed, had only usurped dominion over those colonies which it had reduced by force of arms ; and had explicitly recognised a sister-kingdom in the friendly state of Massachusetts. But by 1770 the British Parliament, and the British nation, had clean forgotten the existence of any other power in the Empire but that of the Crown-in- (the British)-Parliament. During the Whig dominance, in effect, government by cabal was at its height ; and was of the essence of our polity. From the cabals of the aristocracy the voice of the colonies was of necessity absent, if for no other reason than that the greater families found it unnecessary to cross the Atlantic. The interest of a few great families was, for the time, supreme in the Empire. The Crown, in effect, saved the commonwealth by satiating the Leveson-Gowers, in self-defence, with blue ribands, until our constitution could recover itself. Government on the advice of the Privy Council (in which, on the other hand, the colonies *might* have participated) had become impossible : as was shown, indeed, by the very circumstance of its statutory restoration, by the Tories, in the Act of Settlement ; a provision of that enactment which, inoperative from the outset, was altogether forgotten in a few years' time. Party Government, in short, meant, not government by such a system of responsible committees as that to which we have returned in our Cabinets of to-day ; but sheer aristocratic and Court conspiracy under cover of Parliamentary forms. For which reason, amongst others, the younger Penns, as proprietors of Pennsylvania, found easier access to the British Government than could be attained by the constitutional representatives of the colony. Franklin, as Agent-General, waited once for more than a year without being able to obtain an audience of the Prime Minister : and a persistent denial to the colonies, by the King-in-Parliament on the advice of his British Cabinet, of their legitimate right of appeal to the King-in-Council (which amounted really, of course, though George III. was himself a party to it, to a definite usurpation by the British Parliament of the powers of the Common, or Imperial, Crown) was an immediate cause of the American Rebellion. Therefore it is that

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although, to discover the implicit constitution of our Empire, we must consider, in the main, the precedents of earlier periods than the eighteenth century, and the tendencies of those more recent years, in the nineteenth, since we have to some extent recovered our equilibrium as an organic commonwealth, to the exclusion of the age which witnessed our Great Lesson: yet it is only by a careful comparative study of the arguments, and the fallacies; the mistakes, delusions, and disputes—in a word, of the ten years' whirlwind of conflicting passions—which preceded the War of American Independence, that we shall enable ourselves to understand and to avoid the dangers with which we are now again confronted; to read the Sibylline Book which we bought with our blood and anguish more than a century ago.

It is profoundly in accordance with the spirit of English politics, before everything practical and opportune, that the future organisation of our Empire seems most likely to be based on the co-ordination, or union for common action, of the four territorial armies or militias of the great commonwealths of the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, and South Africa. The Imperial regular or expeditionary army, which should be a matter of common concern and recruitment; the Royal Navy, which, if the British taxpayer is wise, will remain primarily English (because the Seven Seas belong to England and he that pays the piper shall call the tune); the Indian armies, and such forces as we may hereafter arrange, on the Sepoy model, in Asia or Africa: all these, with the possible exception of the first, the joint, or regular, army, must remain for the present at any rate under the unquestioned control of the Parliament of the United Kingdom. But our colonial militias, and simultaneously with them the three over-lapping, neglected, inchoate, unorganised, *un-Huttonised* branches of our home defence forces (the present Militia, Yeomanry and Volunteers, which together after the war must be shaped into our militia army) have proved their value in the face of the Empire. The colonies, having given their aid, have felt their strength: and have forthwith made their claim, if not to a definite common organisation, at least, what amounts to the same thing, to a voice in the councils of the Empire. Some common organisation must, however loose the compact, be arranged, after the war, for our newly discovered land forces. Some council of the Empire, then, is certain, whether it take the shape merely of an occasional Conference of Premiers; of a permanent Imperialisation of the present existing Council of Defence; or some other of the endless and kaleidoscopic possibilities of what in positive effect must be (whatever it calls itself) a Committee of the Privy Council. Our colonial forces, with a minimum of training, have attained, in a spirit of voluntary discipline, and by the exercise of the national qualities of individual intelligence and initiative, an efficiency which has not only justified the theory of their organisation

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(to be imitated henceforward by our home army of defence), but has even set them up as a type to be followed, to a certain extent, by the regulars. We went into the war, under General Buller, with the automatic if admirable British infantryman as our ideal. We come out of it having substituted a sort of colonial equivalent of Cromwell's dragoons. It is curiously symptomatic that the Australian larrikin's felt hat, the last word of de-civilisation, an amorphous reduction of a hat to its first elements, looped-up and furbished into smartness by the Australian trooper, has become the chosen head-gear of our British middle classes (as of the Imperial Yeomanry) when they fare forth to war. And it is noteworthy, moreover, that the same hat with a second loop, and a third, will reproduce the wear of the afore-quoted mounted infantry of Marlborough. The nation still returns on itself; and in equipment, as in tactics and the principles of war, we are pressed by necessity to revert to the models of an earlier, more strenuous, time. The territorial militia is no less fundamental in our constitution and in our native common law than the representative assembly itself. It is not surprising, therefore, that now, when our polity is in the crucible of war—when we have become conscious suddenly of possessing powers and resources which have outgrown existing political adjustments—the co-ordination of our militias over-sea with our remodelled forces of the United Kingdom should show us the way, should precede and should lead to, the co-ordination of the divers assemblies over-sea with the Mother of Parliaments under our Common Crown. The machinery for effecting either end must be found in a Committee of Premiers advisory of the central executive. And in this way, through the Huttonisation of our home army; its loose but effective union with the militias over-sea; and the establishment, in some measure, on an Imperial basis of our regular or expeditionary forces; followed, naturally, by the institution of at least a consultative committee to control, or to arrange a community of action for, our national armed strength; we shall be led to a Federal union which shall be founded on no paper constitution but on the principle of the conservation of the complete independence of our several local legislatures—many legislatures in one State—and shall be signalled by no more revolutionary outward or startling changes than the addition of half a dozen names to the Privy Council, and the explicit recognition in her Majesty's Imperial title of the kingdoms of Canada and Australia. But, these things being so, this is not, as Lord Salisbury contends, a time for holding our hands. It is a time rather for bold measures, for constructive statesmanship, based on a careful reading of our Sibylline books.

The crisis as the outcome of which we lost the United States came to a head, it is worth noting, on the entrance to power of Bute's Cabinet, when 'America,' says Bancroft, 'became the great subject of consideration,' and the minister who was charged with its

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government, Charles Townshend, 'than whom no man in England, it was supposed, knew more of the transatlantic possessions,' took the lead in public business. A few quotations will show the constitutional question with which he had to deal. Granville laid it down that England was the 'sovereign, the supreme legislative power over America'; and that 'taxation is a part of that sovereign power.' Pitt, while admitting to the full the sovereignty of the Crown-in-Parliament (the fundamental error), pleaded the 'common right of representation,' and urged, on the ground that the popular assembly must hold the power of the purse, that 'taxation is no part of the governing power.' A resolution of the House of Lords, in 1766, thundered that the 'King in Parliament has full power to bind the colonies and people of America in all cases whatsoever.' This is the doctrine of Mansfield, in *Campbell v. Hall*, where he speaks of the 'Crown *per se*' as 'subordinate to its own authority, as a part of the supreme legislature, in Parliament.' But *Campbell v. Hall* could only apply, in reality, to conquered territory: which, as Vattel appositely explains, would be held by the King as trustee, though conquered for the people of England. And the American colonies, of course, had never been subdued by force of arms except, in a sense, by the rebellious and unconstitutional Parliament of Cromwell, which body actually, as has already been mentioned, went out of its way to recognise the friendly state of Massachusetts as a Kingdom: a very precise case of an example which proves the rule. Camden in the Lords, Pitt in the Commons, challenged the 'in all cases whatsoever' clause, with the result that some five members in each House voted with them: though it is a curious fact that, after the war, Pitt's position, claiming the sovereignty but abandoning the right to tax, was adopted in the Declaratory Act of 18 Geo. III. Benjamin Franklin met the whole resolution with a bold and public negative. 'The Parliament of Great Britain,' he said, 'has not, never had, and of right never can have power to make laws to bind the subjects of America.' 'We are free subjects of the King,' he wrote three years later in 1769, '*and fellow subjects of one part of his dominions are not sovereigns over fellow subjects in any other part.*' We fought, as Mr. Rose acknowledged in the House of Commons, for 'a clear unequivocal acknowledgment of the legislative supremacy of the British Parliament.' George III. replied, in 1773, to a remonstrance addressed by the colonial legislatures to him as their King, that he was 'determined to support the Constitution, and resist with firmness every attempt to derogate from the authority of the supreme legislature.' This is what Franklin meant when he wrote in the same year, 'This country pretends to be collectively our sovereign.' 'The tyranny of a free people,' says Burke, 'can of all tyrannies the least be endured.' Yet Burke himself had no conception of the Common

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Crown. The point had been clearly comprehended in the previous century. 'The English House of Commons to tax the Colonies?' exclaimed a Minister of one of the Stuarts.¹ 'We, your Majesty's Commons of Great Britain, give and grant to your Majesty, what? Our own property? No. We give and grant to you the property of your Majesty's Commons in America! It is an absurdity in terms.'

The implication is far-reaching: and covers far more than Pitt's power of the purse. 'Your Majesty's Commons of Great Britain,' and 'your Majesty's Commons in America,' implies the whole of Franklin's principle of free and self-governing dominions under the Imperial Crown. But then, as has been said, in Stuart times the principle had never been seriously contested. The fatal and essentially un-English theory of non-representative dominion, re-enforced by continual reference to the generally misunderstood case of *Campbell v. Hall*, long survived to blight the Empire whenever, in any shape or modification, its influence was revived. Lord Durham, in his report of 1839, written after one rebellion of Canada, with the intention, one might almost believe, of paving the way for another, argued that while

all colonial legislatures must no doubt be ultimately subject to the central legislature, no representative legislature in the Empire is subject to the Crown one iota further than as the Crown is a constituent part of the central legislature.

This, it should scarcely be necessary to say, is an inverse statement of our real Constitution. Lord John Russell embodied the doctrine, once, in a colonial dispatch: which he was obliged to recall next day. Historicus, in the *Times*, twenty years ago (June 1, 1879), claimed an absolute supreme authority for 'the Imperial legislature.' The truth is that Dr. Franklin, by rebellion the Leyds of his time, was yet an Englishman by blood: and an Englishman of exceptional sagacity. In the few years during which he gave his whole attention to the subject, and before he elected to become the enemy of his country, he attained to a complete mastery of the principles of our Constitution, as regards our relations with the colonies: principles which no other public man of his day comprehended, and which no prominent statesman since, so far as I am aware, has thoroughly understood. Of an unpleasing personality, but of a type common enough in his generation, with all the special characteristics, in fact, of the early Yankee, reckless of tradition, careful of self-advancement, vain, incapable of loyalty, in almost every way unadmirable—he was yet a man of consummate intellectual constancy and penetration. Not of him could Johnson say that he thought 'justly, but thought faintly.' And the very excellency of his common sense, which made him, once he had quarrelled with us, one of the most dangerous foes we have ever had, gave him a quick and complete

¹ Halifax.

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grasp of most subjects to which he turned his attention. Take his letter to Dr. Cooper, London, June 8, 1770:

That the colonies originally were constituted distinct states, and intended to be continued such, is clear to me from a thorough consideration of their original charters, and the whole conduct of the Crown and nation towards them until the Restoration. Since that period the Parliament here has usurped an authority of making laws for them which before it had not. We have for some time submitted to that usurpation, partly through ignorance and inattention, and partly from our weakness and inability to contend. The several states have equal rights and liberties, and are only connected as England and Scotland were before the Union, by having one common sovereign, the King.

The contention here, for distinct states under a common sovereign, is, it will be found on reflection, only verbally opposed to our actual condition of one Imperial State with several independent legislatures. Otherwise, here, in its completeness, is the theory of the Common Crown, which was recognised, in words which Franklin himself might have used, by Lord Salisbury at the Empire League banquet last April:—which, indeed, is a matter, now, of general acceptance. Discussing again, in 1769, the actual supremacy of the British Parliament of his day:

At present [he says] the colonies consent and submit to it for the regulation of general commerce,¹ but a submission to Acts of Parliament was no part of their original constitution. Our former kings governed their colonies, as they had governed their dominions in France, without the participation of British Parliaments. The Parliament of England never presumed to interfere in that prerogative till the time of the great rebellion, when they usurped the government of all the King's other dominions, Ireland, Scotland, &c. The colonies that held for the King they conquered by force of arms, and governed afterwards as conquered countries; but New England, not having opposed the Parliament, was considered and treated as a sister-kingdom in amity with England, as appears by the Journals, March 10, 1642.

The sovereignty of the Crown, I understand [he says elsewhere]. The sovereignty of the British legislature out of Britain I do not understand.

In all of which, by the way, he is but repeating the arguments of that remarkable memorandum of Governor Pownall's, wherein it is set forth that

the British subjects thus settled over-sea [having taken abroad with them the Common Law], so long as they are excluded from an entire union with the realm, have a right to have (as they have) a distinct entire civil government.

The domination of one representative assembly, that is, over others; the tyranny of one province of his Majesty's dominions over another: these are repugnant to the Constitution.

With Franklin's dispassionate review of the arguments for Parliamentary Federation, against which he ultimately decides as impossible, this is not the place to deal. It deserves, and I hope on some future occasion to give it, the fullest consideration. But I will

¹ Franklin always admitted at this period the fairness of England's control of commerce, in consideration of her policing of the seas.

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conclude with one rather lengthy quotation ('Works,' 1769) which appears to me to be of remarkable intrinsic weight.

Our kings [he says] have ever had dominions not subject to the English Parliament. At first the provinces of France, of which Jersey and Guernsey remain, always governed by their own laws, *appealing to the King in Council only, and not to our Courts or the House of Lords.*¹ Scotland was in the same situation before the Union. It had the same King, but a separate Parliament. . . . Ireland the same. . . . The colonies were originally settled in the idea of such extrinsic dominions of the King, and of the King only. Hanover is now such a dominion. Here appears the excellency of the invention of colony government by separate independent legislatures. By this means the remotest parts of a great Empire may be as well governed as the centre. By this means the power of a King may be extended without inconvenience over territories of any dimensions, how great soever. America was thus happily governed, in all its different and remote settlements, by the Crown and their own Assemblies, till the new politics took place of governing it by one Parliament, which have not succeeded and never will.

It is, in my opinion, by no means impracticable to bring representatives conveniently from America to Britain, but I think the present mode of letting them govern themselves by their own Assemblies much preferable. They will always be better governed, and the Parliament has business enough here [in London] with its own internal concerns. The only bond of union is the King.


The doctrine is sound. And the language, it will be admitted, is reasonable. On one point, which I have been obliged to touch but lightly in the present paper, the hegemony of England as based on her navy, and her consequent right to regulate commerce, the American goes far further than the most vehement English patriot would venture to-day. Another point, the power of the British Parliament, as the only available authority, to legislate in matters affecting several of the co-ordinate minor parliaments (which legislation, it is worth noting, as in the case of the Australian Commonwealth Act, becomes operative by Royal Proclamation), is best illustrated in the controversies of 1838, connected with Jamaica. To raise it would merely have confused the present argument, in which I have confined myself to an attempt to show the advisability of establishing some beginnings of an organic common polity. After all, however, perhaps, as Franklin himself somewhere says, 'The best public measures are seldom adopted from previous wisdom, but forced by the occasion.' And we may, accordingly, build our hopes for the union of the Empire not so much on any recognition by our statesmen of its inherent constitution, as on their perception of the necessity for a Conference of Premiers after the war.

¹ Italics mine.

LETTERS FROM A HOSPITAL SHIP BY LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

LETTER I

A.H.S. *Maine*, December 1899.

EAR —, —Interested as I know you are in the war you will probably have followed the movements of the *Maine*, and will remember that we left London on December 23, bound for Capetown. Perhaps it would be better to draw a veil over the first ten days of our journey—but since you want detail, here it is. What with the crowd on board to see us off, and the messengers of all sorts rushing on with belated parcels, the ship was not a place of peace and comfort, and I was glad when the last good-bye had been said, the last hawser cast off, and we moved slowly forward, our tugs puffing out before us, and the steamers in the docks giving us ringing cheers with a hope for our speedy return, intermingled with requests that we should bring back Kruger—or ‘a bit of him.’ We did not get far, however, as before we could leave the outer basin a thick fog, yellow and gritty, settled down on us, and there we remained for twenty-four hours. Secretly we were all pleased, as it gave us a chance of settling our goods and chattels, and being sure of at least one smooth night. We all anticipated a certain liveliness in the Bay, and thought two or three days would see us through the worst of it, when we should be able to get the wards in order. But anticipation is one thing and realisation another, and before many hours were over the poor *Maine* had to encounter a full gale which lasted six days, and was, according to authorities, the worst experienced for many years—this in mid-winter in a comparatively small ship, fitted up as a hospital, with large hatchways and skylights, with no adequate means of battening down, was not an agreeable experience. Indeed, we lay-to forty-eight hours, which added to our physical misery the knowledge that we were making no headway. Even to good sailors the weariness of being buffeted from morning till night, and the impossibility of doing anything unless entrenched in a sort of zereba, is most trying. To eat under these circumstances one requires to be a Cinquevalli; no fiddles could restrain your soup from being shot into your lap, or the contents of your glass into your face. To those who are not ‘Ancient Mariners’ the horrors of the situation will appeal sympathetically. I never realised before how one can suffer by colour. The green of my attractive little cabin which I thought so reposeful became a source of acute suffering, and I had to find a quiet, neutral-tinted cushion on which to rest my eyes. The sound of the waves breaking on the deck with the report of cannon balls brought to my mind our mission, and I thought as I rolled in sleepless wretched-

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ness, if we go to the bottom, at least we shall be counted as victims of the war, which was something, although my spirit did not hanker for such glory. On January 2, late in the evening, we anchored outside Las Palmas, and with a sigh of relief we told each other the worst was now over. In the morning Mr. Swanston, the British Consul, and Captain Wintz, of H.M.S. *Furious*, who had been on the look out for us for days, and had given us up, came on board, bringing us the latest news and some bright flowers. The news was scanty. General French had occupied Colesberg, and there had been a fresh attack on Mafeking. Otherwise everything was unchanged. We went on shore feeling giddy and battered. We gazed at the wreck of the *Denton Grange*, and had a talk with some of its dejected officers. They were living on board, with the water pouring through her hold and all her engines hopelessly ruined; I understood that in any case it would be impossible to get them out. It seemed strange that a ship of that size could run ashore in harbour, but the gale we encountered drove three vessels ashore there, and the *Denton Grange* came in for nearly as fierce a one. These accidents happen to the best regulated ships, and can only be put down to bad luck. Armed with our cameras and long lists of purchases, we first lunched with our hospitable friends at the Catalina Hotel, a pretty house with low verandahs covered with bugumvilleas of different shades. The air was soft and balmy, and many English visitors lounged about, looking, if slightly bored, peaceful and comfortable. Our friends had provided us with a carriage and pair, and we waded through the two feet of mud of the one long principal street of the town. I was reminded of Monterey, California—I suppose owing to the latter's Spanish aspect: the same square pink houses with green shutters and centre court or patio, the tropical vegetation and the sea at its door. But here the comparison ends, for Monterey, with its seventeen-mile ocean drive, unparalleled gardens, and unique storm-swept cypress groves overlooking the ocean, is perhaps one of the most beautiful spots in the world. Excited and delighted with our day, we returned to the ship laden with our spoils, birds, parrots, fruit, plants, coffee-pots, irons, and heaven knows what else. I had an opportunity of judging of the appearance of the ship as we came alongside. Alas! the brilliant green stripe denoting our status as a military hospital ship was a thing of shreds and patches, many of our stanchions were bent and twisted, and our would-be immaculate white paint a foggy grey. At 7 P.M. we rolled on our course. A few days later we organised our first concert on the poop deck. All the talent on board was pressed into the service, the choruses were joined in *con amore* by all—surgeons, sisters, orderlies and crew. If, owing to the sudden lurches of the vessel, the hornpipes and Scotch reels were adorned with kangaroo hops they only added

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new features to the dances, and if, whilst playing, although steadied on either side by some one, and with my music carefully tied down, I parted company from my piano at a critical moment, these incidents only increased the appreciation of the audience. The seventeen days of our journey to Capetown were busy ones; we were spared any monotony by the work of getting the wards in order; and to rescue our hundreds of donations from the chaos of the hold was no light occupation. In the hurry of departure many things were forgotten and many put anywhere to be out of the way. We had very little time before us to appear ship-shape and in order. The surgeons, sisters and medical staff generally, were assigned to their different wards and then we got on quicker. 'Be kind enough *not* to walk through my ward'—'Be good enough to keep your wet feet off *my* clean rubber'—'Pray take your things off *my* beds,' was heard on every side. It seems to me a ship goes through the same troubles as a dirty child—as soon as its unwilling face is washed and it is dressed up for the day, either the elements or its own antics make it dirty again and the process has to be repeated. Being a ship of law and order, notwithstanding the fact of our sailing under two flags, which constitutes us a pirate, and being withal of a conservative turn of mind, we determined to cross the line in old-fashioned style. Father Neptune and his bride, two sailors dressed in appropriate costume, held court with a master of the ceremonies, a clerk of the council and several of the most stalwart sailors dressed as policemen. All who had not crossed the Equator were brought up and their cases diagnosed by a doctor with a huge telescope. If the state of their hearts, tongues and eyes were such as to make their guilt apparent, dire was the penalty—they had either to buy themselves off or submit to being shaved with an enormous wooden razor, their faces being well smeared first with an objectionable mixture of soap, &c., and finally plunged into a tank full of water and a hose played on them by Neptune's fierce police. I confess I was glad I was a spectator, but they all took it most good-humouredly, and the proceedings finished in a fusillade of snapshots from our united kodaks. That evening was spent star-gazing at the Southern Cross. I felt no keenness, having seen it often before, and thought its beauty a delusion and a snare. The absence of news was becoming very trying as we met no ships. However, the 20th we sighted a small steamer and instantly bore down on her and signalled for news. 'Buller crossed Tugela. Ladysmith rumoured relieved. Continued fighting.' Practically no news; we were fain to hold our souls in patience till our arrival in Capetown.

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LETTER II

A.H.S. *Maine*, CAPETOWN, *January 23, 1900.*

DEAR —, —Here we are at the seat of war, having just arrived. Capetown with its bay full of transports disembarking troops, the feverish activity of the docks, and the streets full of khaki-clad soldiers, seemed indeed the real thing. My first impression of the bay at 6 A.M. with its innumerable vessels and forest of masts, the clouds breaking on Table Mountain, and the rising sun turning all into a pink glory, will not soon fade from my memory. Though worn and tired and realising that our work was all before us, we rejoiced to be in measurable distance of it. As soon as possible I started off to see the Governor, Sir Alfred Milner, to get my letters and telegrams and gather what news I could. This was very meagre, and I have ascertained since that Lord Kitchener's first order to all officers was to practise the utmost discretion, and that any information as to war news was strictly forbidden. This was owing to the mass of spies and the disloyalty in Capetown, much valuable information being continually transmitted to the enemy. As we were rolling about outside the breakwater, by the kindness and exertions of Sir Edward Chichester, in charge of the port, we were given a berth inside next a collier. Although dirty and black, and performing acrobatic feats over coal sacks every time we wanted to go ashore, we were comparatively comfortable. The Standard Bank was an amazing sight of bustling activity, men in every variety of khaki-coloured clothes, trousers, breeches, puttees, gaiters, sombreros, helmets, field service caps, &c., rushing in and out all day, till one wondered at the patience and civility of the employés. At the telegraph office three little women came up, their anxious faces in marked contrast to their befeathered, bedraggled attire, and asked me to write a telegram for them. 'Come at once, hopeless,' was the pathetic message. On the Tuesday afternoon the whole staff of the *Maine* were invited to a reception at the Mount Nelson Hotel, given by a committee of American ladies in their honour. It was very pleasant eating strawberries and walking about the pretty garden. That night I dined at Government House, where I was struck with the melancholy oppressing every one. The absence of news that day was making all anxious. The *Maine* had been asked by the authorities if she could leave Tuesday night for Durban. Although the notice was short, and it gave us only two days after a long sea voyage of twenty-nine days, we were rather pleased to be able to say 'yes' and prove our readiness, but a few hours later after receiving our orders, Lord Roberts sent word he wished to visit the ship on the following day. Accordingly he came and gave us a thorough inspection, wards, mess rooms, dispensary, operating room, everything was visited and much approved of.

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All we wanted were the beds filled with wounded, to prove our efficiency. We left next morning with five civil surgeons and eight Army Reserve sisters added to our number, the Government having asked us to take them to Durban, their ultimate destination being Mooi River. We had been warned of the disagreeable journey we were certain to have, as there is a heavy ground-swell the whole way, and were not surprised to repeat some of our Bay of Biscay experiences. But on Saturday the sea became comparatively calm, and we emerged to bask in the sun like lizards. Sunday was a beautiful day, a soft breeze blowing. After service on deck I gazed for hours through my glasses at the shore, only three or four miles distant. The soft green hills and bright sandy beaches, with kraals dotted here and there, gave it such a cultivated appearance, I could hardly realise that this was 'Savage South Africa.' About four o'clock the wind began to blow, and an ominous grey bank of cloud advanced toward us, lightning lighting up the horizon. Suddenly the most astonishing storm broke over us. The electric barometer in my cabin dropped perpendicularly. Torrents of hailstones beat down on us as large as small plums, the wind increased to a hurricane, and was so violent that the ship stood still, although we were going ten knots. The awning aft was violently blown into the sea, carrying with it all its rafters, stanchions, smashing one of the big ventilators, and just missing some of the sisters who were crouching on the deck. Meanwhile the sea presented a most curious appearance, the whole surface covered with millions of little jets about a foot high, occasioned by the force with which the hailstones fell, and as they floated for a time in a few minutes the sea was quite white. Inside my deck cabin the din was terrific, the noise of the hailstones striking the skylight and the five or six windows sounded like bullets. It was impossible to speak, one window was smashed in, and the water and ice poured in everywhere. The hailstones were solid ice, and all had a pattern resembling an agate. With the decks covered with ice, the barometer at eighty-two seemed an anomaly, and I felt inclined to do like the Scotchman who, during a rainstorm, threw out his rising barometer, saying in a rage, 'Well, go and see for yourself.' Luckily it did not last long, and we were soon able to emerge and look at the damage. I am glad to have seen the storm, but once is enough.

LETTER III

A.H.S. *Maine*, DURBAN.

DEAR —,—Here we are in the 'active zone.' On the afternoon of the twenty-ninth we came in sight of Durban, the pride and glory of the 'Garden Colony'! How nice it was to think we should soon be resting our tired eyes on the trees and flowers of the beautiful Berea and be initiated to the delights of the unknown fruits

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the guide books dilated on: here, too, our real work was to begin, and all were keen and eager.

After our long and varied experience of the 'sad sea waves,' the inhabitants of the *Maine* could boast sea-legs, therefore we did not mind, notwithstanding a heavy swell, being told that we should have to remain outside the harbour the whole night. Thirsting for news, my son Jack, who had come with us from Capetown to join the South African Light Horse in Natal, and one of the ship's officers started off, after some difficulty owing to the heavy sea, in one of our steam launches for the harbour and the shore, little knowing that the penalty for crossing the bar was £100, and still less that a small boat had no chance of getting safely over. Luckily they were hailed by a tug, with a midshipman on board from H.M.S. *Terrible*, who was the bearer of a message to me from Captain Percy Scott, to the effect that my son Winston was in Durban, having come on two days' leave from Frere to meet me, and that there was no fresh news or change in the military situation. This seemed inexplicable, as when we left Capetown the air was full of the wildest rumours and some crucial developments being expected hourly. Ladysmith had neither fallen nor was relieved. The enemy's big guns were firing away with the same monotonous regularity, and we were adding steadily to the list of our reverses. Pending the arrival of patients and longing for a few days' rest, I availed myself of a kind invitation from the Governor of Natal, Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, to go to Pietermaritzburg. I started the same night with Miss Warrender, who, as you know, has come out with me, and my two sons, duly armed with passes and permissions sent us by the Commandant, Captain Percy Scott.

I had not realised before that we were under martial law and that no one could travel or be abroad after eleven o'clock at night without official permission. I spent two very pleasant and reposeful days at Pietermaritzburg, though it was hard to say good-bye to the two boys, who left the next evening to join the South African Light Horse. Government House was very peaceful, and I enjoyed talking with my host, whose long sojourn in Natal and intimate knowledge of the people and military situation gave particular interest to his conversation. I visited the hospitals and thought them admirably arranged. The town hall, a fine building, full of light and air, with bright flowers decorating the tables, and soft-voiced gentle sisters moving about, seemed an ideal ward. The four long rows of cots were full; the men were pleased to talk and tell one about their wounds. Here I met one of the sisters who had come out with Mr. Treves, but unfortunately developed enteric; she bemoaned her fate at not being at the front. The Fort Hospital with its small detached cottages, was more suited to isolated cases, the officers' quarters looking particularly comfortable with its rooms

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opening on the verandah. Several of them, reclining on long chairs, were having their tea, the thick creepers hanging from the roof shading them from the sun. Here I went in to see Colonel Long, who, notwithstanding the terrible nature of his wounds, was doing well. He smiled and talked pleasantly of everything. Leaving him lying there in pain, and with only agonising thoughts of the eternal 'what might have been' and what *was*, I pondered, as I went away, on the chances and fortune of war, which can mar in a few moments the reputation of the bravest of the brave, a man with a gallant record, and perhaps make famous a commonplace plodder who without an idea beyond routine happens to be in luck. A telegram from the *Maine*, to say some sick and wounded were arriving on the following day, hurried my departure. I travelled back by day and enjoyed the scenery, which was lovely between Pietermaritzburg and Durban. The astonishing little railway twists in and out, round and about, the ever-changing coloured hills, making as many detours as the pretentious avenue of the millionaire, whose palace you are allowed to see for miles before you can arrive at its door. I found the ship in a pleasurable state of excitement at the prospect of the work before them. In the afternoon an ambulance train arrived, bringing us eighty-five men. They were carried on litters or helped up the gangway, the litter-drill our orderlies had been instructed in on the way out coming in well. As soon as their names, &c., had been registered the poor fellows were given something to eat and drink, which, after their hot and dusty journey, was very acceptable. The soldiers of the *Queen* are very fine fellows, as the many thousand instances of their courage and self-sacrifice on the field and in action testify. But out of his uniform he is a big child, and wants keeping in order and not too much spoilt. I am afraid we have been inclined to do this, and, in fact, have been told so. But, on the whole, I think it can but do good to give a man a higher ideal of cleanliness and comfort than he has ever had before. I had long and frequent talks with many of them. They delighted in giving their histories and experiences, and particularly the crowning one of how they received their wounds, which, with the slightest encouragement, they would proudly show, and the extracted bullet if they had one.

I was much amused by the letters which those unable to write dictated to me, generally beginning 'Dear Father and Mother, hope this finds you well as it leaves me'—then came a great scratching of heads and biting of fingers until I would suggest that a description of how they were wounded would start them off again—'Won't you send your love to any one?' I asked. 'Not out of the family,' with a reproving look, was my answer. One very gallant Tommy, who lay with a patch over his eye, an inflamed cheek, and a broken arm, asked me to add to his letter—'the sister which is

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a writing of this is very nice.' The compliment was fully appreciated. A few days later we received ten officers and ninety men, making us fairly full. You can imagine there was plenty to do. Indeed, we never seemed to have a moment to write or read—the one difficulty on board ship at any time, but particularly a hospital ship, is to be alone, and when alone to be able to concentrate. The parties of sick and wounded men who came to us were drafted from the different hospitals of Frere, Estcourt, Mooi River and Pietermaritzburg. Apart from the surgical and operating cases, the treatment consisted principally of antiseptic dressing, electricity, massage, and the use of the gymnasium apparatus giving excellent results. Crowds of interested visitors who flocked on board became a source of care and worry to us, and of annoyance to the patients. They meant so well, it seemed hard to turn them away, but to one tactful *bonâ fide* visitor who had some one to see, twenty idlers would come careering all over the ship, asking innumerable questions, and impeding the work. The practice had to be put a stop to and certain days and hours fixed. The other hospital ship had to do the same. I think it might interest you to hear how we worked our wards, which I must tell you was the outcome of much thought and deliberation. To begin with, apart from the captain and ship's company, our medical staff was composed of the commanding officer, five surgeons, one superintending sister, four sisters, eleven male nurses, ten orderlies, and five non-commissioned officers; the *personnel* of each ward was composed of a head nurse, nurses, orderlies, stewards, and night nurses according to the size of the ward and the number of beds in the ward. The surgeons did their dressings and duties in the morning—one of them being told off daily as orderly medical officer, whose duty was to make a thorough inspection of everything, report anything not correct, and to hear complaints. The superintending sister had charge of the head nurses, and was responsible for the nursing and feeding of all patients according to the medical officers' instructions. The three stores, linen, personal equipment and medical comfort, auxiliary to the nursing department were placed under the management of the superintending sister. These stores were placed respectively in charge of an N.C.O. These N.C.O.s from the R.A.M.C. have proved most excellent men. The staff-sergeant was employed as record clerk and acting sergt.-major. He had to keep the admission and discharge book, which showed the regiment or corps, regimental number, remarks, name, &c. &c., of all patients, disease or disability date of admission and discharge, number of days under treatment, ward in which treated, religion and final destination.

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LETTER IV

A.H.S. *Maine*, DURBAN.

DEAR —,—,—Since my last letter to you I have been up at the front to Chieveley Camp. You will be glad to hear that the hospital has been going on splendidly. The medical care and nursing and innumerable comforts we had to give the patients, combined with the cool fresh air one can only get on board ship, brought so many of them round that we have been able to discharge a good many as fit for duty. They do not go to the front at once, but are sent to Pietermaritzburg or elsewhere to do light duty until they are quite recovered. On the subject of clothing it is astonishing how little the authorities have been able to cope with it; at the front many of the men were nearly naked, their khaki hanging on them in shreds, and what else could be expected, the uniform being made of such abominable stuff to wear and having to be worn for perhaps five or six months. But when one thinks of the thousands and thousands that have been spent in clothing for the hospitals, not only by the Government but by private individuals, it seems incredible that the sick and wounded should be allowed to leave a hospital to be drafted to another, or to a hospital ship, in the tattered garments they came with, brought in straight from the battlefield. I saw with my own eyes, among a party of wounded who were being transferred from a tug to the *Maine* and the *Nubia*, a man whose khaki trousers were conspicuous by their absence, both legs having been cut off, a pocket-handkerchief being tied round one of his poor wounded legs. This man probably had been through several hospitals, and each time sent off again in his rags. Surely a reserve of uniforms or ordinary clothing might be kept for extreme cases such as this, and the principal medical officers allowed a little discretion in the matter. But when I discussed this point with one of the authorities, he said it would be an impossibility. 'You might as well have an office for recording the wishes and messages of the dying.' What a happy hunting-ground the red-tape fiend has in time of war! He sits and gloats on all occasions. Think of a man in a hospital who, being on a full diet, suddenly develops fever or some other complication needing an alteration of diet—say a milk one, having to starve for twenty-four hours until the medical officer makes his rounds again and alters it. This is a fact. Incidents such as these make one admire the audacity of a young and energetic ambulance officer, who when remonstrated with for spending too much money in comforts, said his business was to bring down safely the sick and wounded and give them everything which could further this end—'not to make accounts and count the cost.'

There is no doubt this is a grand opportunity for the young.

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The suppleness of youth alone can give the energy of body and mind required to meet sudden and great pressure of work, besides having the advantage of not being hampered and trammelled at every turn by the traditions and experiences of in many cases a valueless past. 'We did this in the campaign of 1854-70,' &c. 'Yes, but this is how we do it in 1900!' This is the keynote—and a true one.

You may imagine my excitement and elation when, after many *pourparlers*, I received permission and a pass from General Wolfe Murray to go to Chieveley Camp. The Governor, Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, was kind enough to lend me his own railway carriage, and provided with much food, armed with kodaks and field glasses, not to mention a brown holland dress (my substitute for khaki), in case we should meet the enemy and wish to be invisible, we started on our journey—Miss Warrender, Colonel Hensman, the commanding officer of the *Maine* and myself, and last, but not least, the coxswain of the *Terrible*, Porch by name. Captain Percy Scott intended taking us up, but as he was getting into the train a telegram was handed to him from General Buller, asking for two guns to be sent up immediately. This meant forty-eight hours' incessant work to get them ready, the commandant's personal and active supervision, and the loss to us of a pleasant and instructive companion. The train was full of officers and men returning to the front. Although we were travelling at night I was kept awake by the thought that I was going to pass all those well-known and to me peculiarly interesting places, Mooi River, Estcourt, Frere, scene of the armoured train disaster. We arrived at Estcourt in the middle of the night. I hung my head out and entered into a conversation with a friendly sergeant, who informed me that in a few moments he would have to call the Railway Staff Officer, whose duty it was to inspect the train and see that no suspects were in it, or travellers without passes. I plied the sergeant with questions. 'Had they caught many spies, and what happened to them?' A good few had been caught, and two nights before a young lady who had been seen for a few days riding in the vicinity of the Camp was arrested as a spy, and had been sent through to Durban. He was full of the generosity of the 'Tommies' he had seen who came down in the same trains as some wounded Boers. The former vied with each other in attentions to their sick foes, sharing with them their tobacco and tying up their bandages. My new-found friend was waxing eloquent when suddenly the clock struck two, and he left me abruptly—disappearing inside the station. He reappeared, following a smart young officer, whose sleepy, dazed eyes showed he had been hastily awakened. But in a minute he was all there—every pass was minutely examined, every face scanned, and I saw with keen interest two individuals dragged out of the next

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carriage, one a typical-looking Boer and the other a small black foreigner. Both were marched off. I wonder what became of them. I was indulging in forty winks when we arrived at Frere at 5 A.M. A vigorous rap at the window awoke me. 'Lady Randolph Churchill, are you there?' 'Yes, very much so,' I answered as I dropped the shutter and put my head out. An officer of the Seaforth Highlanders stood there. 'Knowing that you were coming up I thought you would like a cup of coffee, if you will accept the hospitality of my tin hut fifty yards from here. You won't get anything for some time,' he added. 'Of course I will,' and in my eagerness I was proceeding to jump down, when he remarked that I had no shoes on, and looking at my dishevelled locks, suggested a hat. As I walked to the hut, dawn was just breaking—a long orange-red streak outlined the distant brown hills, through the haze of dust showing on the sky-line—trains of mule carts were crawling along, and in the plain little groups of soldiers and horsemen were moving about, emerging from every tent. My host seated me on a stool in the tiny verandah, and gave me an excellent cup of cocoa in an enamel mug. He was so delighted to see some one to speak to that the questions and words came tumbling out. He waited for no answers, but all in one breath told me how he had been there for months, broiling, with heaps of uncongenial work to do, all responsibility and anxiety and no excitement or danger. He was daily living in hopes of getting some fighting. Meanwhile, 'some one had to do the dirty work, and there it was.' He showed me the hut, two rooms, cubicles, opening on the verandah, one for the A.D.C., no bed. The colonel had a small camp stretcher. The train was off and so was I. About twenty minutes from Frere we slowed down, and the friendly guard, knowing who I was, rushed to tell me we were passing the place of the armoured train disaster—and sure enough there it was lying on its side, a mangled and battered thing, and within a few yards, a grave with a cross—three sentries mounting guard—marked the place where were buried the poor fellows who were killed in it. I thanked God my son Winston was not there. Chieveley—the train went no further—we were at the front.

General Barton and an A.D.C. met us at the station. We were taken all over the Camp—a wonderful sight. The weather-beaten and in many cases haggard-looking men, their soiled worn uniforms hanging on their spare figures; the horses, picketed in lines or singly, covered with canvas torn in strips to keep the flies off; the khaki-painted guns, the ambulance waggons with their train of mules, and above all the dull booming of 'Long Tom' made us realise that here was war! We sat down on the outskirts of the camp near a sham gun guarded over by a midgy of the *Terrible*. Here, too, was the gun which the bluejackets had named after me. Six miles off,

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through our glasses we could see Colenso and the enemy's camp, the white tents being the ones they had taken from us. The whole panorama spread out, a grand sight. It was thrilling. I longed to be a man and take some part in the fighting, but then I remembered my red cross. Major Stuart Wortley and Captain McBean rode up and greeted us warmly, but they, like all the others, were terribly dejected at the news of the retreat from Spion Kop, so gloriously won and at such a sacrifice the night before. 'They are actually on their way back to Spearman's Camp, what can it mean?' The whole camp was in a state of despair and disgust, and 'grouched' to their heart's content. We were invited by the 7th Fusiliers to have breakfast with them. At eight o'clock we were duly conducted to their tent, where we did ample justice to the eggs and bacon, kidneys and strawberry jam put before us—none the less appetising because they were served in tin mugs and pewter plates. The flies, however, were a terrible plague, and in an instant covered everything, besides buzzing in one's face and hair. In the hope of hearing something of Winston and Jack, I asked General Barton to let me send a letter to Spearman's Camp. He kindly agreed, and installed me in his little tent, leaving me to write in peace. I looked round with curiosity and interest at the general's quarters—a camp bed, a washing-basin, a box, nothing more. Sitting on a camp stool with my feet on a tin box I was scribbling away, when a rider galloped up, calling out with a cheery voice, 'General, are you there?' His look of blank astonishment when he caught sight of me was most amusing. A woman in the camp and in the general's tent! It was a novelty! I explained. After a few laughing remarks he rode off. This was Colonel Thorald, who, alas! poor man, was killed the following week. Major Stuart Wortley asked us to stay and dine, but I thought discretion was the better part of valour, and not wishing to abuse the general's kindness in letting us come up, we departed, having seen all there was to be seen and wishing these brave men good luck and the speedy relief of Ladysmith.

The return journey was a fearfully hot one. At Mooi River we had two hours to wait, and we were met there by Colonel Stevenson, the remount officer, who had arranged to show us his great horse farm, where there were about 2000 horses at that moment resting, before being sent to the front, hundreds of these animals having just arrived from South America. What a fate! to be penned up for days on a rolling ship, then crammed into an open truck in a blazing sun, to be taken out, stiff, sore and dazed, given two days' rest, and then sent up to the front only to be food for Boer bullets! Poor things. So understanding. Such good friends. The hardships they have to undergo, and the lingering death many have and will meet, is one of the the most hideous features of the war.

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Colonel Stevenson had brought two Cape carts, in each a capital pair of ponies which galloped at full tilt the hill road to the farm, a distance of some miles. A few weeks before, when the Boers were within thirty miles of Pietermaritzburg, the farm was in nightly fear of being raided, and it is surprising it was not, considering the prize to be hauled. But for some reason best known to themselves they kept off. On reaching our destination, we found to our delight the most welcome shade, a small house buried in the trees, tents agreeably dotted about under them, and horses everywhere. Here a group was waiting to be examined; there a row were being lunged; further on some were rolling in the dust, stretching their weary limbs in blissful ignorance of the fate awaiting them. They could barely be given time to recover from their long journeys before they were hurried to the front. The cry was for more, the demand enormous, and the supply limited. In vain two continents were being scoured to provide for the cavalry, its importance too tardily recognised. For months Colonel Stevenson had been living on the railway, rushing off to Durban to meet a consignment from India, South America, or Australia, supervising their debarkation, then flying back to despatch others to the front. We were shown a wonderful buck-jumper who put 'Buffalo Bill's' quite in the shade. Meanwhile time was pressing—a hasty cup of tea and a gallop back to the train, and so to Durban and duty.

LETTER V

A.H.S. Maine, DURBAN.

DEAR —,—Since my return from Chieveley life on board has been a round of daily duties and excitement as regards war news. It is good to distribute newspapers to the soldiers. They are so eager and keen, and discuss every point; even those who are bed-ridden and too ill to read clutch you as you pass, 'Any news, Ladysmith? Nothing? What, back again, Chieveley Camp? That Buller, 'e's unlucky; better try another; and we wants to get to them poor chaps.' Then I would argue on the principle that perhaps the general *reculéed pour mieux sauter*, but the heads would wag sagely. I had a large map framed and hung in one of the wards, and with much assiduity placed the flags according to the situation; but daily the Union Jacks would fly at Pretoria, Johannesburg, Ladysmith, &c., and the Boer flags were carefully stuck into the frame. A party of men discharged from hospital and fit for duty left yesterday. Dressed in their khaki uniforms, which we had washed for them, their kits in their hands, they were drawn up in line, and I said 'Good-bye' to them previous to their disembarkation. This was the system adopted:

The surgeons in charge of wards submitted lists of men whom

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they considered fit for duty. These Colonel Hensman saw with the surgeon next day, and, provided they passed the inspection, a railway warrant was applied for to convey them to the General Dépôt, Pietermaritzburg. On its receipt, the names were inserted in the commanding officer's orders, with the date and hour of their departure. The nurses in charge of wards then arranged with their patients who were leaving, and the chief officer was notified so that the ship's boats might be in readiness to convey the party to the shore. At the time fixed, the men with their kits were inspected by the orderly medical officer of the day, who satisfied himself that they were thoroughly fit, had their baggage complete, and food for the journey. The party were then embarked in the boats and sent away under the care of a non-commissioned officer belonging to the ship to be properly entrained for their destination.

All patients discharged to return to the front were given a substantial lunch of sandwiches, cheese, jam, and lime juice or Rosbach water. To carry with them they were also given a small jar of jam, housewife, and a cake of toilet soap. In some instances a new linen handkerchief was substituted for the housewife. All these small gifts were appreciated by the men, and if it was found that they were deficient in articles of clothing these were always supplied.

To get a little fresh air I made an expedition to H.M.S. *Terrible* lying outside the harbour. I can call it an expedition, for the swell outside is no joke, and the 'perils of the sea' are upon one when trying to get on board. I preferred getting wet up to my waist—being caught in a huge wave—to being hauled on board in a wicker basket like a bale of cotton. A lot of the 'Terribles' were busy fishing, and gave me when I left for the *Maine* one of those large bonitos with which the waters here abound. It was amusing to watch a hungry shark making swoops at a buoy near by. I duly inspected an enormous one the sailors had caught a few days before, whose ferocious comrades had tried to devour as he was being dragged up. Horrible brutes! yet hardly justifying the cruel practice of returning them alive to the sea with a large wooden wedge in their mouths. Whilst we were at dinner the glorious news of Cronje's surrender was signalled from the station. As soon as they were told of it such a grand cheer went up from the men, and another equally hearty when their captain informed them that they were to have grog all round. Lights were flashed—messages heliographed from Captain Percy Scott's electric shutter—to all the ships in the harbour; the band played itself tired, and the men sang themselves hoarse; and at last, after a bouquet of fireworks, we went to bed. The next day Durban was *en fête*; the whole harbour dressed; every one wreathed in smiles. We dined at the Royal Hotel to celebrate the event. A motley crowd—principally men in worn uniforms having just come

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down from the front for a few days' needed rest, or others just returning. Very few ladies—principally refugees or officers' wives struggling to get up nearer to the front, all in the inevitable shirt, skirt and sailor hat—none of the glories of Capetown here. A few of those present were suspects and not allowed to leave Durban, having to report themselves to the commandant's office twice a week. They cast black looks at the commandant, who was dining with us, but he seemed rather to enjoy it, and bowed with much unction to a formidable Boer lady, large in proportions and rasping as to tongue, with whom he informed me that he had had a stormy meeting that morning, she wanting and insisting on getting a pass to Delagoa Bay and he refusing, knowing that she was a spy who had given much information already. After dinner we sat in groups in a pleasant conservatory, getting into such heated discussions as to the progress of the war and the merits and demerits of the generals that we were in danger, like Cinderella, of forgetting the hour, and had to rush off in our jinrikshas for fear of being caught out after eleven o'clock and marched off to prison !

As an evidence of the severity with which the press censorship was established, I may mention that I received a letter from General Barton, from Chieveley Camp, which had been opened and the usual pink paper pasted on it with 'Opened under Martial Law.' I felt rather indignant, but was told that for three or four days everything coming from the front was opened, and that, during that time, strangely enough, the movements of our troops were kept dark from the enemy.

I have had the good luck before leaving to go up to Ladysmith, General Buller kindly giving me a pass. It is not easy to get permission to go, as naturally the great struggle is to get the people down, only one hundred a day being taken, and every place counted. The railway is terribly congested, and the wounded have all to be carried in litters across the Tugela at Colenso, on a bridge composed of three planks in and out of the broken bridge. Since I was there, however, the new bridge was to be finished on Sunday and Princess Christian's ambulance train was to cross it. Miss Warrender and I, escorted by Winston and Captain Tharp of the Rifle Brigade, one of our discharged patients, arrived at Colenso at six in the morning, and after a breakfast of 'bully' beef, which I did not appreciate, we crossed the bridge of planks ; after viewing and kodaking the terrible scene of ruin and devastation we got on a trolley pushed by natives. This is how we went to Ladysmith ; it was an excellent way of seeing everything, as the whole of the fighting of the last two months has been along the line ; we could see and understand everything with the help of Winston's graphic tongue. One must see it all to realise the stupendous difficulties, the harsh impossible ground to get over, how it had to be gained inch by inch, the

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smallest mistake costing hundreds of men. The masses of shell and bullets on either side of the line, the dead horses, and the newly made graves, testified to the fierceness of the struggle. At one point we crossed a small bridge built up with sandbags, over which our men had to run singly under a terrible fire from three kopjes; we lost sixty-six men here. After two hours we came to an open plain glistening with the discarded tins of the advancing army, and further on we went through Intombi Camp, broiling in the blazing sun, a place of desolation and misery, and so on into Ladysmith. Blinding dust up to your ankles, scorching sun, shut up empty houses, an expression of resigned martyrdom on every one's face—such was my first impression of Ladysmith. Sitting on the top of our 'grip sacks' on a Scotch cart drawn by six mules, we drove through the town, presenting a strange appearance we thought, but no one noticed us. We drove to the convent, General Buller's headquarters, where his A.D.C., Lord Gerard, received us. Sir Redvers, who seemed in very good spirits, invited Miss Warrender and myself to dine and offered us beds, though he did not promise sheets. We accepted gratefully as we had been fruitlessly trying to get a room, and the prospect of food was not appearing on the horizon. We visited the Tin Camp, now turned into a hospital. It is wonderfully well arranged, considering the difficulties, but a hopeless place to get well in. Lord Dundonald lent us a spider and a wild horse which had never been in harness before, and driven by a sergeant of the South African Light Horse, we careered over rocks and dongas four miles to the South African Light Horse Camp, where we had tea with Captain R. Brooke, out of bottles and tin mugs. By this time I was too tired to enjoy myself, and the hazardous drive back in the semi-darkness quite finished me. Making a hasty and apologetic toilette we dined with the General in a tent commanding a fine view of the town. The dinner was good and the company better. Sir Redvers was most interesting and pleasant. He told me that he expected one more big fight and that it would be the following week, if he could get his commissariat up, but the line is hopelessly blocked at present. By the time this reaches you the fight will have taken place if at all. Were I to repeat all the scathing criticisms which are passed here as to the recent operations, I should run the risk of your asking me since when I had become military censor. I have heard some rather amusing stories and incidents and have brought back various trophies—Pom-Poms, soft-nosed bullets with murderous slits, a grain of Long Tom an inch square, Boer bandoliers, &c., a Queen's chocolate box taken off a dead Boer, and last, but not least, the casing of a shell fired at Chieveley by the gun named after me which the bluejackets sent me with this inscription:

4.7 gun mounted in a railway truck by H.M.S. *Terrible* and christened the 'Lady Randolph Churchill.'

LETTERS FROM A HOSPITAL SHIP

Extract Chieveley : We took Lady Randolph down past Gun Hill to-day and opened fire on the low copje at 5300 yards, the first named flushed a lot of Boers and the second (a lyddite) went right in among them, causing terrible havoc; the bluejackets would like to send the cartridge case to her ladyship.

The following couple of letters found on two dead Boers and this programme of a concert held on Christmas Day are interesting :

(1) Translation of a letter from a Boer gunner found inside the breastwork on Gun Hill by the storming party on December 7, 1899 :

MY DEAR SISTER,—It is a month and seven days since we besieged Ladysmith and I do not know what will happen further. The English we see every day walking about the town and we are bombarding the town every day with our cannon. They have erected plenty of breastworks outside the town. It is very dangerous to attack the town. Near the town they have two naval guns from which we receive very heavy fire which we cannot stand. I think there will be much bloodshed before they will surrender as Mr. Englishman fights hard and well and our burghers are a bit frightened. I would like to write more but the sun is very hot, and still further the flies are very troublesome, that I don't get a chance of sitting still.

Your affectionate Brother.

(2) Extract from a Boer letter found in the trenches at Colenso :

Don't forget to bring me a d—d Englishman tied by the leg like a goat, in order that I may have the pleasure of killing him myself.

This from a daughter to her father—sweet child !

PROGRAMME

SIEGE THEATRE OF VARIETIES, LADYSMITH

SECOND GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT

under the auspices of

THE NATAL VOLUNTEERS

TUESDAY, DEC. 25, 1899

Under the booming patronage and in the presence of

' SILENT SUE '

' BULWAN BILL '

' POM-POM '

' WEARY WILLIE '

and others who since last concert—through circumstances over which they had no control—are unable to take any active part

Concert to commence at 7.45 p.m.

Bunny Holes at 9.45

This message from Chief of Staff to Officer Commanding Cæsar's Camp is worth recording : ' The General Officer Commanding has left to visit you *viâ* Wagon Hill ; he intends to resume former position as soon as *dead* and *wounded* are buried, but will strengthen Cæsar's Camp by Rifle Brigade.'

We returned next morning in the Red Cross train with the

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wounded. Major Brazier Creagh in charge. He has worked this train as only a young and energetic man could—all the wounded are loud in his praise. Before leaving I went all over the 'Princess Christian' train with Colonel Forester who is in charge. It is quite perfect and will be the greatest comfort to the poor fellows who have to be brought down. It is a thousand pities it could not be used before.

LETTER VI

A.H.S. *Maine*, DURBAN.

DEAR —,—,—Think of the joy of knowing that Ladysmith is relieved. The news came to us on the 29th, and, as you may imagine, the town went mad. There was a great demonstration organised for the next day, opposite the Town Hall, under the Queen's statue. The proceedings were brief, as the continued cheering prevented any of the speakers being heard—but we took it for granted they said all the right things.

The *Maine* is to be sent home as soon as we can fill up. We have been in the harbour six weeks, and the authorities, now that Ladysmith is relieved, are anxious to free the various hospitals in Natal to meet the pressure of the sick and wounded who are coming down, and to send home as many patients as possible.

LETTER VII

A.H.S. *Maine*, CAPETOWN.

DEAR —,—,—We have only been here twenty-four hours and are preparing to leave to-morrow at the break of day. We had such a busy week in Durban before leaving. Nearly all our patients were sent off either to go to the front, or to other hospital ships, to make room for worse cases, or for those ordered home. I went to see Sir George White on board the *Mohawk*. He looked very ill after all his hardships and anxieties. He does not talk of returning home, but his staff are most anxious that he should take the rest he needs.

The *Maine* had a good 'send off,' and the ships inside and outside the harbour cheered us vociferously. I was sorry to leave Durban, where they have been so hospitable and kind to us, and so generous to our patients, but home means much to all on board.

Sir George White came on board to-day and was tremendously cheered by our men; they look upon him as a hero and a lovable man.

I paid a flying visit to Groote Schuur, unfortunately missing Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who had left that afternoon for England. But Colonel F. Rhodes was there, fresh from Ladysmith, a host in himself, whose praise could not be sung loud enough by all who were in the besieged city. His cable on Christmas Day to his brother Cecil in Kimberley is characteristic :

LETTERS FROM A HOSPITAL SHIP

'Happy Christmas! How thoroughly you have misunderstood the situation.'

I was too late to see the Portland Hospital, which I regret, as I hear it is quite a model and they have been doing wonders. I dined at the Mount Nelson Hotel, where I must own I was most astonished—the dresses, the babble of both men and women was bewildering, and seemed, under the circumstances, rather out of place and a great contrast to the realities of Durban. But too much can be said about it, and it would be a pity, and I hope impossible, if the appearance and conduct of some inconscient and frivolous beings should be able to efface the splendid and self-sacrificing work done by many noble women who should be long remembered both in Natal and Cape Colony.

LETTER VIII

A.H.S. *Maine*, St. HELENA.

DEAR ———,—A prosperous, if monotonous, ten days has brought us here, where we are watering in such a primitive fashion that it has taken forty-eight hours instead of twenty-four. But it has given us all a chance of visiting the island. We had thought Cronje and his defeated army would be here, but they had to wait at Capetown until the arrival of the Militia regiment from England deputed to guard them—pleasant task for the latter. To me, with my American love and admiration of Napoleon, it seems a desecration to send a Cronje here, but after all the distance between them is too immeasurable to matter. The aspect of the place as you approach is so formidable, I think it will strike awe and terror in the heart of the gentle Boer, even accustomed as he is to the smiling landscape of Spion Kop and Graspan. With difficulty I hired a shay, a high curricule, which must have done duty for the Governor in 1820. With two of our patients I drove up to Longwood—a rough hilly road; we could only go at a foot-pace, and consequently took over two hours—I will not attempt to describe the weird scenery: one realises what the Great Man must have suffered. This lonely cottage on the top of a bleak mountain without any vegetation, the sea the only horizon, must have been torture. I said so in many feeling phrases to some young officers who gave us tea in the camp hard by. 'Think,' I said, 'of a man who has conquered worlds ending his days in exile in this dreadful spot.'

'But I assure you,' answered one of them, a rosy-cheeked young fellow of twenty, 'we are no better off. There is absolutely nothing to do here and I too find the scenery hideous.' I ventured to remark that he was not Napoleon, but he did not see any difference or why the others laughed. They pointed out Deadwood Camp where the Boer prisoners are to be quartered, surrounded by barbed

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wire in imitation of the manner in which our prisoners are kept at Pretoria. Next day I visited the Governor, Mr. Sterndale, at Government House, and admired the beauty of the grounds which were cultivated and abounded in beautiful trees and rare shrubs, a marked contrast to the barren and arid desolation of Longwood. The climate, however, ought to make up for something, for it is delicious and mild, the same temperature as Madeira.

LETTER IX

A.H.S. *Maine*, MADEIRA.

DEAR —,—Here we are nearly home again, wonderful weather all the way from St. Helena, such budgets of papers and letters, but nothing startling in the way of news—there never is when one is anticipating it. Our patients are so well, too well. Eighty-five were discharged out of hospital yesterday and I am sure are longing to go on shore. They sing and chatter all day and are full of their destinations and plans. I wish they were all as flourishing. We have had the misfortune of losing one of our non-commissioned officers from acute phthisis. Poor fellow, he was so hoping to live until he got home, but the end came suddenly. This has delayed us, as I wanted him to be buried on shore and the Portuguese formalities are somewhat of a procrastinating nature. The funeral was most impressive, the Governor of the Island, the Marquis de Funchal, sending an A.D.C. to represent the garrison, and many residents joining in the procession and sending beautiful flowers. Never having been to a military funeral before, I thought the volley firing and the 'Last Post' most pathetic.

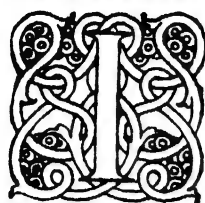
SOUTHAMPTON, *April 23.*

P.S.—This is only to tell you we are in sight of home and that I am going to say good-bye to the *Maine* for the present.

Yours ever,

JENNIE RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

IMPRESSIONS AND OPINIONS



THE temperament of the English people changing, or is the popular opinion as to its nature wrong? The prevailing idea among foreigners, but more particularly among Englishmen themselves, is that we are a stolid, unimpassioned race, taking our joys and emotions rather solemnly and seriously. One is almost ashamed to quote Froissart's *moult tristement* again, but the immortal phrase sums up the matter from the point of view of the unfavourable alien critic. The Englishman who is proud—most people are—of the defects of his qualities, would repudiate the sadness, while admitting the stern reserve, of the national character. It is indeed a point of honour among many English people, especially those who belong to what are called the upper classes, not to permit themselves any outward expression of their deeper feelings and their more intimate sentiments. Joy, sorrow, affection, gratitude, agonising terror, love, hate, and devotion—all these are cloaked under the grey mantle of self-repression. Perhaps it is one of the secrets of British success with Eastern races that the Englishman, at least if he is a *Sahib*, falls naturally into that dignified impassivity which all Orientals regard as admirable, though they find it difficult to maintain consistently. It must, however, be acknowledged that this tendency is sometimes carried to extremes which are rather absurd. The habit has gone so far that English folks seem unable, even with the best will in the world, to express their emotions quietly and sincerely. One has seen many train-loads and boat-loads of soldiers going to the front these last few months; and the casual air of unconcern, with which farewells are made, may at times strike one as a little overdone. Even a Spartan mother might have wiped away a tear when she sent forth her only son to battle.

But after this, what shall we say to the ecstasy of unrestrained delight to which the entire nation surrendered itself, on and after 'Mafeking Day'? Who will maintain that the British are undemonstrative, remembering that prolonged outburst of delirious public exultation? Could Frenchmen, or Irishmen, or Italians have given vent to their feelings with more vehemence than the London public during that memorable Friday, Saturday, and Sunday? Such scenes as were enacted in the streets of the metropolis have not been witnessed in this generation, and scarcely I think this century. So far as one can understand, from records and the recollections of contemporaries, there was nothing like it in Crimean days, nor even in the great war against France. We accepted Waterloo and Trafalgar more calmly than this deliverance of a few hundred Colonial volunteers besieged in a Bechuanaland village. The electric rapidity with which the populace of London poured into the streets the moment

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the news of the relief became known was, in itself, an astounding phenomenon. At ten o'clock on Friday evening, May 18, the main public thoroughfares presented their usual aspect. By half-past ten they were blocked and choked by seething crowds, waving flags, blowing horns, shrieking and howling in a frenzy of delight, and filling the air with a mad tumult of discordant sound. The human tide swelled as the hours went on. At three o'clock A.M. on the Saturday the present writer passed through the Strand, which, as a rule, at that hour is a solitude, save for a policeman or two, some loitering hansoms, and a rare and belated 'strayed reveller.' But on this morning the street was still full of people, the horns were blowing, and cheering processions, beating drums and waving flags, were marching down the roadway. It seemed as if nobody went to bed that night, nor for the two nights that followed. The scene at the Mansion House later on in the day had only to be witnessed to show that when an English crowd does let itself go it can be as exuberant as any collection of Southerners or Celts, and more noisy.

I suppose the special circumstances of the case had a good deal to do with the wild fervour of the demonstration over Mafeking. It was the reaction after a long strain of intense anxiety and suspense. The British public was rejoicing quite as much because of a danger escaped as a victory won. It has been noticed as a not ungenerous trait in the national temper that the surrender of Cronje's army was taken with comparative calmness. There was no such exultation over the defeat of a brave enemy as there was in the deliverance of a body of valiant British troops. Even in the delirious orgies of the London mob the cheers for 'B.P.' and 'Bobs' and the other popular heroes were seldom interrupted by abuse of the Boers. But beyond all this, the conditions of the time lend themselves more easily to such displays of excitement. There have been many much greater wars than this South African Campaign, but perhaps no other which so tended to 'get upon the nerves' of large populations. For one thing it is not on that scale of awful tragedy which sobered both France and Germany during the contest of 1870. When ten thousand households may wake up any morning to learn that they have lost father or husband, people are in no humour for violent celebrations. One wonders, sometimes, how we should have borne ourselves if the casualty lists, published in the newspapers during the spring and winter, had been multiplied by twenty or fifty. In a single day before Metz the Germans lost more men, killed and wounded, than we have sacrificed in battle during eight months' campaigning. But in the period of Gravelotte and Mars-le-Tour, the press had not attained its all-pervading activity, its ubiquitous diffusion. Never

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was a campaign conducted before such a 'gallery,' with a whole nation following every minute incident, every touch of success or stroke of misfortune, as the crowd watches the players at a football or a cricket match. There is no gladiatorial show like war, as it is seen through the cinematograph of the modern press. We sit round the ring—we who stay at home and read the newspapers four times a day—and watch the chariots and the horsemen wheel into the arena, watch the vanquished flying and the victor in pursuit with uplifted blade, watch the death-blow given and the victim's life-blood draining out upon the trampled sand. This is very different work from reading about a great battle, described in the historic manner, weeks or months after it is over.

In a previous number of the *ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW* I have spoken of the fatal swiftness with which war 'uses up' reputations. The fierce test of action will often find out the incompetent, who has risen to high command in the easier atmosphere of the office and the parade-ground. The merely 'smart' officer, whose spick-and-span regiment is the delight of inspecting generals, or the pushing person who has worked his way up by making himself agreeable to the 'authorities,' is apt to come to speedy grief in that bitter conflict of human wills and powers, where nothing tells except the quality of brain, of character, and of insight. On the other hand, war is a sadly confused and illogical business at the best, and a blind chance showers its missiles alike upon the just and the unjust. It kills reputations as capriciously as it strikes down life. Fate may allow one man to blunder and muddle steadily through a campaign, and to come out comfortably in the end, with promotion and a decoration; while another, a braver and a better soldier, may lose everything that makes life worth living by a single miscalculation, a momentary fit of rashness or indecision, a temporary failure of judgment or resource. Is there any tragedy, even in the tragedies of war, more pitiable? Think of it! The devotion of a lifetime, the long laborious training of years, the professional ambitions cherished and tended since boyhood, all these blasted away in five minutes, and because of such a lapse of memory or reasoning as the rest of us commit unpunished half a dozen times daily—such a slip as we make when we take the wrong umbrella from the stand at the club, and get mixed over our dinner-invitations. You might lose a battery or cut up a brigade in a battle by no worse negligence than that by which you miss your train in peace-time. But in the terrible issues of war, it is the act that counts, not the intention; and a man is punished for the consequences of his error rather than for its extent or character. Lives and limbs are not the only sacrifices that good soldiers and devoted patriots are called upon to make for their country. *Salut aux blessés!*—whether they are wounded

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in the body or in that 'immortal part' of them which we call their reputation.

In the early stages of the war, when one or two of our older officers in high command had made some mistakes, there was an excited clamour in some quarters for young men. It was even hinted that every commanding officer above the age of fifty ought to be turned off at once, and his post given to a junior. To these hasty reasoners the magnificent achievements of Lord Roberts must be a little disconcerting. By no stretch of language can the Commander-in-Chief be classed among *les jeunes*. A man who will be threescore and ten in a couple of years is getting on in life, even in these days, when unmarried ladies are 'girls' at thirty-two, and gay young bachelors are almost boyish at forty. Yet this Field-Marshal of sixty-eight has shown all the qualities of vigour, resourcefulness, mental alertness, and untiring energy, which could be demanded from any general in the field. But curiously enough youth has not been 'served' particularly well in the campaigns of the latter half of the century, though it had it all its own way in the time of Napoleon, and Nelson, Wellington, Masséna, and Soult. Moltke, in 1870, was older than Lord Roberts, and so, of course, was King William of Prussia. If Skobelev was young, Osman Pasha and Edhem Pasha were both well stricken in years. On the other hand, the American Civil War gives us plenty of instances on the other side; and in Lord Kitchener's army at Omdurman there probably was not an officer over fifty, from the general downwards, and not many over forty. But the fact is the age test can no more be applied to soldiers than to statesmen. It is all a matter of individual temperament, physique, and intellectual development. Pitt was a much older man at thirty than Mr. Gladstone at seventy. Marlborough was only serving his apprenticeship to high command at an age when Napoleon, worn out at forty-three, was exhibiting the weakness, which caused his Russian disasters and culminated in an almost complete paralysis of his higher intellectual powers in the Waterloo campaign. To dogmatise on the subject would be like prescribing a standard of height for commanding officers. We might assume that, of all the professions, the military is the one in which a man of unusually small stature would be at a disadvantage. Yet the great little generals are as numerous, and certainly not less conspicuous, than the great big ones. Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Prince Eugene of Savoy, Buonaparte, Nelson, Wellington, and Lord Roberts show that genius in war has no necessary connection with weight and inches.

Lord Roberts himself, however, seems to think that in moments of crisis the young officer is wanted, if we may judge from a passage

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in his 'Forty-one Years in India.' Speaking of the outbreak of the Mutiny, he says :

Fortunately for India there were good men and true at Peshawar in those days, when hesitation and irresolution would have been fatal, and it is worthy of note that they were comparatively young men—Edwardes was thirty-seven, Nicholson thirty-five, Neville Chamberlain was thirty-seven ; and the brigadier, Sydney Cotton, though much older, being sixty-five, was not only exceptionally young for his years and full of energy and intelligence, but actually much younger than the average of general officers commanding stations in India.

Medical officers and nurses who have returned from South Africa can tell the most astonishing and apparently incredible stories of the vagaries of the Mauser bullet. Cases have occurred in which men have been shot clean through the head, the lungs, and even the intestines, and have recovered. One soldier, who was firing in the prone position, was struck in the shoulder above the collar-bone. The bullet travelled right down his body and emerged at the base of the spine. The man, however, though partly paralysed, was not killed. Another case has been frequently mentioned in print, in which a bullet passed from one side of the throat to the other, apparently piercing the windpipe in its progress, without inflicting much damage on the patient. But marvellous escapes are common in all wars, and have not set in merely with the use of the high-velocity small-bore projectile. Lord Roberts—to revert to his fascinating Autobiography again—tells a story which is as 'tall' as anything recently reported from the Orange State or Natal. It was before Lucknow in 1857, he says, that

A shell, fortunately a blind one, from the enemy's howitzer came into Watson's squadron, which was drawn up under the bank of the Martinière tank ; it struck a trooper's saddle in front, and must have lifted the man partly out of it, for it passed between his thigh and the horse, tearing the saddle to shreds, and sending one piece of it high into the air. The horse was knocked down but not hurt ; the man's thigh was only badly bruised, and he was able to ride again in a few days. One of Watson's officers, Captain Cossuat, having examined the man and horse, came up and reported their condition to Watson, who, of course, was expecting to be told they were both dead, and added : ' I think we had better not tell this in England, for no one would believe it.'

This is the kind of thing that must be seen to be believed ; but Lord Roberts adds : ' I myself was close to the squadron, and distinctly saw what happened.'

When the war is over people will read books again. Since last autumn nobody has read anything to speak of except newspapers, and books that are not books but newspapers between covers. When we have been sated with the telegrams and grown tired of endeavouring to reconcile the divergent views of the military experts, we have refreshed our minds with Mr. Fitzpatrick, or Mrs. Lionel Phillips, or Mr. J. A. Hobson, or Mr. Evelyn Cecil,

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or Miss Violet Markham, or Mr. Bryce, or Mr. Poultney Bigelow, or some other lady or gentleman who has something to say about the causes, and possible consequences, of the war. Then there are all the descriptions of the actual fighting, of which a great harvest has already been garnered into volume form. I have been told that twenty-two books about the war are already issued, or in course of publication, by London publishing houses; and this was several weeks ago, before anybody had yet had time to do anything with Lord Roberts's advance and the campaign in the Free State and the Transvaal. One pessimist, who knows something about the bookselling trade in London, predicts that a hundred South African books will have been put on the market before the year is out, and he predicts a direful 'slump.' At any rate it is pretty safe to say that no campaign of ancient or modern times will have been more copiously or more rapidly described. When we have glutted ourselves with the literature of fighting, no doubt we shall come back to the poems, romances and love-stories again, and there will be a chance for the novelists, who have been under a distinct cloud lately.

But if the market is somewhat overdone, *que faire?* Naturally, when millions of mankind are interested in such a country as South Africa, everybody who goes there, and has an eye to see, finds it difficult to resist the temptation of telling those who stay at home something about the place and the people. And what harm is there in it? The books may not be permanent contributions to the classic literature of the world, but they are useful and interesting at the moment, even if they are nothing more. As for the charge that they are 'ephemeral,' of course they are; but so are most things written nowadays. Solemn people may protest against the impressionistic traveller, as they always did. A quarter of a century ago Mr. Froude said at Kimberley (December 5, 1874), in his most superior manner:

I am travelling about your country, a mere Englishman of letters, for my own amusement. You receive me with a consideration altogether beyond the mark, and I am at a loss in what terms to thank you. Well, gentlemen, you may wish to know what I am doing in this country. One newspaper tells me I am going to write a book about it; now I will say once for all that I think it an exceedingly bad practice for gentlemen of my profession to go about the world getting material to dish up a book to amuse their countrymen at home with the faults and follies of others who are as good as themselves.

Coming from Froude this is rather piquant; for if the historian was not at that moment engaged in dishing up a book, he was dishing up something else. He was devising a great scheme for the future government of all South Africa, on the strength of a few weeks' visit; which scheme, as he believed, would be adopted and carried out by the Imperial Cabinet.

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Somebody ought to publish in detail the records of the famous oratorical campaign in English and Dutch South Africa which Froude undertook in the interests of Lord Carnarvon's abortive Confederation project. Some references—not, of course, friendly—are made to it in the recently published 'Life of Sir John Molteno,'¹ and they are curious enough. Here is an extract from a speech of Froude's to a Free State audience at Bloemfontein :

You have the misfortune to possess soil and climate of unexampled excellence, and a position on the globe the most attractive to every ambitious and aggressive Power. The independence of South Africa will come when you can reply to those Powers with shot and shell.

How the clock has moved, to be sure ! Imagine a distinguished English man of letters sent out by a Conservative Colonial Secretary to encourage the people of the Dutch Republics to cherish that independence which can be best achieved by 'shot and shell' ! No wonder South African politics are rather confused.

If the immediate effect of War on literature is bad, its ultimate results are commonly supposed to be beneficial. The general opinion is that the quickening of the national spirit, produced by the stress of a struggle with foreign enemies, reacts upon the poets, the artists, and the men of letters, and causes them to produce better pictures, plays, poems, and philosophical works than in less exciting times. The doctrine was enunciated afresh this spring by Lord Salisbury at the Royal Academy Banquet, and it is usually accepted as among the commonplaces of criticism. There is a good deal to support it, though also, it must be admitted, some facts in the history of literature which tell a little on the other side. The stock instance is that of Elizabethan Britain. England was fighting the Spaniards in the years, or shortly before them, when Shakespeare, Spenser, Bacon, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher 'flourished' ; and there was plenty of fighting then and onwards till Milton's best years. Dante lived in a very warlike world, and so, no doubt, did Homer. Again, our second great poetical movement came during and after a period in which Britain was fighting both for Empire and for existence. Wellington, Nelson, and Napoleon were the contemporaries of Byron, Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley. Again, if the 'Æneid' and the 'Georgics' were written when the earth, or that part of it with which Rome was concerned, slumbered peacefully under the politic rule of Augustus Cæsar, the clash of arms had been heard frequently enough when Virgil was a boy. On the other hand, what about the literature of the Victorian Age ? Browning, Tennyson, Carlyle, Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Ruskin, Dickens, Thackeray, Landor,

¹ 'The Life and Times of Sir John Charles Molteno, K.C.M.G., First Premier of Cape Colony.' By P. A. Molteno. London : Smith, Elder & Co. 1900.

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were the men of long peace that followed the Waterloo campaign, though it is true that before they were old the wars had begun again. The fact is that the history of humanity, civilised and barbarous, Eastern or Western, is so constantly diversified by fighting, that it would be difficult to find a writer belonging to any of the greater nations whose term of life does not overlap a war or several of them. At any rate, it is not true to say that a war is always good for poetry any more than it is always bad for trade. The 'Thirty Years' War destroyed German literature and art, which did not revive for a century and a quarter. French literature has hardly gained in brilliancy since the great struggle with Germany thirty years ago. Nor did American literature or art flourish with visible luxuriance after the Civil War. And in spite of Pope and Swift, it can hardly be contended that the victories of Marlborough were accompanied, or followed, by a succession of literary and artistic triumphs in England.

Perhaps, when South Africa settles down and gives up fighting and civil dissension, it will produce a native literature. One would think that so interesting a country, a land of so many contrasts, where nature is at times beautiful, at times inconceivably stern, and always changeful and capricious, where there is the constant conflict and juxtaposition of many varied races, should have been fertile in poets and novelists before now. Romance, epic, lyric, there is room for all in the strange and fascinating regions where English, Dutch, Bantu, and Hottentot have jostled one another this hundred years. Yet there is scarcely any South African literature, and what there is is chiefly of alien growth. Clever immigrants of European origin, like Mrs. Cronwright Schreiner and Mr. Rider Haggard, or like Thomas Pringle, have done more than the native Afrikanders, whether English or Dutch, to make South Africa known to the reading world. Mrs. Cronwright Schreiner was, I believe, born in Capetown; but this talented member of a German Lutheran family can hardly be considered to have sprung from the soil. Pringle was only a few years in South Africa, as settler and politician; but his descriptions of South African scenery have been almost classical for seventy years. These are the famous lines from 'Afar in the Desert,' which many a visitor to the Karoo may have murmured to himself during these past few months:

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side,
Away, away, in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan,
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan;
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;

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Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone ;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot ;
And the bitter melon for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lakes' brink :
A region of drought where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides :
Where sedgy pool nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears to refresh the aching eye :
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread—void of living sight and sound.

A good many stay-at-home Britons in the 'Fifties and the 'Sixties must have derived their earliest impressions of South Africa from this passage, which was a stock favourite in books of 'Elegant Extracts' and similar compilations a generation ago. But though it may be an accurate description of the Kalahari Desert and parts of Griqualand and Bechuanaland, it is as much a libel on South African scenery generally as if one were to take Lapland as fairly representative of the climate and characteristics of the European Continent.

As a matter of fact, colonial literature generally is singularly poor in local colour. The Colonies have scarcely been described for English readers, and the poet of Greater Britain has yet to appear, though he has sufficiently interesting forerunners in that excellent Canadian man of letters, Professor C. G. Roberts, and in one or two clever Australian versifiers, not to mention Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The dynamic effect of this last-named most vigorous and energetic of writers has been quite as remarkable in the Colonies as in England and the United States, and Kiplingism is as much in vogue in Melbourne and Toronto as in London and New York. But this does not tend to the evolution of a native and characteristic colonial literature ; it is only another echo of the literary fashion prevailing for the moment in the old country. Whether it is due to excessive modesty, or to some other cause, the colonial writer, as a rule, shrinks from local colour and carefully merges his work in the general stream of European culture. I picked up a volume of rather clever poems published in Sydney a few months ago, and reprinted chiefly from New South Wales newspapers. For all the marks that it bore of its origin the author might have lived at Hampstead or have surveyed the great world from the windows of an Oxford common-room. There were echoes of Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Matthew Arnold. There were the usual reminiscences of Greek song, the customary references to the great god Pan, whose worship still survives among our minor poets.

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Rather pretty and finished, as so much of our verse is ; but one need hardly go round the world for that. The author might have found plenty of subjects on his own side of the Equator, and he would have produced something which could have been read with a good deal more interest on the other. And is not the same thing true of painters ? Our artists seem to have made singularly little use of the natural advantages of the British Empire beyond the seas. Are we not a little tired of Highland glens, and East Coast villages, and Cornish beaches, on the walls of our exhibitions ? It might be worth while for some of our landscape painters to abandon Skye and Fowey, Walberswick and Robin Hood's Bay, for a season or two, in order to show us the snowy spires of the Selkirks, the sun-light streaming on the illimitable levels of Manitoba, the peaks and sounds of New Zealand, the valleys of Natal, or the open spaces of the African veldt. Imperialism ought to have its place in Art ; and it is not quite adequately represented in that region by pictures of British soldiers in khaki joining hands with Colonial volunteers in slouch-hats, with the Royal Standard and the Union Jack floating patriotically above their warlike heads.

I said, at the beginning of these Notes, that the South African campaign had not reached the scale of tragedy which sobers even a victorious nation. But, as we go to press, the opening sounds of a mightier conflict are in our ears ; we lie under the shadow of another crisis, and this time it concerns not a handful of farmers, but a third or a quarter of the human race. As I write the newspapers are full of alarming stories, exciting rumours, vague and terrible speculations from China. No wonder the voices of the storm that blow across that yellow sea of swarming humanity are heard with a shiver by the boldest among us. For who can tell what the end may be, if China breaks loose ? The population of the two Boer States could go into a corner of one of those reeking Chinese cities. If it has taken the entire British army three-quarters of a year to overcome fifty thousand Dutch Burghers, how many European troops would be needed to subdue a million, five million, ten million, pig-tailed rebels ? There are two theories commonly held about China by those who have been in the country and endeavoured to penetrate that immobile mask under which the Mongolian hides his thoughts from the Caucasian. One is, that the Chinaman is what he always has been—a changeless barbarian, who carries the instincts and the ideas of the primitive savage under a veneer of civilisation ; the other is, that the dynamic influence of the West has at length made its way through the crust of Orientalism. Some people point to Japan, and tell us that what the island-kingdom became yesterday the Celestial monarchy may become to-morrow. One does not know whether this latter alternative is not the more formidable. A Japped

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China, with its 400,000,000 of hardy, nerveless, yellow men, drilled, disciplined, and taught to use the rifle and the steam-engine, might compel the European nations to forget their rivalries and stand shoulder to shoulder in a struggle for political and industrial existence. That, apparently, is the appalling vision, which played before the mind of the German Emperor, when he painted—with the assistance of Professor Knackfuss—a certain famous picture which has often been photographed and engraved. The Kaiser at the head of the new crusade against the Eastern infidels! It would be a dramatic opening for the Twentieth Century—rather too dramatic. We sincerely hope the bombardment of the Taku forts is not the prologue to any cosmic cataclysm of the kind.

